

52
BIG
PAGES

Pow-Wow SMITH INDIAN LAWMAN



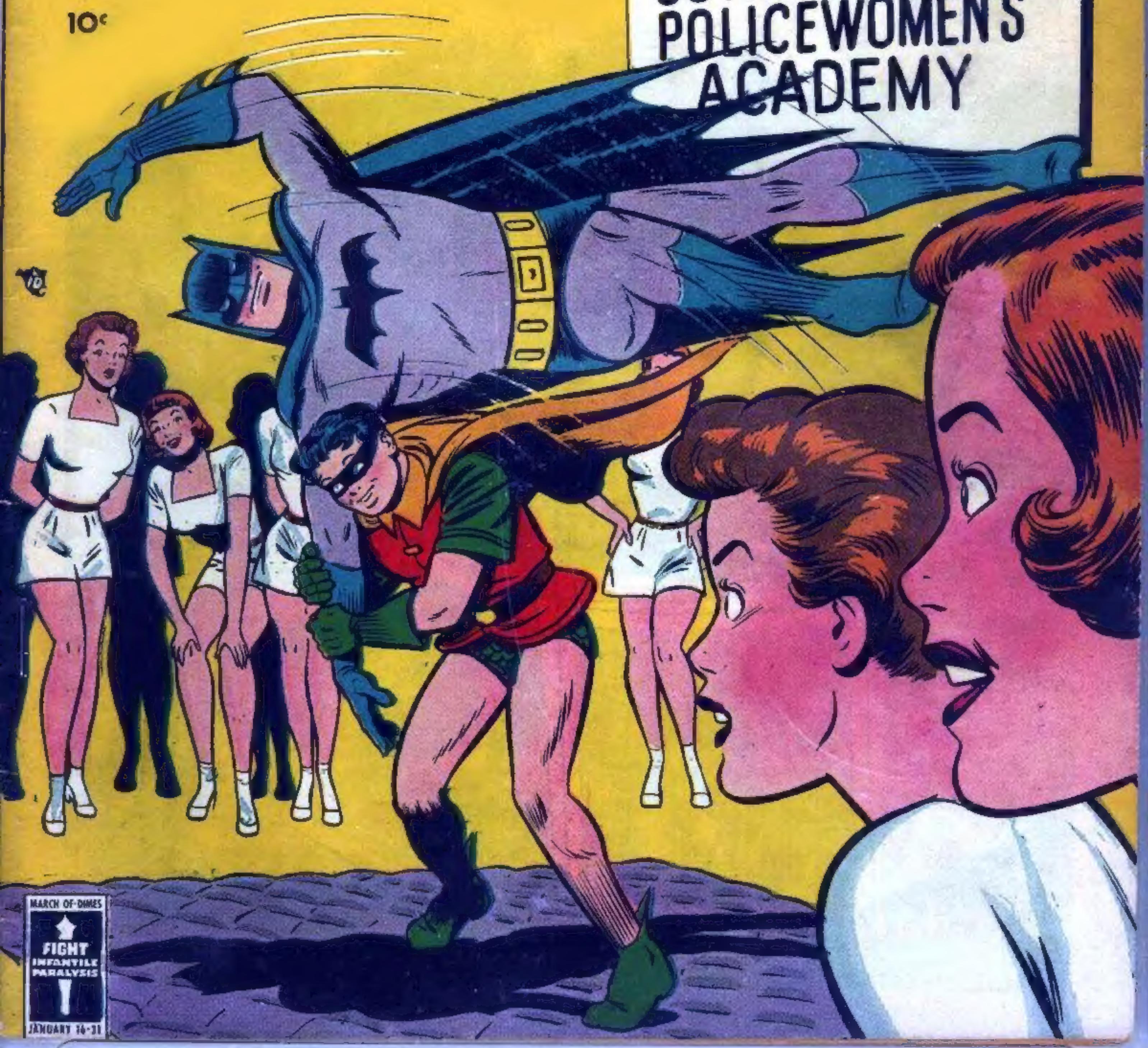
Detective COMICS

NO.157
MAR.

10¢

Another
ACTION-PACKED
ADVENTURE
WITH
BATMAN
and **ROBIN!**

GOTHAM CITY
POLICEWOMEN'S
ACADEMY



JANUARY 16-31

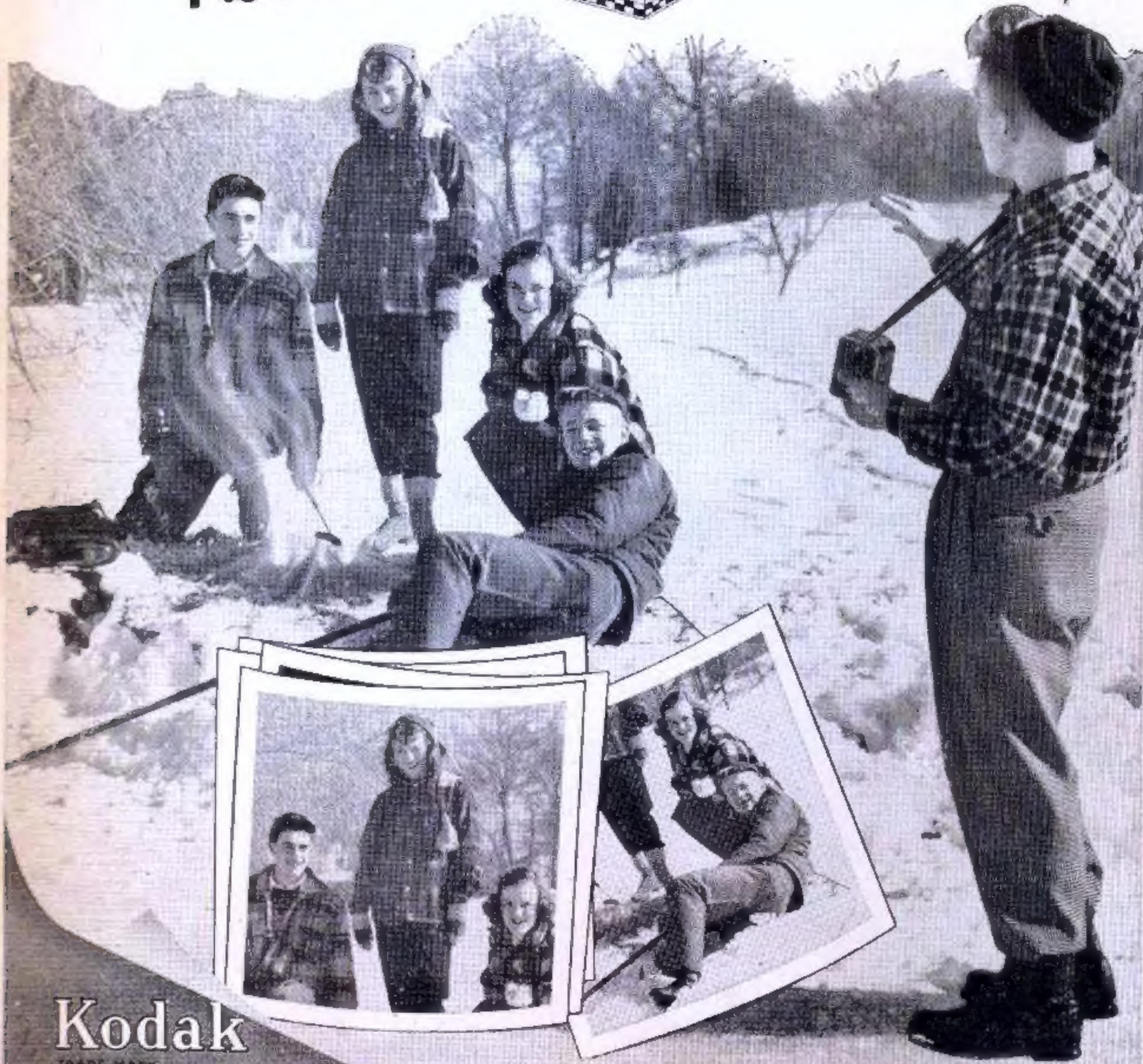
"Anytime's snapshot time!"

You know how
it is — a good time's a better time when snaps are in the making. And
good snaps are so easy to get...when you use Kodak Verichrome Film!
You press the button...it does the rest. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Kodak Film



...the film in the
familiar yellow box



Kodak
TRADE-MARK

BATMAN

With
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER

EXCEPT FOR CRIMINALS, EVERYONE LIKES ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER! BUT NOW ROBIN FINDS SOMEONE—NOT A CRIMINAL—WHO ACTUALLY HATES AND MISTRUSTS HIM! THAT SOMEONE IS -- A HORSE!

Why was this horse afraid of ROBIN? Why did he let everyone ride him but ROBIN? Even BATMAN found it a baffling mystery until it was solved in...

the

RACE of the CENTURY

by

BOB KANE

HATE

FEAR

MISTRUST

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IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES, A MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL WHO RIDES THE SWIFTEST STEED EVER SEEN PREYS ON LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS...

HAND OVER THE MONEY YOU COLLECTED FOR THE GROCERY DELIVERIES!

THE MASKED HIGHWAYMAN!

NO ONE IS SAFE FROM THIS BANDIT WHO GALLOPS THROUGH THE NIGHT ON THUNDERING HOOFS. ANOTHER TIME...

HE TOOK ALL MY GEMS! WE'VE GOT TO NOTIFY THE MOUNTIES!

DAYS LATER, TWO FAMED CRIME-BUSTERS FROM THE U.S. VOLUNTEER THEIR HELP TO CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE...

WELL, BATMAN AND ROBIN, WE'VE FINALLY LOCATED THE HIGHWAYMAN'S HIDEOUT -- THAT CAVE BELOW!

THIS CLIFF FACE IS TOO SHEER TO DESCEND! ATKINS, WE'D BETTER SPLIT UP AND TAKE THE LONG WAY DOWN!

THE COURIER
MASKED HIGHWAYMAN ROBS AGAIN!

DAILY GAZETTE
HIGHWAYMAN ELUDES MOUNTIES' TRAP!

EVENING STAR
MOUNTIES VOW TO GET HIGHWAYMAN

SOON AFTER...

BLAM!!

A SHOT!

ATKINS MUST HAVE REACHED THE CAVE ALREADY! IF ONLY THESE BOULDERS DIDN'T BLOCK OUR VIEW...

MINUTES LATER, LIKE TWIN FURIES THEY BURST INTO THE CAVE!

ATKINS! HE'S DEAD... SHOT!

THAT'S THE LAST SHOOTING YOU'LL EVER DO, MR. MASKED HIGHWAYMAN!

AFTER BATMAN NOTIFIES THE MOUNTIES POST MEDICAL EXAMINER...

HMM! THE BULLET PASSED THROUGH ATKINS' BODY! BETTER FIND THAT SLUG SO WE CAN COMPARE THE GUN BARREL MARKINGS FOR BALLISTICS EVIDENCE!

BUT THE SLUG IS NOT FOUND!

IF THE BULLET HAD RICOCHETED FROM THESE SMOOTH SLATE WALLS THE GAUGE WOULD SHOW PLAINLY ... BUT THERE'S NO MARK!

IT COULDN'T HAVE GONE OUT THE CAVE ENTRANCE, BECAUSE OF THE BODY'S ANGLE! THE BULLET SHOULD BE HERE, YET IT ISN'T!

AT THE ARREST OF THE UNMASKED HIGHWAYMAN, BART GILLIS...

WITHOUT THE MISSING BULLET, WE CAN'T PROVE GILLIS SHOT ATKINS, SO WE CAN'T TRY HIM FOR MURDER... BUT HE'LL GET FIVE YEARS FOR ROBBERY!

TWO WEEKS PASS AS THE CRIME-FIGHTERS TAKE A BRIEF VACATION IN CANADIAN WATERS...

BATMAN... A HORSE ... SWIMMING THE RIVER. HE LOOKS EXHAUSTED!

WHEN THE TIRED ANIMAL MANAGES TO GAIN THE SHORE, ROBIN ATTEMPTS TO PLACE A BLANKET ON HIS SHIVERING FLANKS, WHEN...

YOW! HE TRIED TO KICK ME!

HE'S PROBABLY STILL SHY OF STRANGERS! LET HIM CALM DOWN FIRST!

ROBIN... RECOGNIZE THAT WHITE BLAZE ON THE FOREHEAD... AND THAT H ON THE SADDLE?

OF COURSE! HE'S BEEN WANDERING AROUND IN THE WOODS. THIS IS THE HIGHWAYMAN'S HORSE!

LATER... AFTER A CALL
AT THE MOUNTIES POST...

GILLIS WON'T BE
RIDING FOR AT LEAST
FIVE YEARS, SO ROBIN,
SINCE YOU FOUND HIM,
HE'S YOURS!

MINE!
MY HORSE!
GEE!

DAYS LATER--
HOMeward
BOUND!

BUT, ROBIN... IF
ROBIN "RENTS" A
STABLE ON THE ESTATE
WHERE WAYNE KEEPS
HIS POLO PONIES,
THEN NOBODY
WOULD BE
SUSPICIOUS!

BATMAN, I
CAN'T KEEP THE
HORSE IN THE WAYNE
STABLES! THEN EVERY-
ONE WOULD REALIZE
I'M DICK GRAYSON
AND YOU'RE BRUCE
WAYNE!



SUDDENLY--THE HARSH CRACK OF A RIFLE...

SOMEBODY'S
SHOOTING AT
US! I'LL GET
THE GUNMAN!

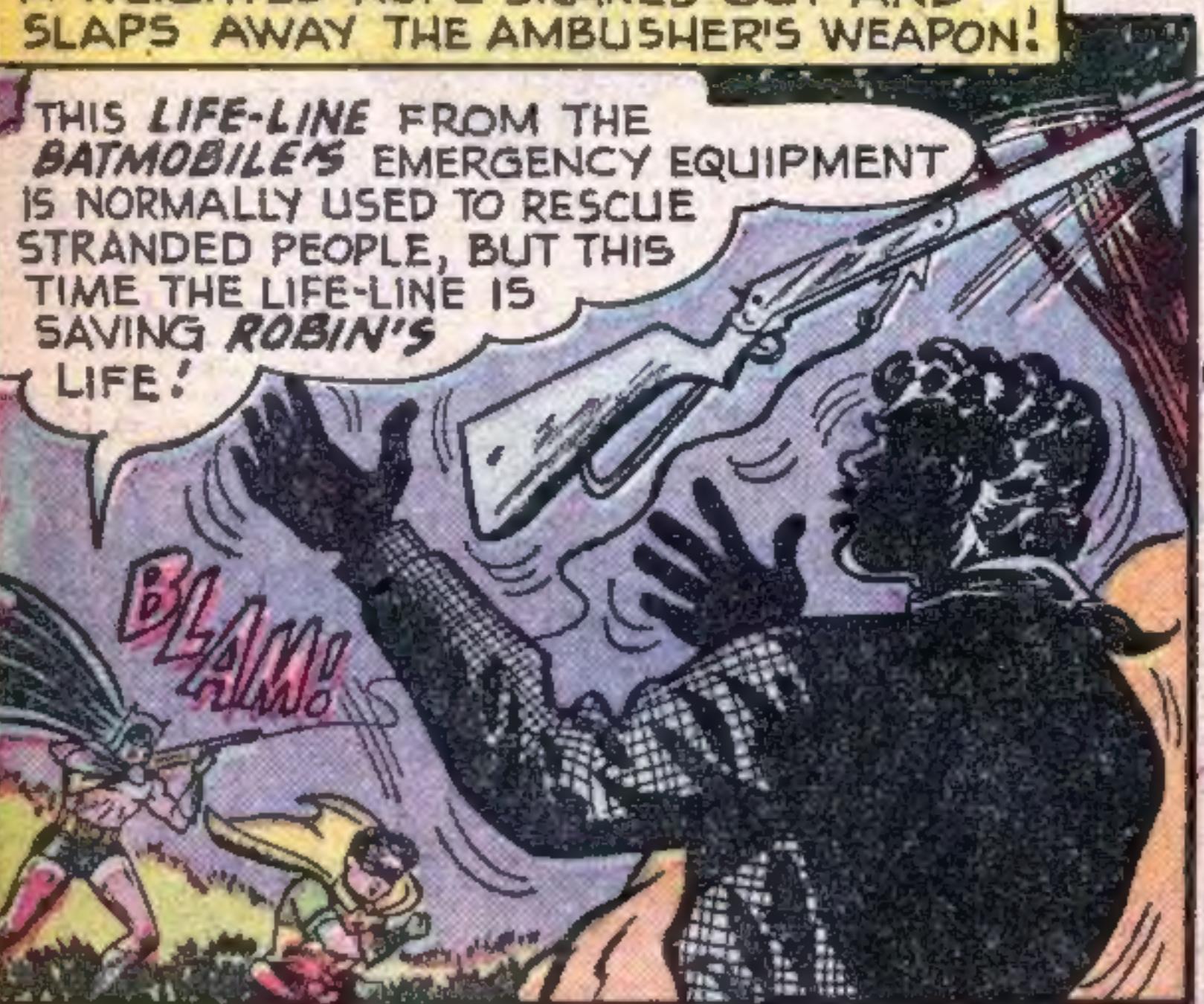
AS THE DAREDEVIL YOUNGSTER
RISKS DEATH, BATMAN ACTS
SWIFTLY!

THAT CRAZY
KID! I'LL HAVE TO FIGHT
THAT GUNMAN--WITH
A GUN!



THE BATMAN'S RIFLE BARKS FIRST-- AND
A WEIGHTED ROPE SNAKES OUT AND
SLAPS AWAY THE AMBUSHER'S WEAPON!

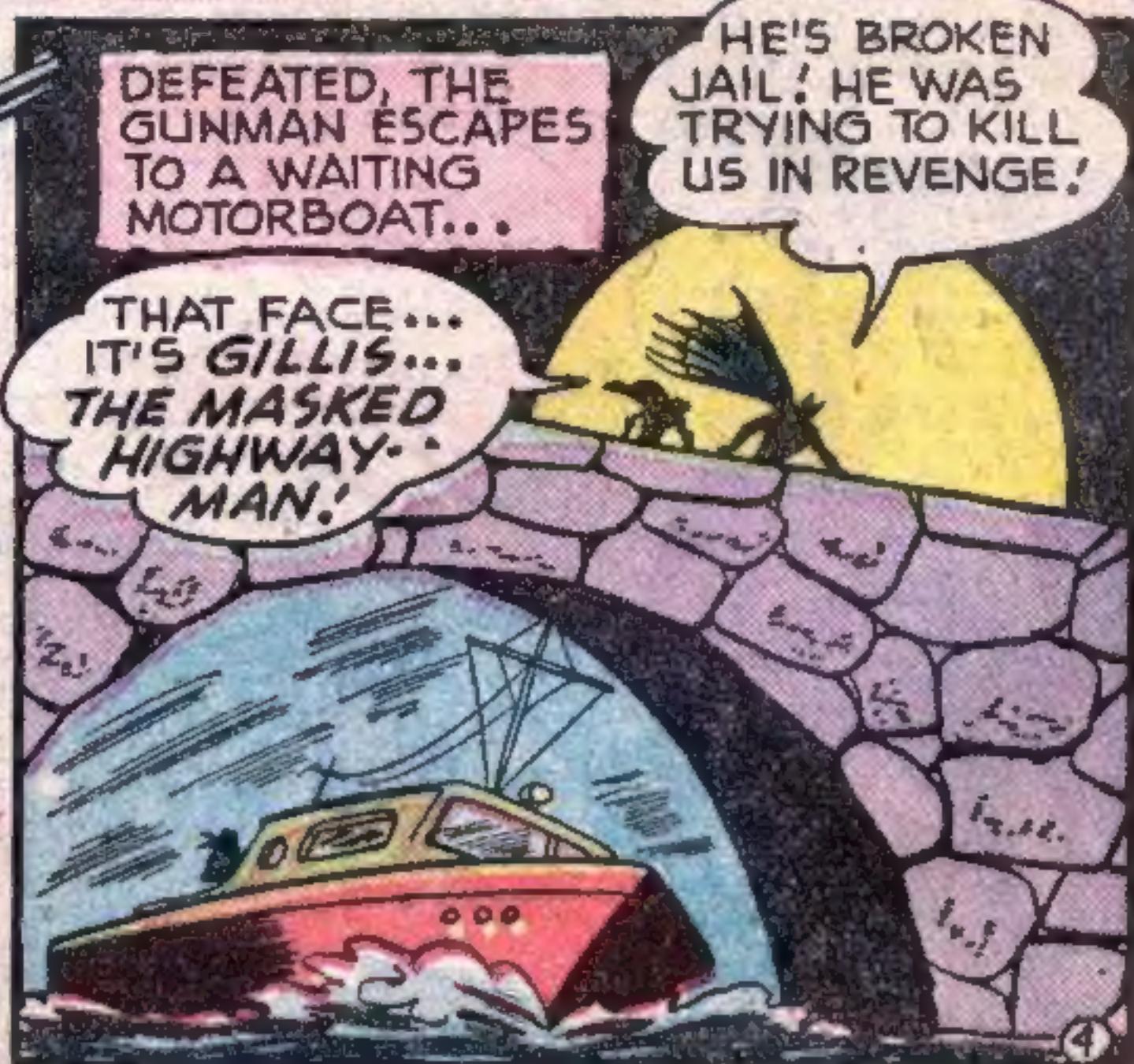
THIS LIFE-LINE FROM THE
BATMOBILE'S EMERGENCY EQUIPMENT
IS NORMALLY USED TO RESCUE
STRANDED PEOPLE, BUT THIS
TIME THE LIFE-LINE IS
SAVING ROBIN'S
LIFE!



DEFEATED, THE
GUNMAN ESCAPES
TO A WAITING
MOTORBOAT...

HE'S BROKEN
JAIL! HE WAS
TRYING TO KILL
US IN REVENGE!

THAT FACE...
IT'S GILLIS...
THE MASKED
HIGHWAY-
MAN!





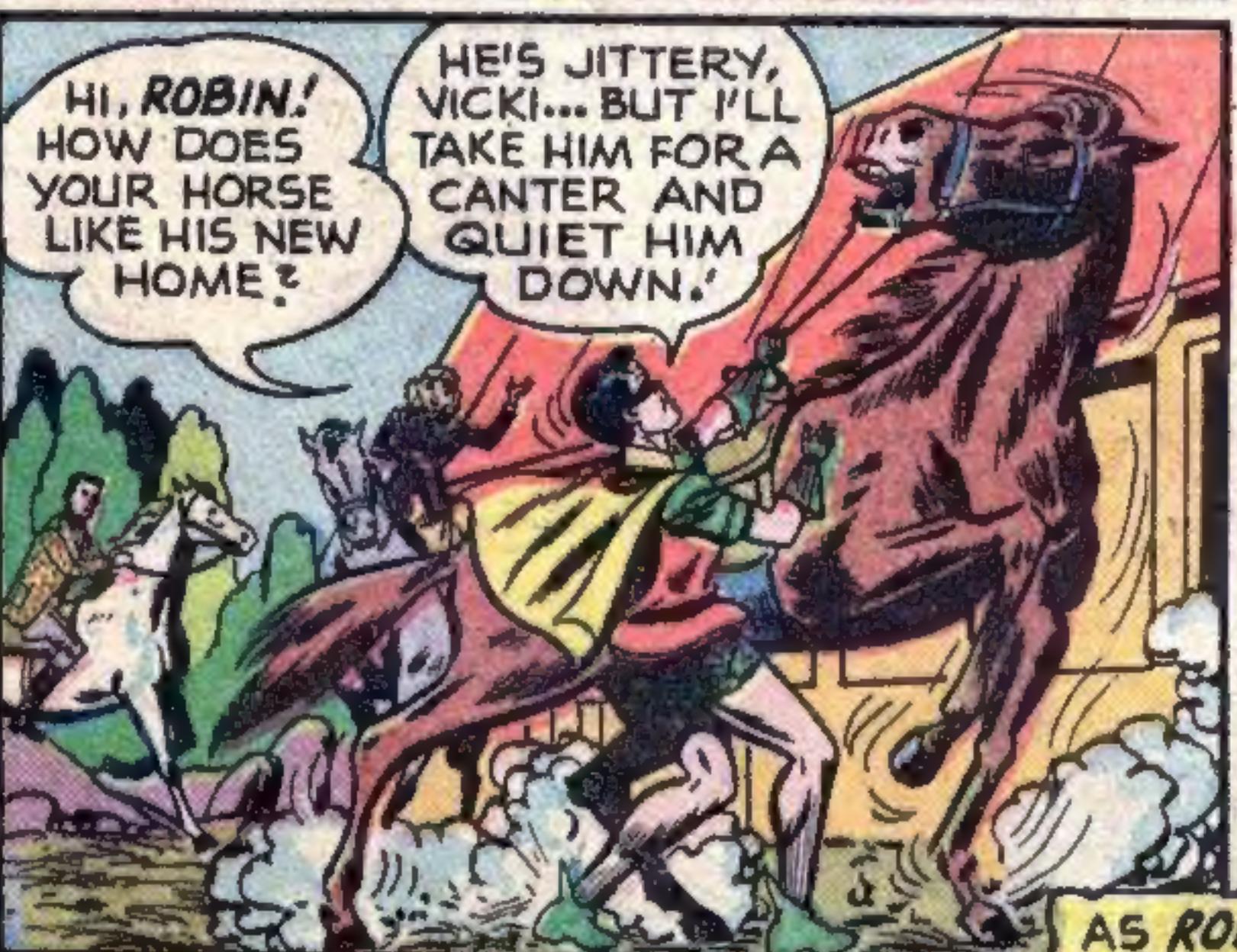
DAYS LATER—HOME! AND ONCE AGAIN SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE HAS TROUBLE WITH HIS SUSPICIOUS DATE-- VICKI VALE!

NOW WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M **BATMAN**?

OH...THINGS! LIKE YOUR RENTING A STABLE TO **ROBIN**! YOU WOULDN'T DO IT UNLESS YOU'RE **BATMAN**!

I DID IT BECAUSE **ROBIN'S** HORSE NEEDED A STABLE! THAT HORSE IS A BEAUTY! I ADMIRE BEAUTY...ESPECIALLY A BEAUTY LIKE YOU!

FLATTERY WILL GET YOU NO PLACE! TEE-HEE!



BUT AS **ROBIN** APPROACHES AND MOUNTS, THE HORSE QUIVERS FEARFULLY AND SUDDENLY BOUNDS OVER TURF AND HEDGE!

WOW! I'D BETTER CATCH THAT HORSE BEFORE HE TRIES TO JUMP OVER THE MOON!

HEY!



SURPRISINGLY, THE HORSE IS DOCILE WITH BRUCE ON HIS BACK...

HE'S QUIET! I GUESS HE'S USED TO STRANGERS NOW!

SURE! I WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH HIM ANYMORE!

AS **ROBIN** MOUNTS AGAIN, THE HORSE TREMBLES AND VIOLENTLY LEAPS AWAY LIKE A FRIGHTENED STAG.

WHOA... OOH!



THIS TIME IT IS VICKI WHO EASILY RIDES THE HORSE BACK...

LOOK--
NO
HANDS!

ROBIN,
FOR SOME
REASON YOUR
HORSE IS
AFRAID
OF YOU!

DON'T I KNOW IT! MY
VERY OWN HORSE...
AND EVERYBODY CAN
RIDE HIM **BUT ME**!
WHY?
WHY?

THE HORSE IS A
NATURAL JUMPER!
HE SHOT OVER THOSE
BARRIERS LIKE
A ROCKET!

REMEMBER...
IT'S NOT EASY
TO RIDE A
ROCKET.

SAY, THAT'S
A SWELL NAME
FOR HIM--
ROCKET!



ROBIN IS ONLY A YOUNGSTER WHOSE PRIDE IS HURT, SO WHO CAN BLAME HIM IF HE MAKES A RASH PROMISE.

LISTEN, I'LL NOT ONLY RIDE **ROCKET**, BUT I'LL RIDE HIM IN THE BIG STEEPLECHASE RACE... AND WIN!

THE STORY LEAKS OUT AND ROBIN'S VOW IS NEWS!

GLOBE
ROBIN TO ENTER STEEPLECHASE ON HORSE HE CAN'T RIDE
Evening News
EXTRA 3c
EXPERTS SAY JOCKEY ROBIN SHOULD TRY HOCKEY
BOY WONDER TO WIN STEEPLECHASE WE WONDER!

I'LL SHOW THEM...
I'LL SHOW THEM ALL!

DOGGEDLY ROBIN BEGINS TRAINING... USING A LIGHT BAMBOO POLE TO NUDGE **ROCKET** INTO JUMPING HIGHER AND CLEANER.



DAYS PASS... AND SOON THE HORSE LEARNS TO CLEAR THE HIGH HURDLES WITH BRUCE IN THE SADDLE...

WHEN I RIDE **ROCKET** IN THE STEEPLECHASE, HE'LL BE ABLE TO JUMP HIGHER BECAUSE I'LL BE A LIGHTER WEIGHT ON HIS BACK! I'VE BEEN PLANNING IT!

BUT IT IS ROBIN HIMSELF WHO HAS THE HIGHEST HURDLE TO OVERCOME-- THE GAINING OF **ROCKET'S** CONFIDENCE!

WON'T YOU EVEN TAKE AN APPLE FROM ME, **ROCKET**? GEE WHIZ! WHY DO YOU HATE ME?





SO CONCERNED IS ROBIN FOR ROCKET, THAT HE DAILY CHECKS HIS FEED WITH A POWERFUL MAGNET.

A HORSESHOE NAIL! PROBABLY DROPPED IN WHEN ROCKET WAS SHOD BEFORE! IT COULD'VE SCRATCHED HIS THROAT!



SO ROBIN SECRETLY TAKES TO SLEEPING IN THE STABLE, AND ONE NIGHT...

SOMEONE SNEAKING IN! HE'S GOT A GUN!



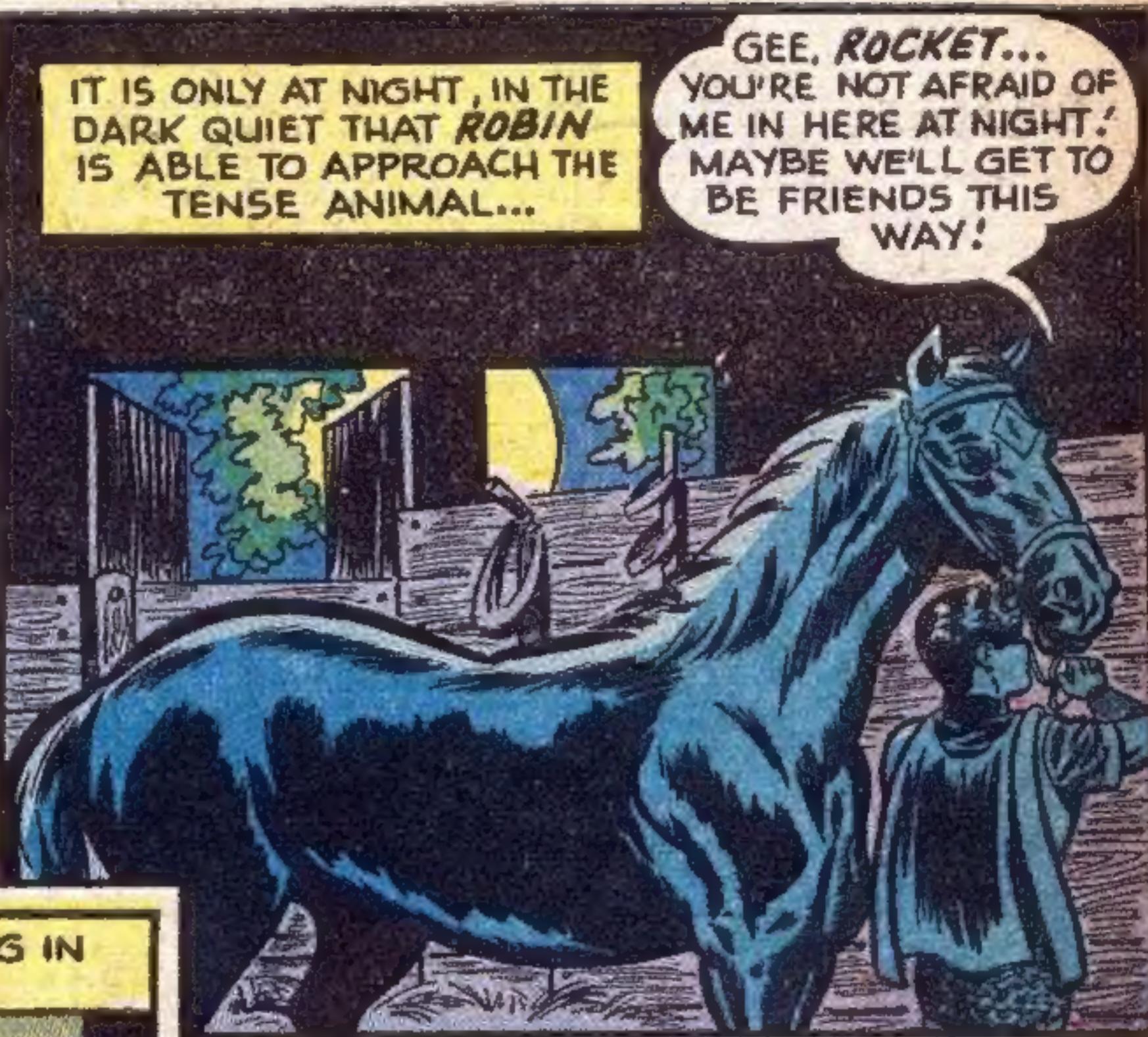
BATMAN!
COME QUICK!
BATMAN!

GOT TO RUN! THIS CHIRPER'S QUEERED EVERYTHING!



IT IS ONLY AT NIGHT, IN THE DARK QUIET THAT ROBIN IS ABLE TO APPROACH THE TENSE ANIMAL...

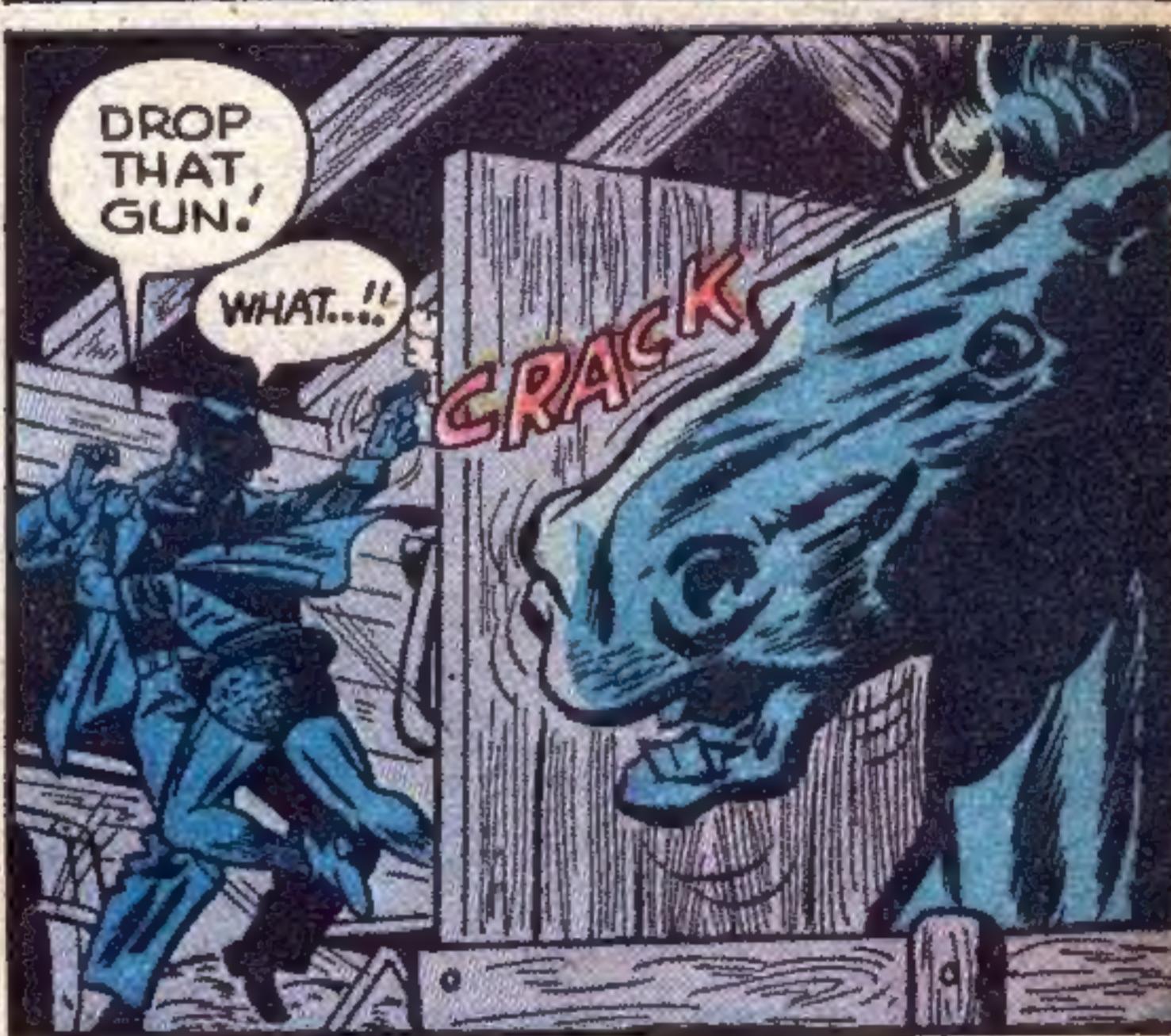
GEE, ROCKET... YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF ME IN HERE AT NIGHT! MAYBE WE'LL GET TO BE FRIENDS THIS WAY!



DROP THAT, GUN.

WHAT!!!

CRACKS



SOON, IN ANSWER TO ROBIN'S CALL, BRUCE APPEARS CLAD FOR ACTION...

YOU SAY HE CALLED YOU A "CHIRPER"? THAT'S CANADIAN SLANG FOR GABBY PERSON!

CANADIAN?
THAT MEANS - GILLIS!
HE'S STILL OUT FOR REVENGE!
HE TRIED TO SHOOT ME!





GILLIS COULD'VE SHOT YOU EASILY FROM HERE AT THE WINDOW ... YET HE RISKED THE CREAKING DOOR TO ENTER! WHY? I DON'T THINK YOU WERE HIS INTENDED VICTIM!

YOU DON'T MEAN...?



YES... ROCKET! GILLIS HAD TO ENTER BECAUSE THE STALL BOARDS BLOCKED A SHOT AT ROCKET FROM A POSITION AT THE WINDOW!

SAY... MAYBE GILLIS DIDN'T SHOOT AT US IN THE BATMOBILE, BUT AT ROCKET... AND HE MISSED!



NO BLOOD! GILLIS'S BULLET MISSED ROCKET AGAIN! BUT WHY IS HE TRYING TO KILL ROCKET?

LOOK... YOUR MAGNET... IT'S BEING PULLED TOWARD ROCKET! THERE'S YOUR ANSWER!



NEXT DAY... SCREAMING HEADLINES!

Gotham Gazette

ROCKET KILLED BY MYSTERIOUS GUNMAN

ROBIN SUSPECTS GAMBLERS KILLED HORSE BECAUSE HE COULD WIN STEEPLECHASE!

(STORY) IN AN INTERVIEW, ROBIN DECLARED, "TONIGHT I'M TAKING ROCKET'S BODY TO THE ANIMAL HOSPITAL FOR AN AUTOPSY. WE'LL PROBE FOR THE BULLET AND SAVE IT FOR A BALLISTICS CHECK."

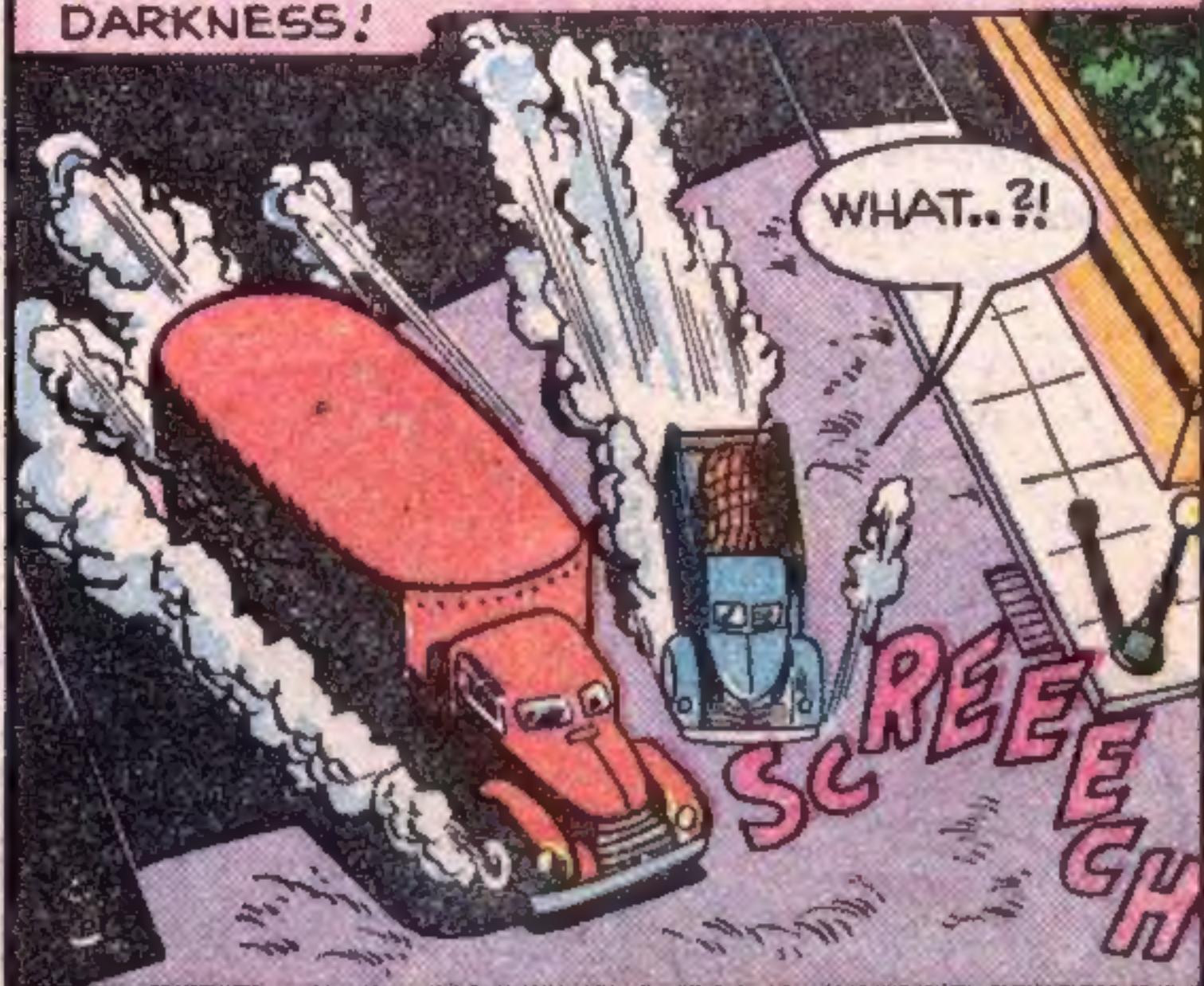
THAT NIGHT, A TRUCK TRANSPORTS AN INERT FIGURE TO THE ANIMAL HOSPITAL AND, AS ROBIN OPENS THE GATES, SUDDENLY...

YOU! STOP!



AS GILLIS SENDS THE TRUCK FORWARD, ANOTHER VEHICLE SLAMS OUT OF THE DARKNESS!

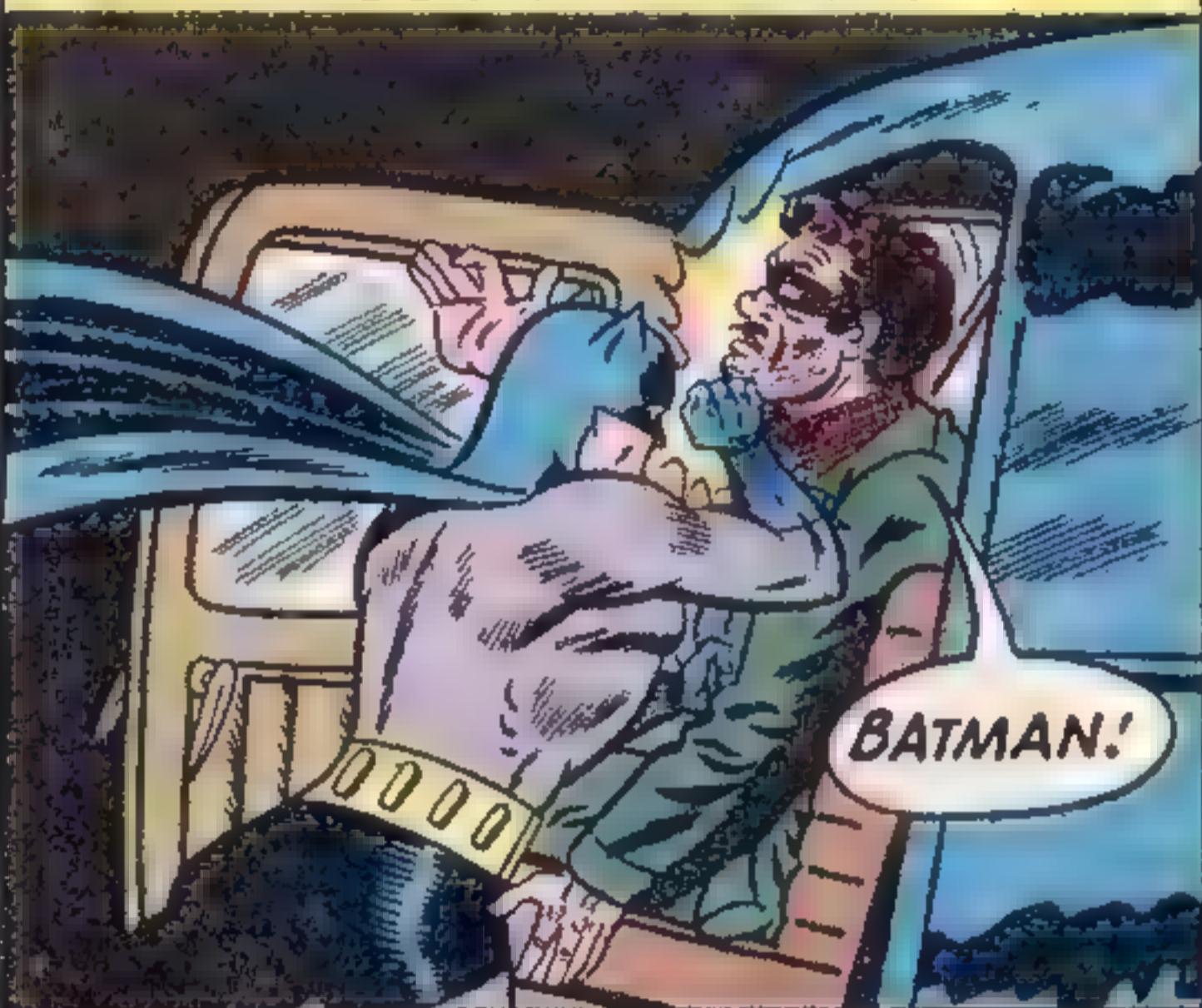
WHAT..?!



DETECTIVE COMICS



SWIFTLY, THE DRIVER LEAPS FORWARD AND YANKS GILLIS FROM HIS SEAT!

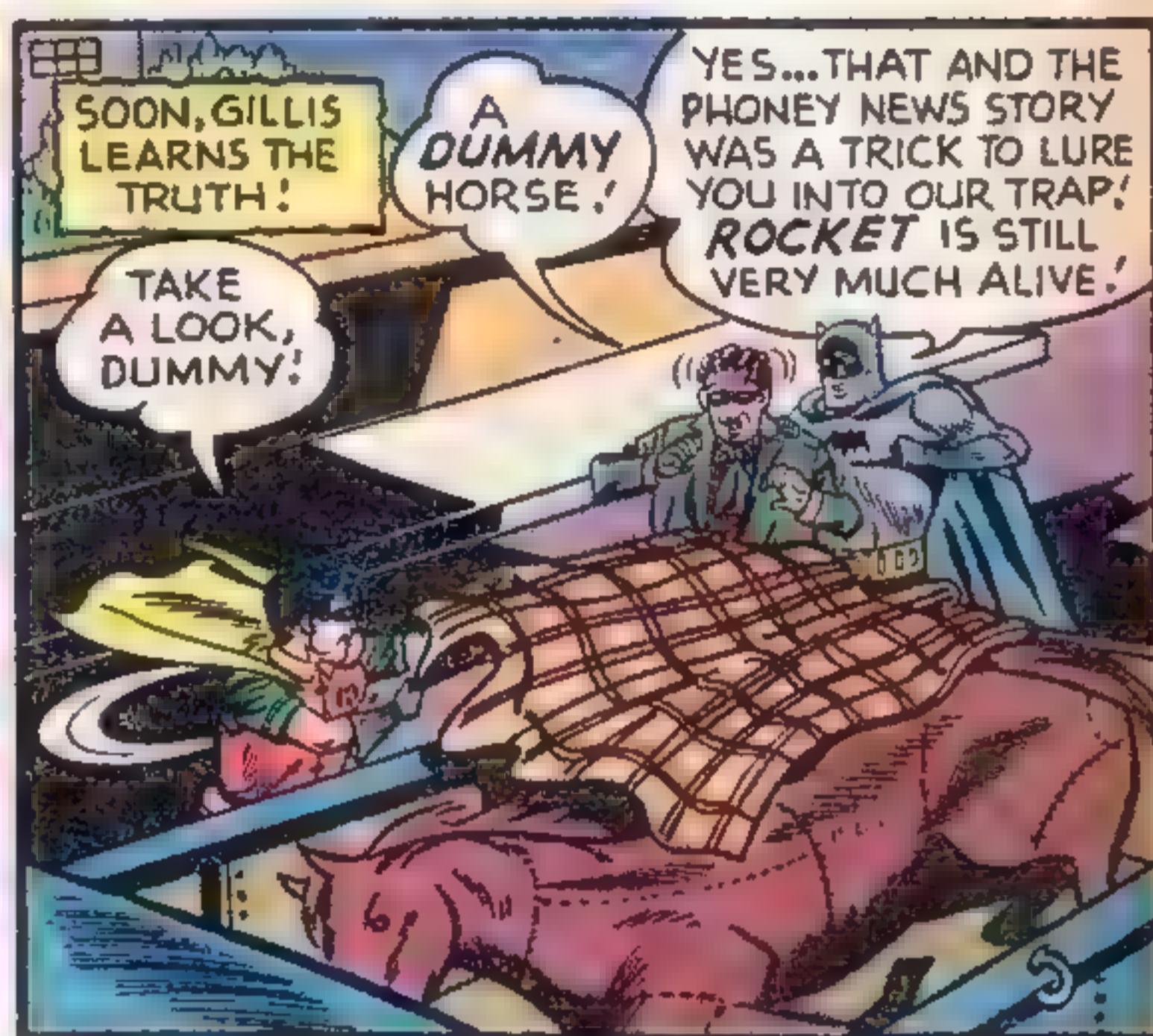


SOON, GILLIS LEARNS THE TRUTH!

TAKE A LOOK, DUMMY!

A DUMMY HORSE!

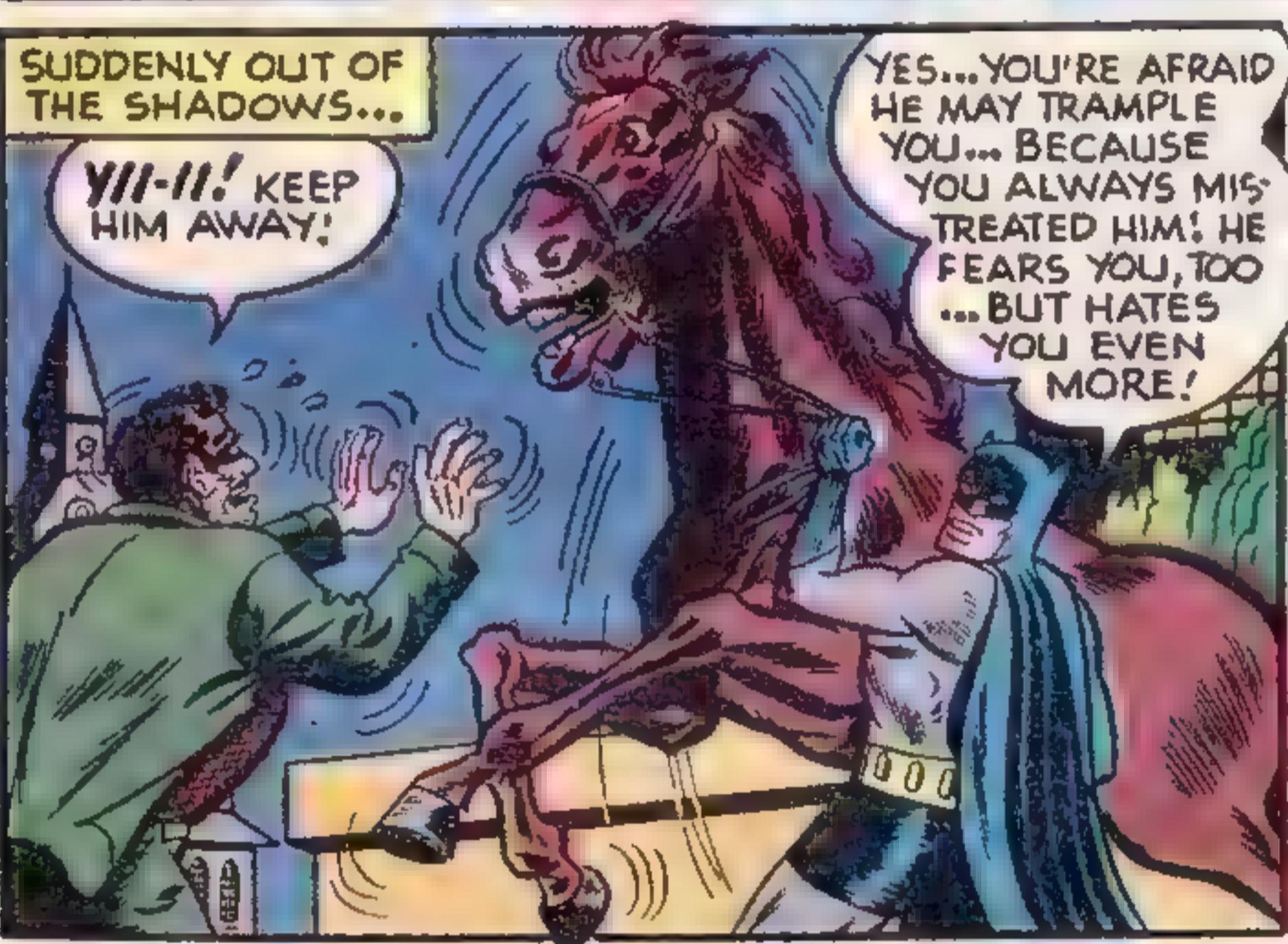
YES... THAT AND THE PHONEY NEWS STORY WAS A TRICK TO LURE YOU INTO OUR TRAP! ROCKET IS STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE!



SUDDENLY OUT OF THE SHADOWS...

YII-III! KEEP HIM AWAY!

YES... YOU'RE AFRAID HE MAY TRAMPLE YOU... BECAUSE YOU ALWAYS MIS-TREATED HIM! HE FEARS YOU, TOO... BUT HATES YOU EVEN MORE!



OKAY, BATMAN... NOW LET'S GET ROCKET INTO THE HOSPITAL AND SET FOR THE FLUOROSCOPE!

FLUOR... NO!! NO!

YES, GILLIS! WE'RE GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW A MAGNET SOLVED A MURDER!

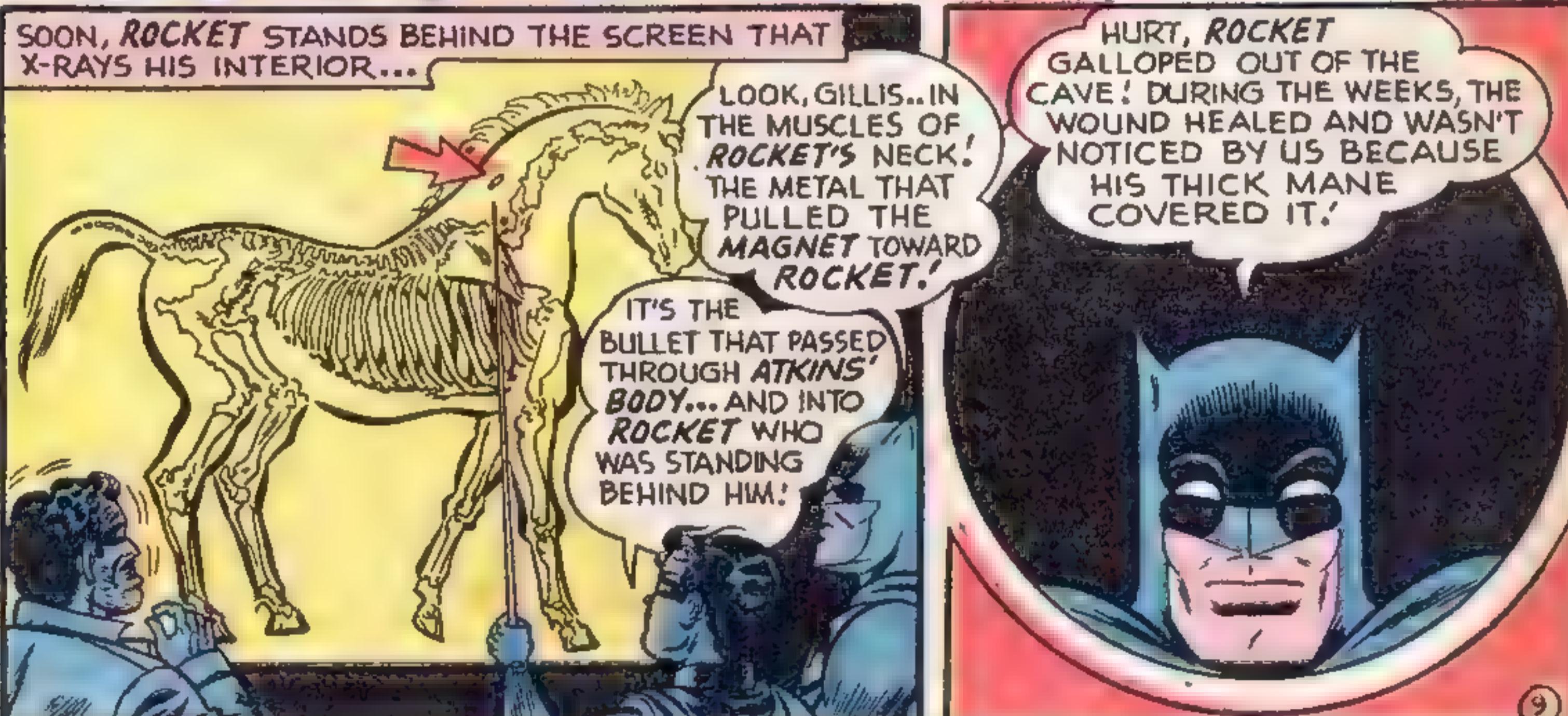


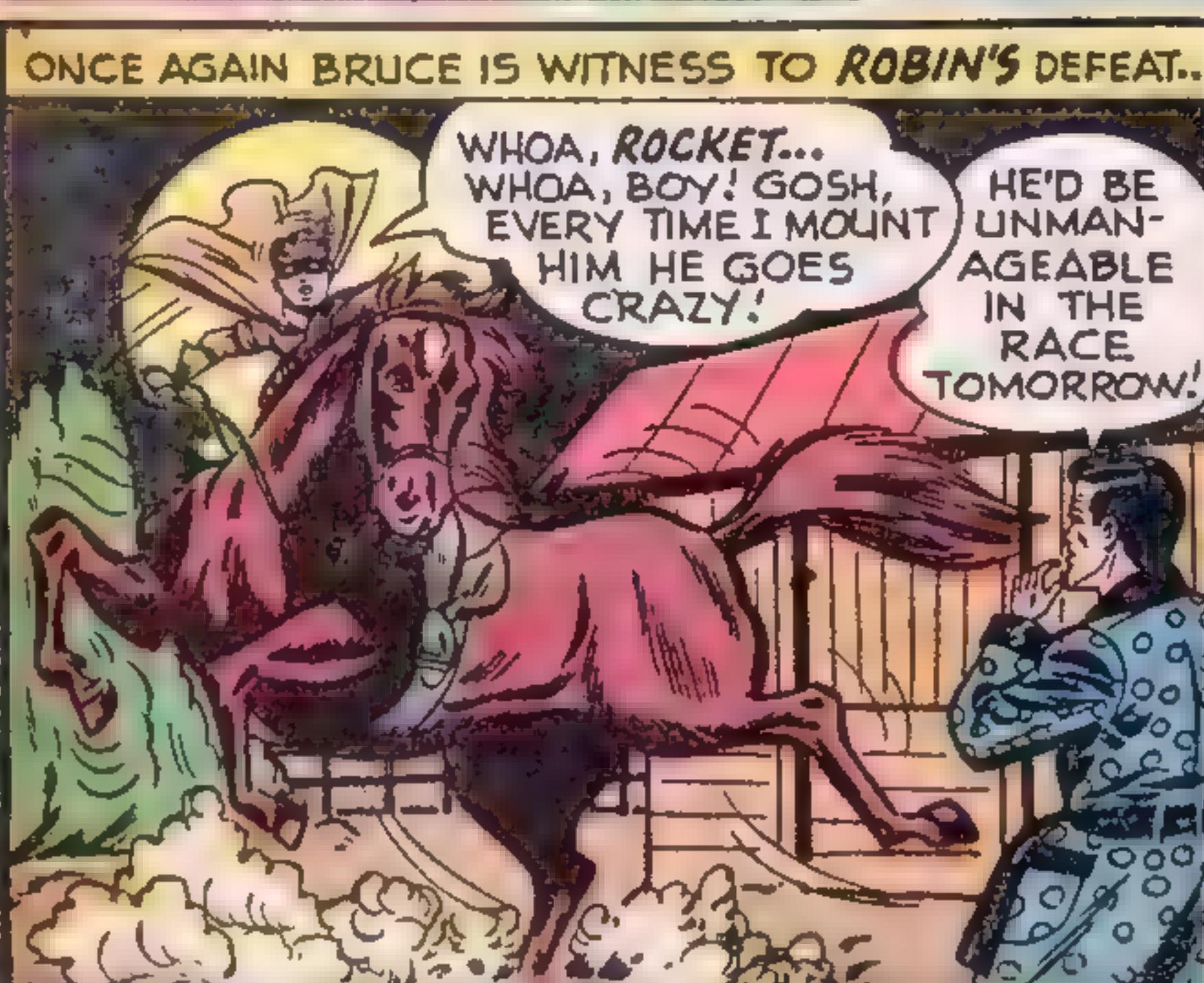
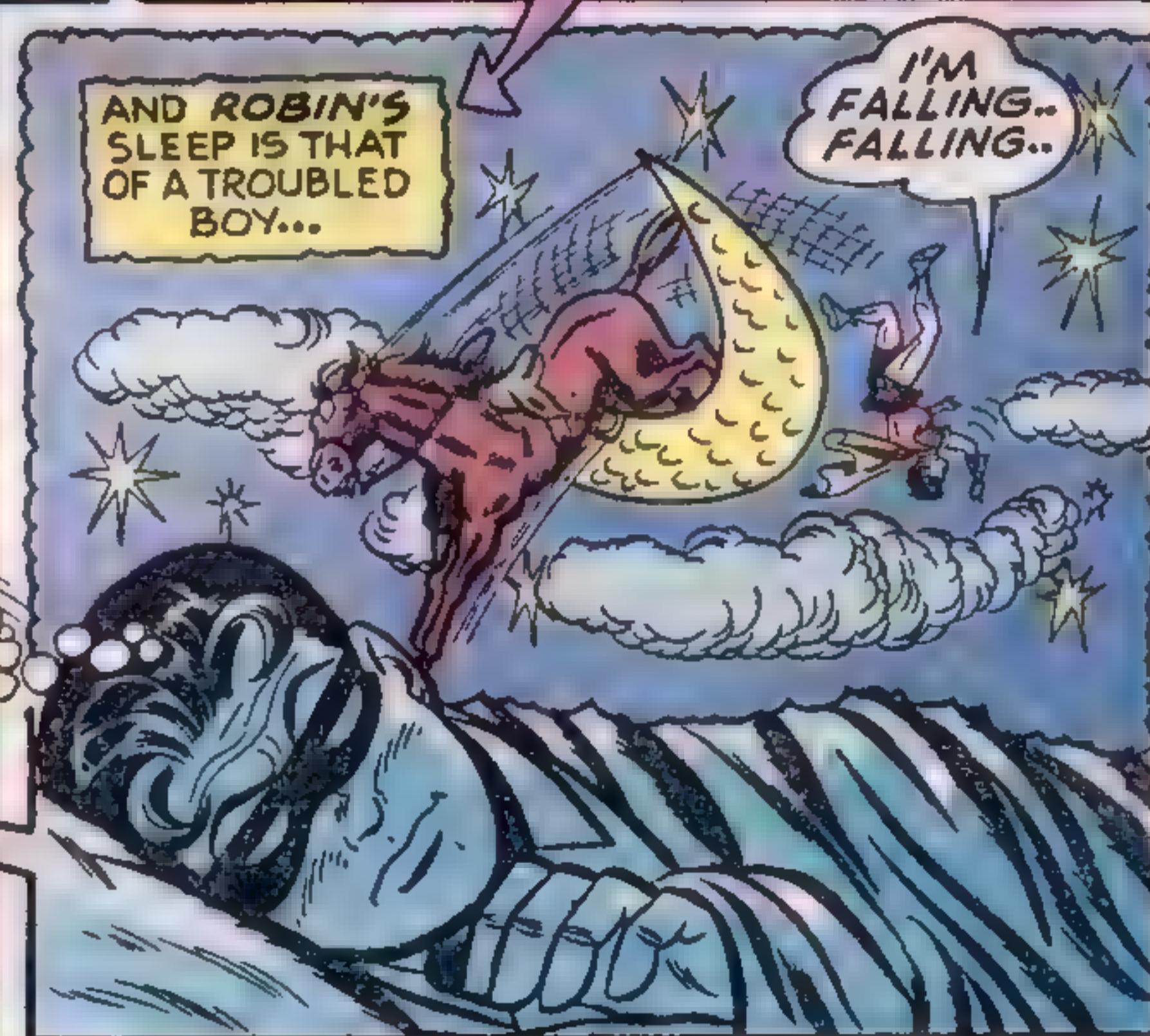
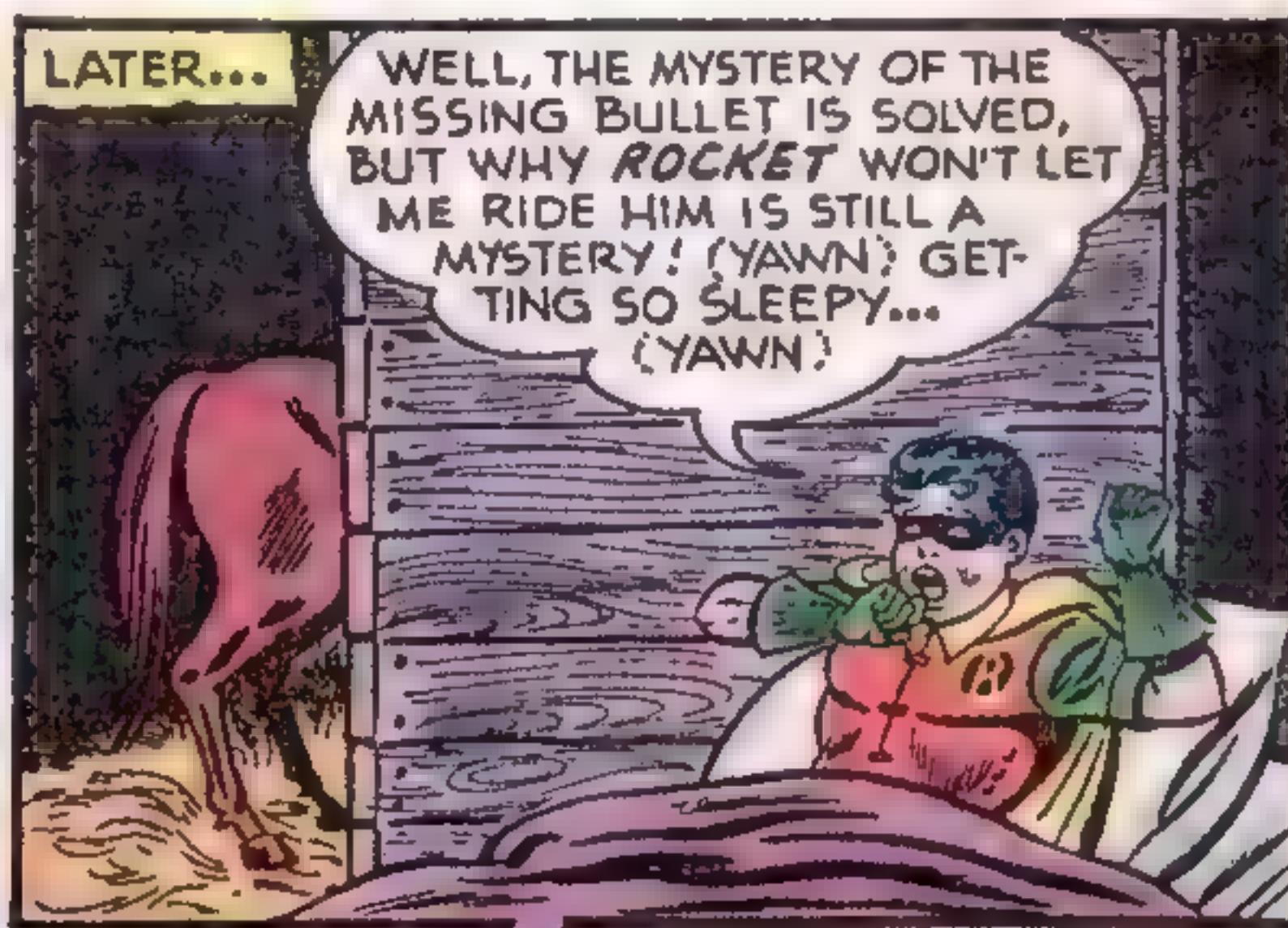
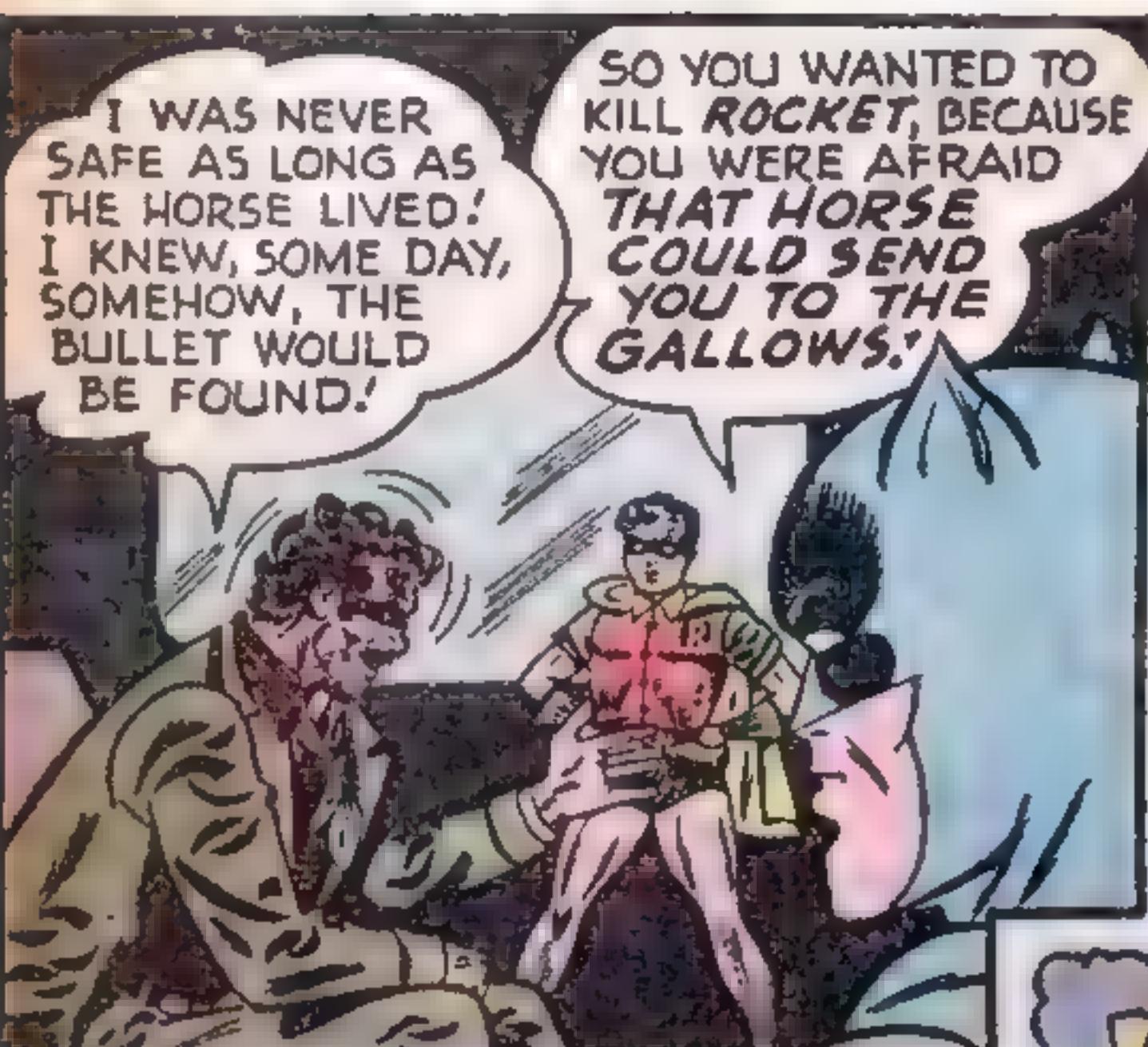
SOON, ROCKET STANDS BEHIND THE SCREEN THAT X-RAYS HIS INTERIOR...

LOOK, GILLIS.. IN THE MUSCLES OF ROCKET'S NECK! THE METAL THAT PULLED THE MAGNET TOWARD ROCKET!

IT'S THE BULLET THAT PASSED THROUGH ATKINS' BODY... AND INTO ROCKET WHO WAS STANDING BEHIND HIM!

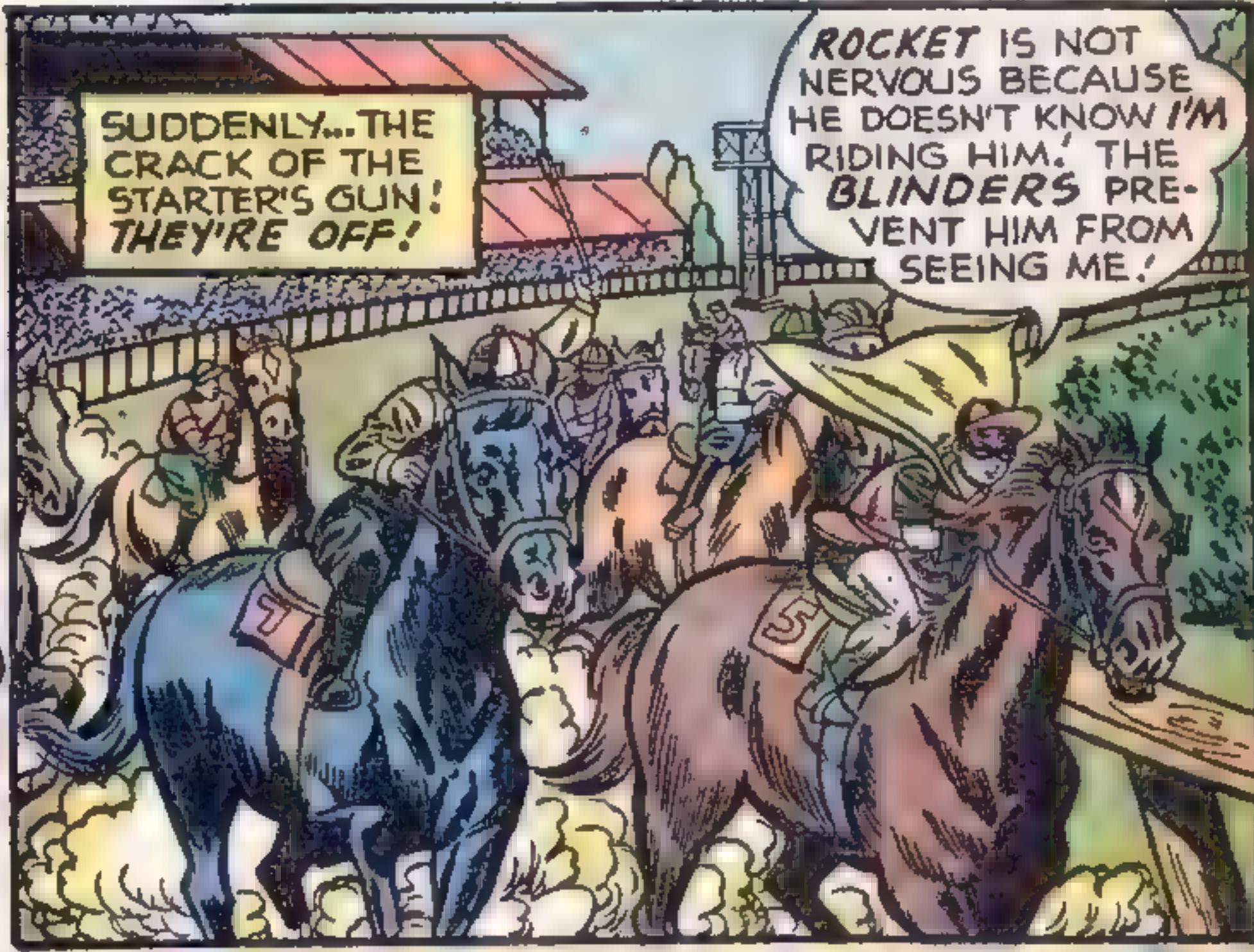
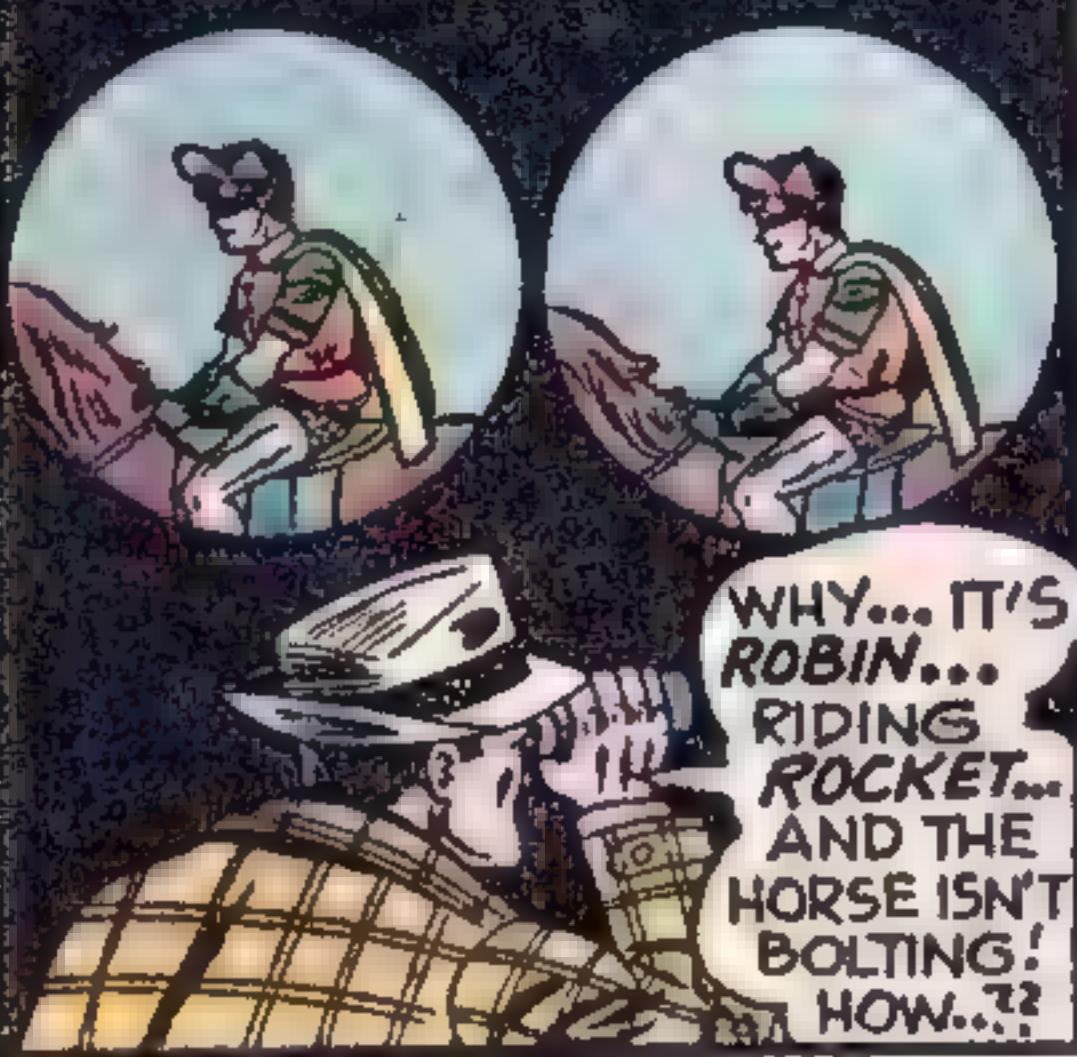
HURT, ROCKET GALLOPED OUT OF THE CAVE! DURING THE WEEKS, THE WOUND HEALED AND WASN'T NOTICED BY US BECAUSE HIS THICK MANE COVERED IT!







NEXT DAY... THE BIG DAY... STEEPELCHASE DAY! AMONG THE EXCITED, RESTLESS TURF FANS, BRUCE WAITS IMPATIENTLY.



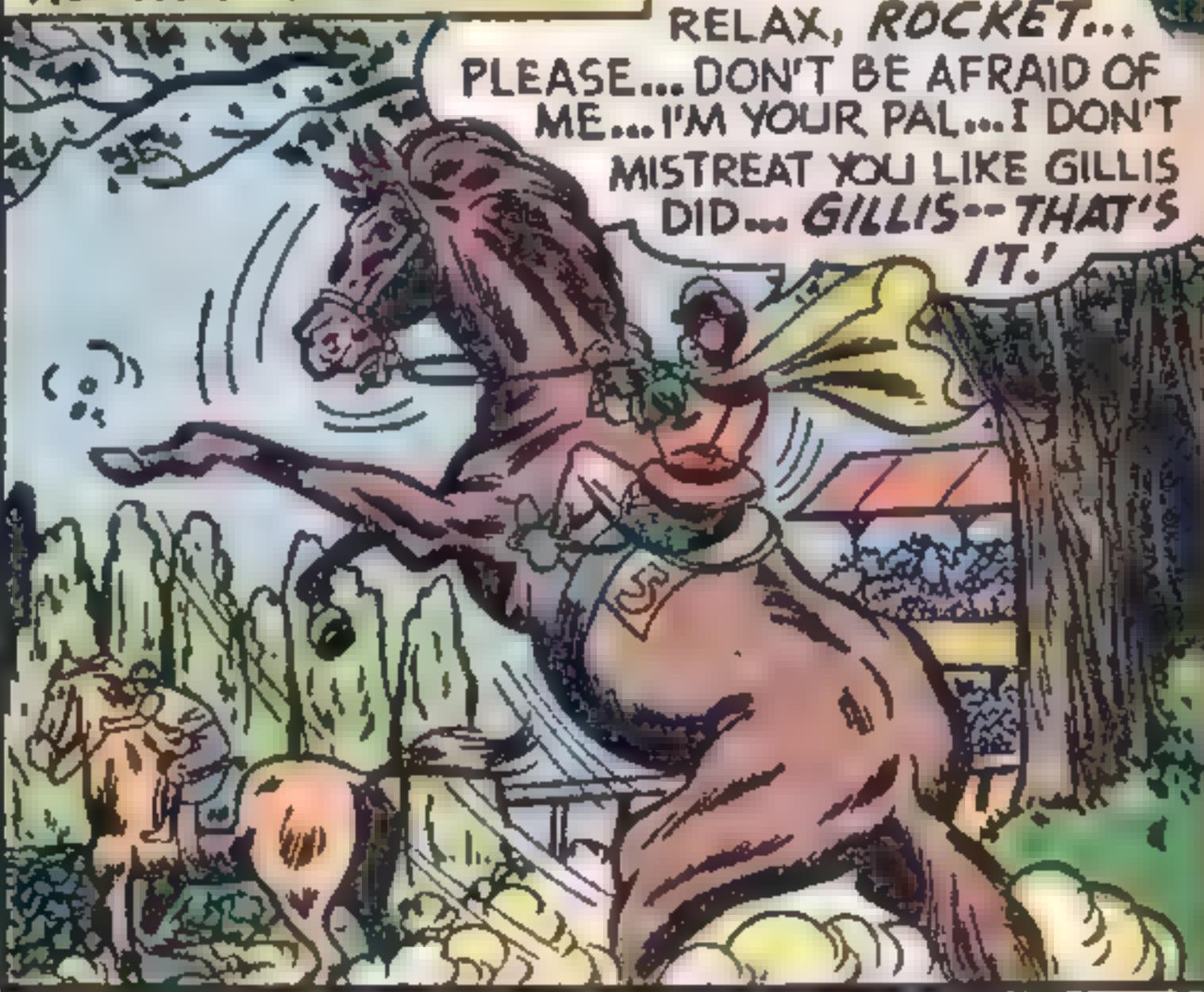
ROBIN'S RUSE SEEMS TO BE A GOOD ONE, BUT SUCCESSIVE JUMPS LOSEN THE BLINDERS AND...



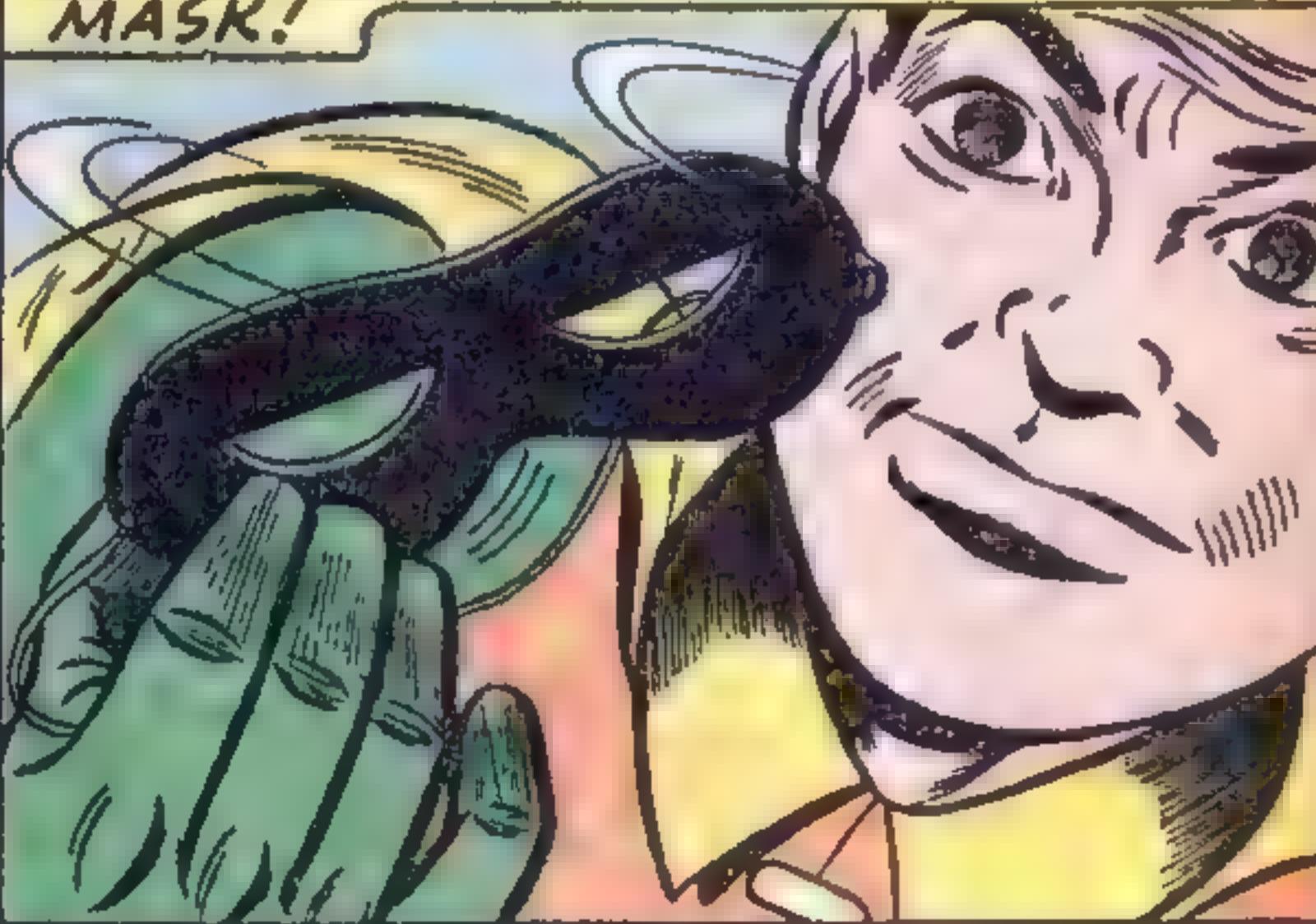
IT'S MY MASK! GILLIS WORE ONE LIKE IT WHEN HE WAS THE HIGHWAYMAN, AND THE HORSE ASSOCIATES THE MASK WITH GILLIS! I CAN RIDE ROCKET ONLY IF I REMOVE MY MASK... AND THEN I'D BE REVEALING MY SECRET IDENTITY!



UPON TURNING HIS NECK AND SEEING ROBIN, ROCKET GOES WILD!



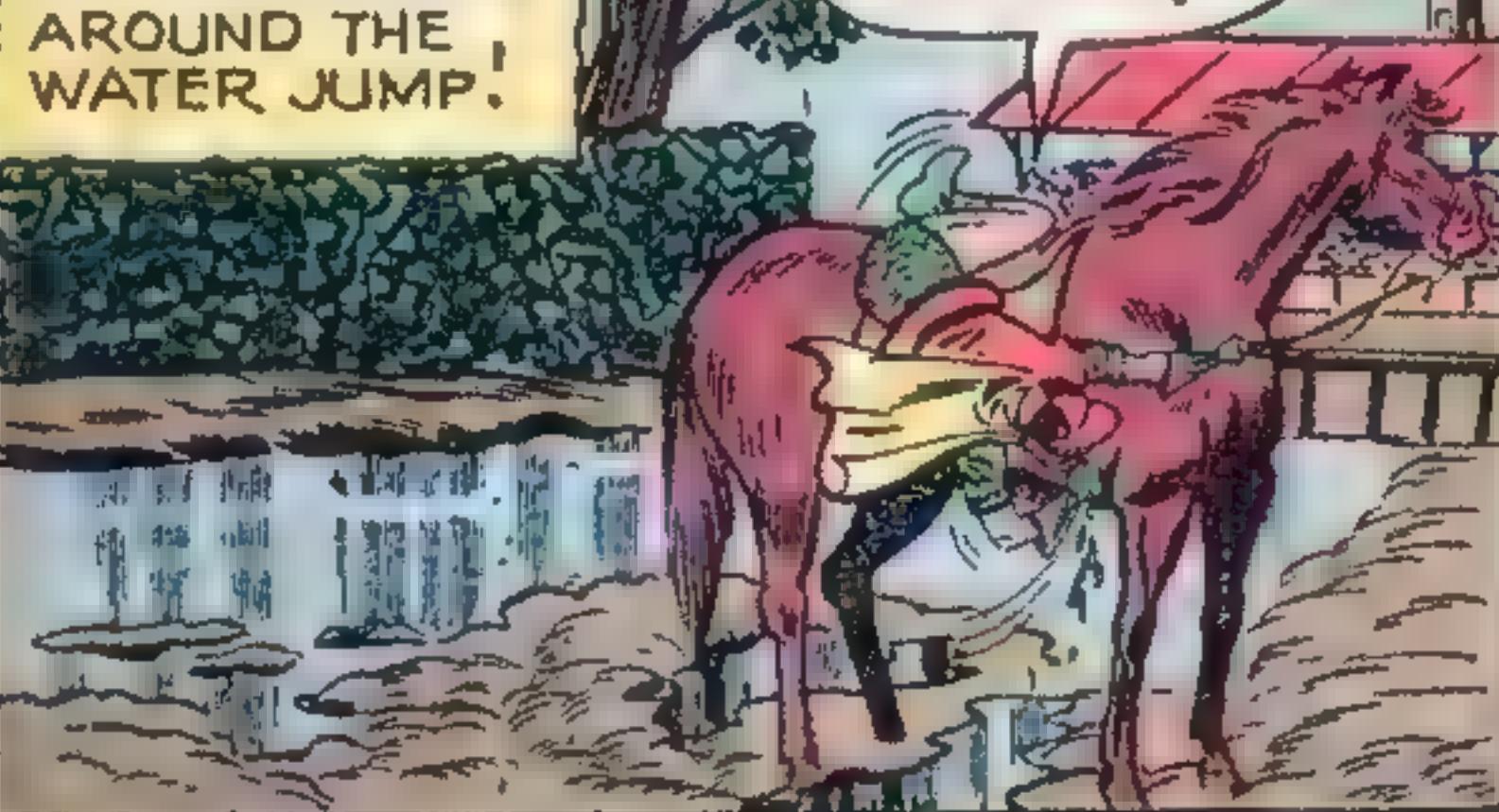
ROBIN MAKES HIS DECISION! IN ONE SPLIT-SECOND MOVEMENT, HE WHIPS OFF HIS MASK!





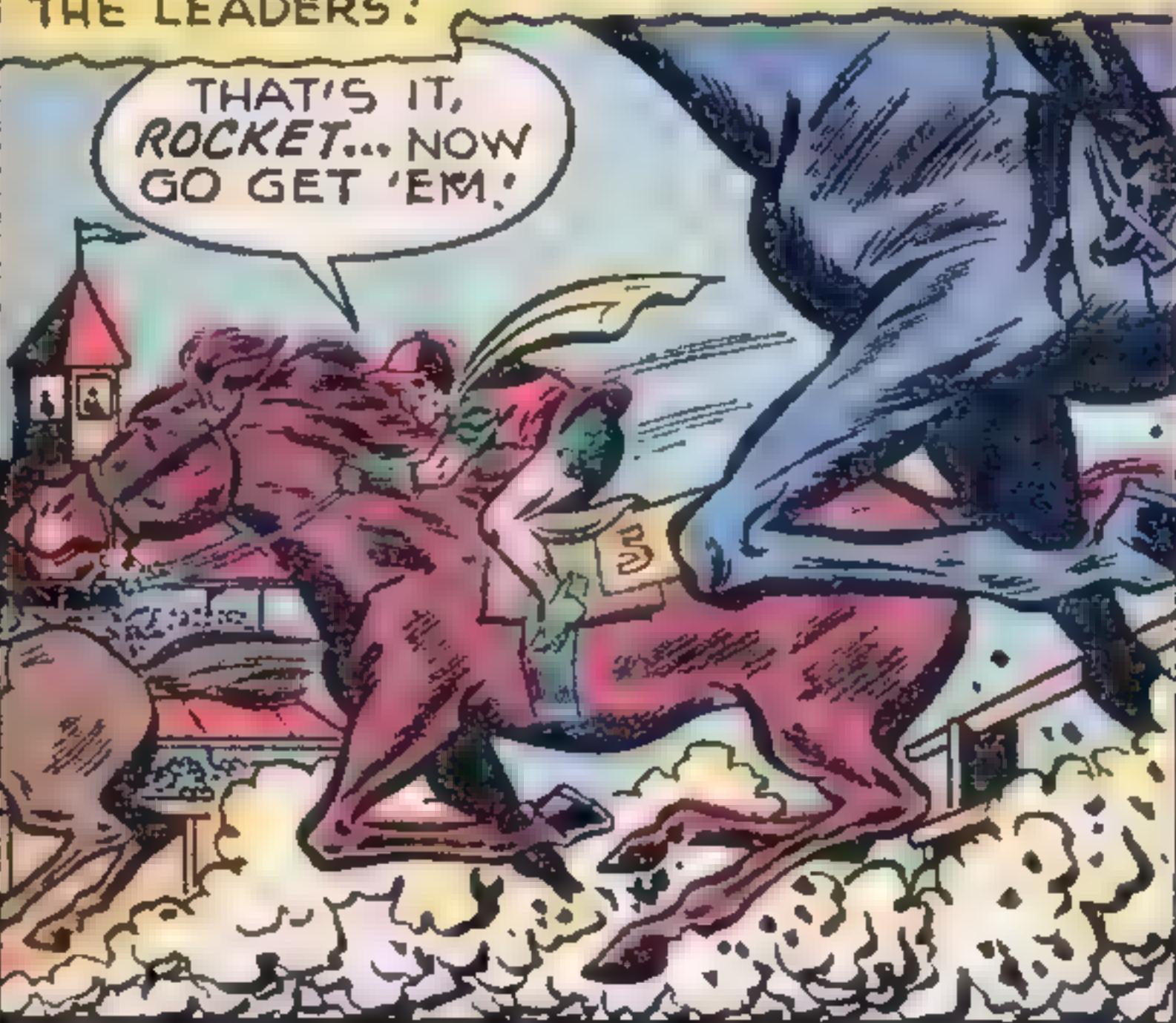
BUT BEFORE THE CROWD CAN GLIMPSE HIS FEATURES, ROBIN STOOPS AND SCOOPS UP MUD AROUND THE WATER JUMP!

NOW..WITH THIS MUD ALL OVER MY FACE, NOBODY WILL RECOGNIZE ME AND ROCKET WON'T HAVE TO SEE MY MASK ANYMORE!

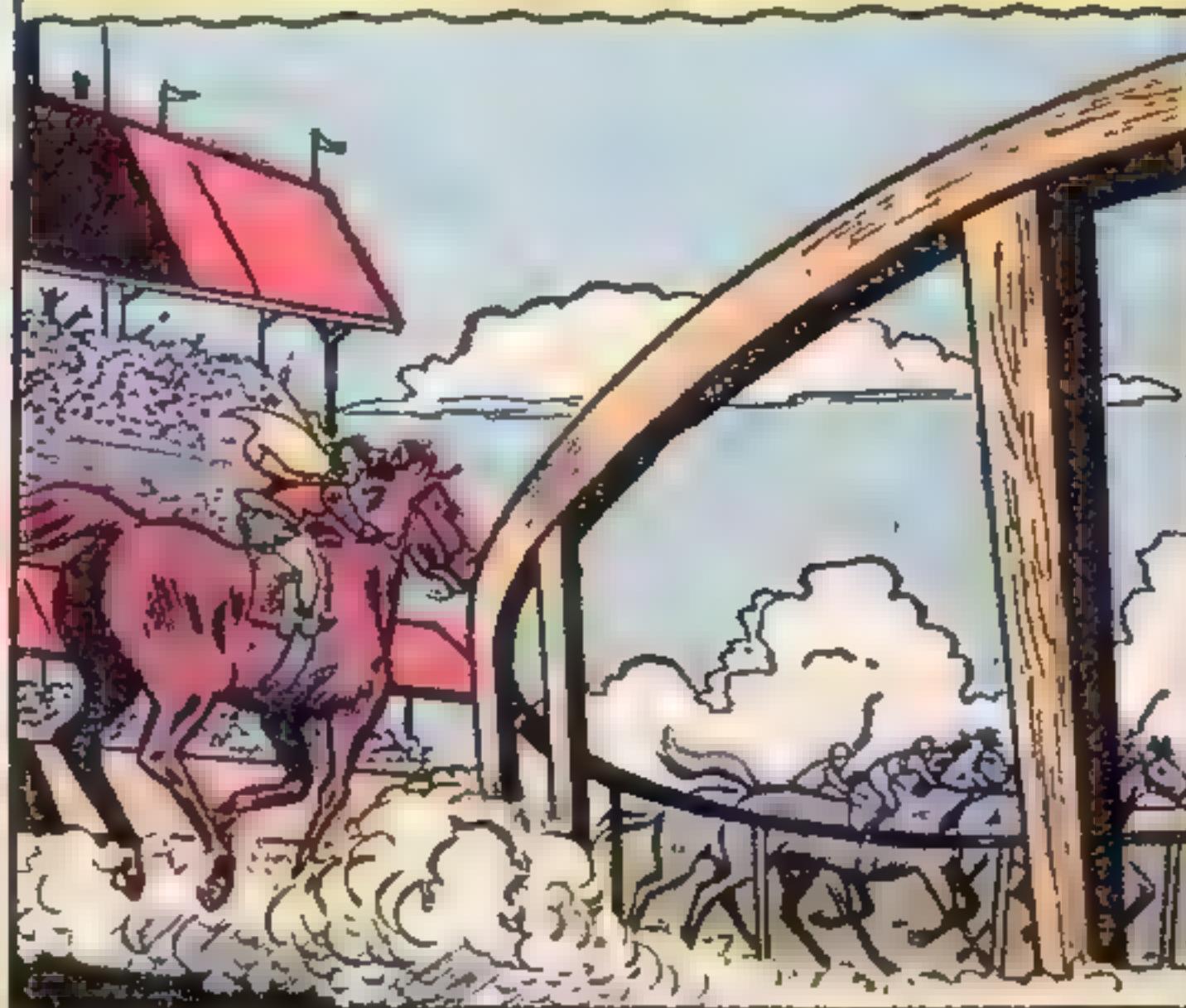


STEADILY, STRIDE FOR STRIDE, JUMP FOR JUMP, THE GALLANT HORSE GAINS, CLOSING IN ON THE LEADERS!

THAT'S IT, ROCKET... NOW GO GET 'EM!

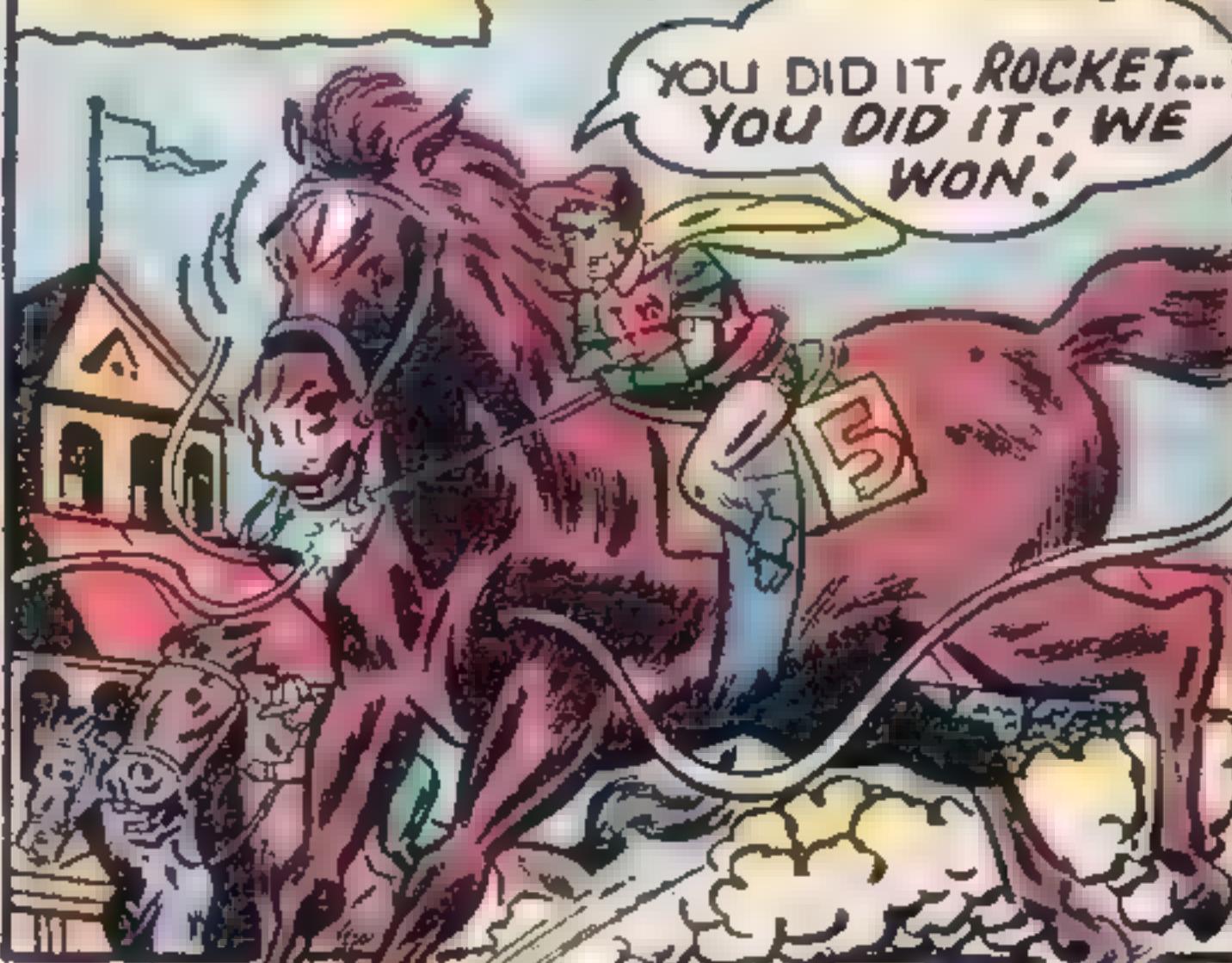


AND NOW THE CROWD GOES MAD AS THE STEEL-MUSCLED ROCKET BEGINS TO SURGE AHEAD INTO THE HOME STRETCH!



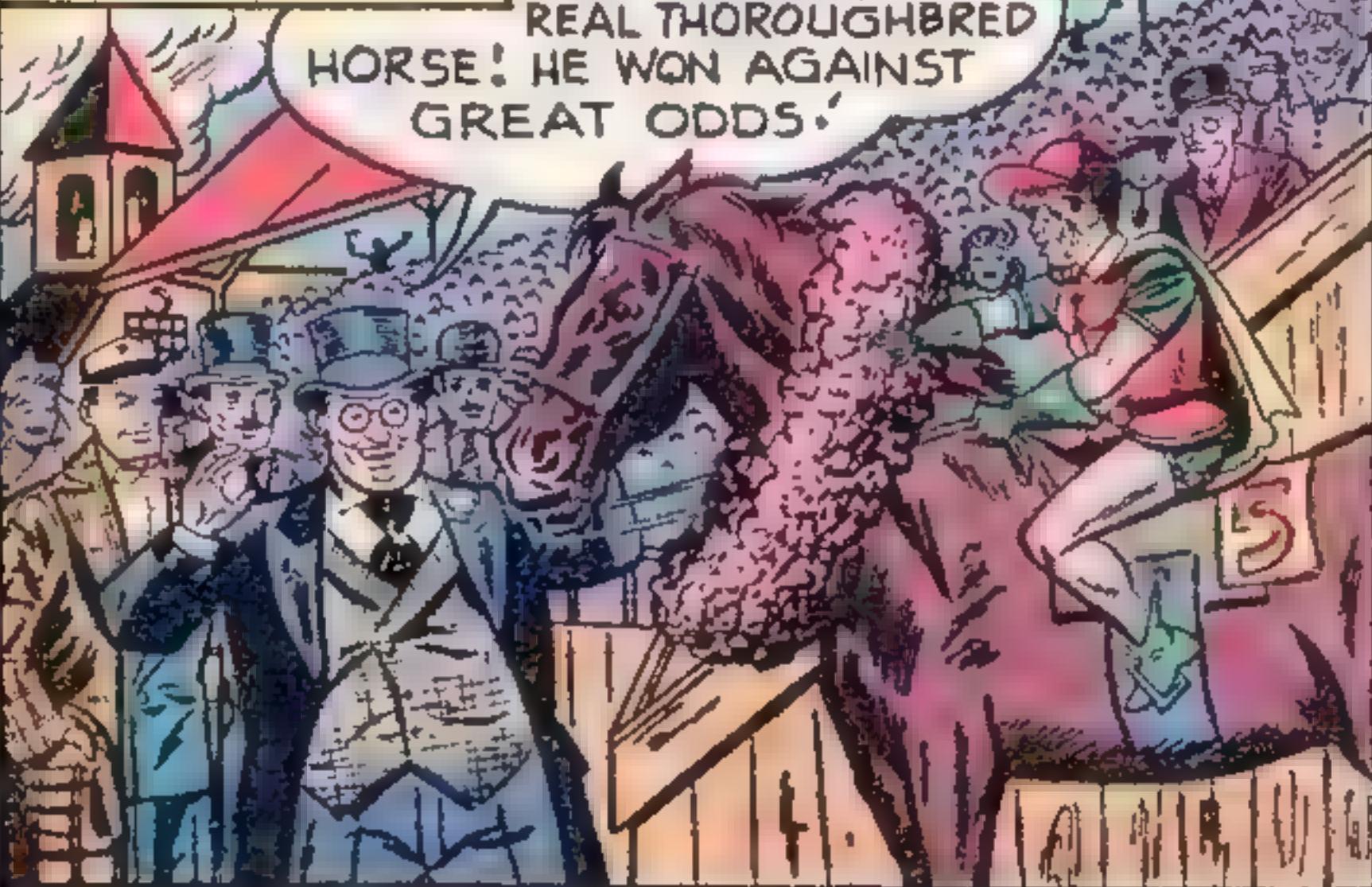
NEW POWER SEEMS TO GATHER IN ROCKET AS HIS STRONG LEGS POUND THE TURF! CLOSER... CLOSER... NECK AND NECK... AND THEN...

YOU DID IT, ROCKET... YOU DID IT! WE WON!

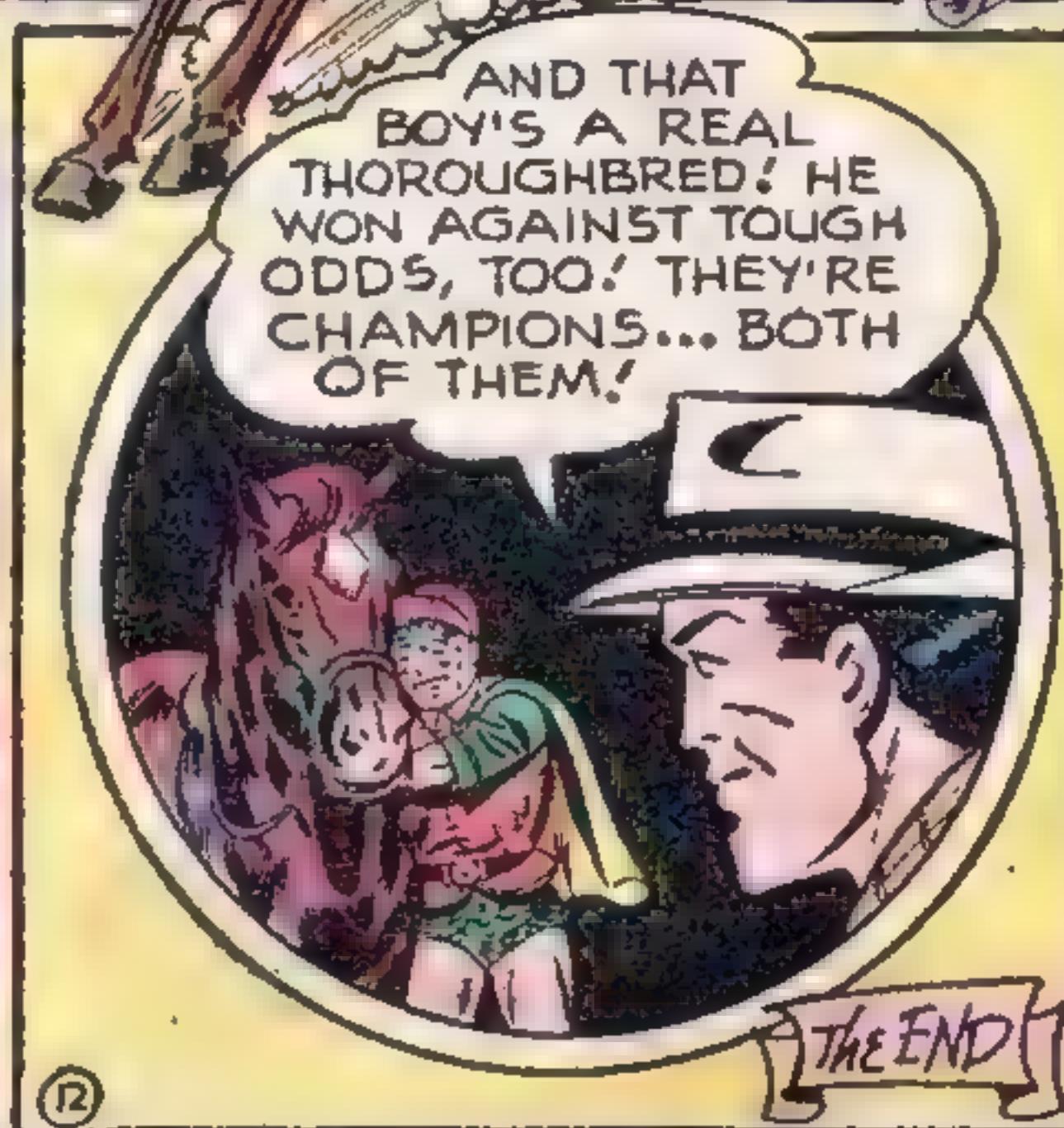


IT IS WITH JUSTIFIABLE PRIDE THAT ROBIN PARADES ROCKET IN THE WINNER'S CIRCLE!

FOR ROCKET, A REAL THOROUGHBRED HORSE! HE WON AGAINST GREAT ODDS!



AND THAT BOY'S A REAL THOROUGHBRED! HE WON AGAINST TOUGH ODDS, TOO! THEY'RE CHAMPIONS... BOTH OF THEM!



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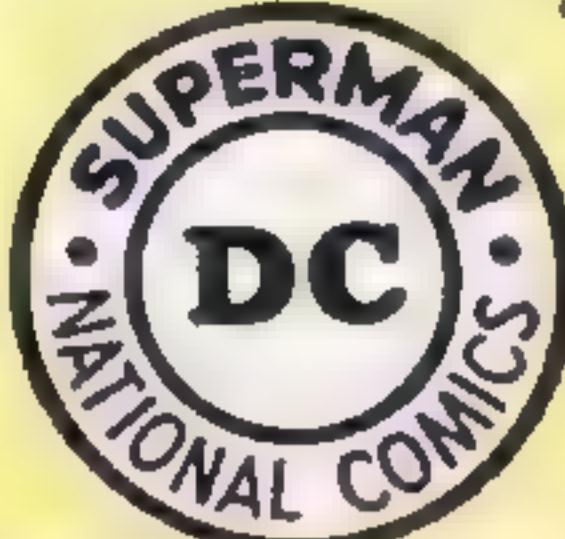
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ADVERTISEMENT
starring in
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Whip' Will SAYS:
FOR A REAL PARDNER WHEN THE
GOING'S ROUGH—YOU CAN'T WHIP

Bazooka
THE ATOM BUBBLE GUM

2¢

Chew the
gum the
Western heroes
chew

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Desert Danger!
Whip kills the
rattler with one deadly
"switch." You'll never
"switch" from Bazooka!

Whip flicks...
the match is out!
There's no match
for Bazooka
Value!

Tough Hombre
draws but Whip's
quicker! Bazooka
makes big bubbles
quick too!

Two whips!
Two cracks! Two robbers
down! Bazooka gives
you two big chews
...14

Made by the makers of
TOPPS CHEWING GUM



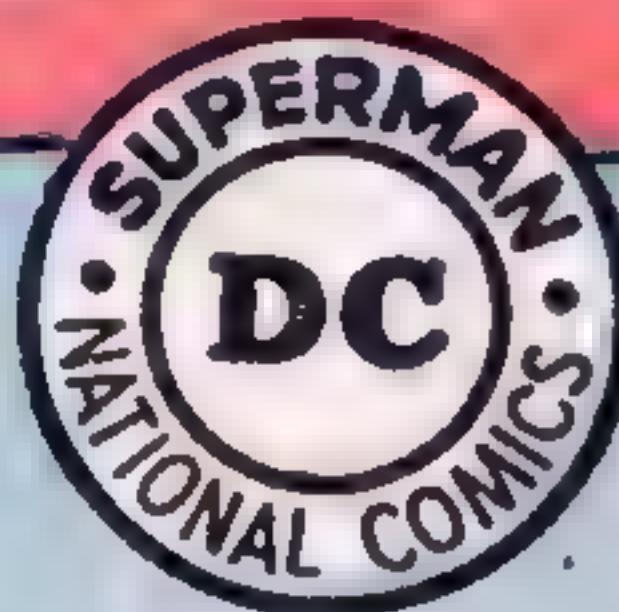
YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT 2 MONTHS FOR THESE GREAT MAGAZINES!

YOU KNOW, MOST COMICS MAGAZINES ARE PUBLISHED ONLY EVERY OTHER MONTH, BUT THESE BEST-SELLERS COME OUT EVERY MONTH — BECAUSE YOU WANT TO READ THEM TWELVE TIMES A YEAR INSTEAD OF SIX!



But
THE BIG THING
TO REMEMBER IS TO

GET YOUR COPIES EARLY!
(THAT WAY, YOU WON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE!)





IMPOSSIBLE-- BUT TRUE!

THAT MAN--
LYING DEAD THERE!
HE BEARS A
REMARKABLE
RESEMBLANCE
TO ME!

YOU ARE RIGHT!
THE FATE MACHINE
HAS FORESEEN
YOUR DEATH!

HE WAS AN AMAZING MAN.
HE CLAIMED HE COULD
PREDICT THE WINNER OF
NEXT YEAR'S WORLD
SERIES. HE SAID HE KNEW
WHO WOULD OCCUPY THE
WHITE HOUSE IN 1952.
AND THAT HE COULD
FORETELL THE DATE
OF YOUR DEATH!
ROY RAYMOND DIDN'T
THINK ANYBODY COULD
CATCH A GLIMPSE OF THE
FUTURE--BUT EVEN HE
WAS BAFFLED BY THE
AMAZING VISION OF...

**THE MAN WHO
COULD SEE
TOMORROW!**

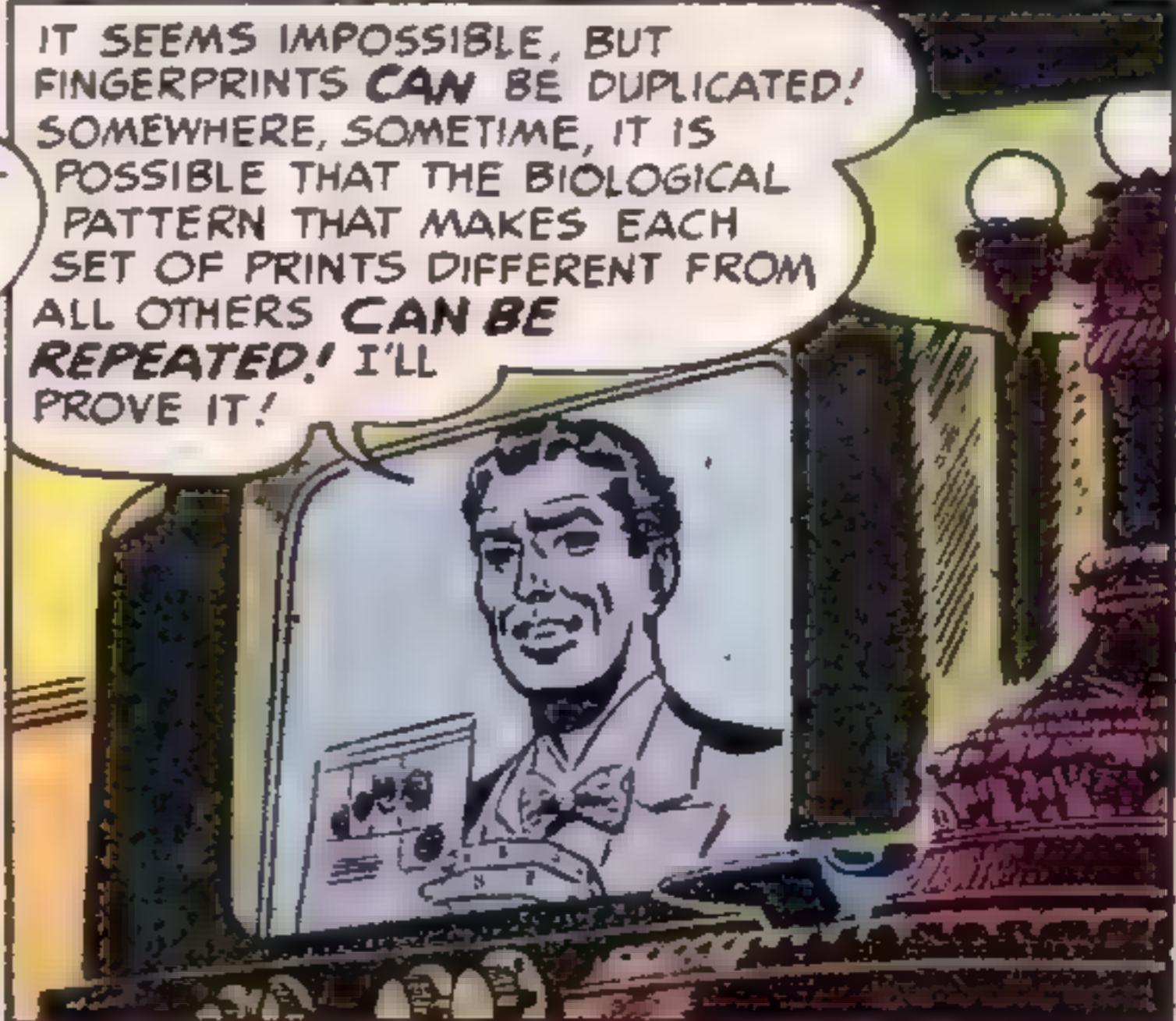
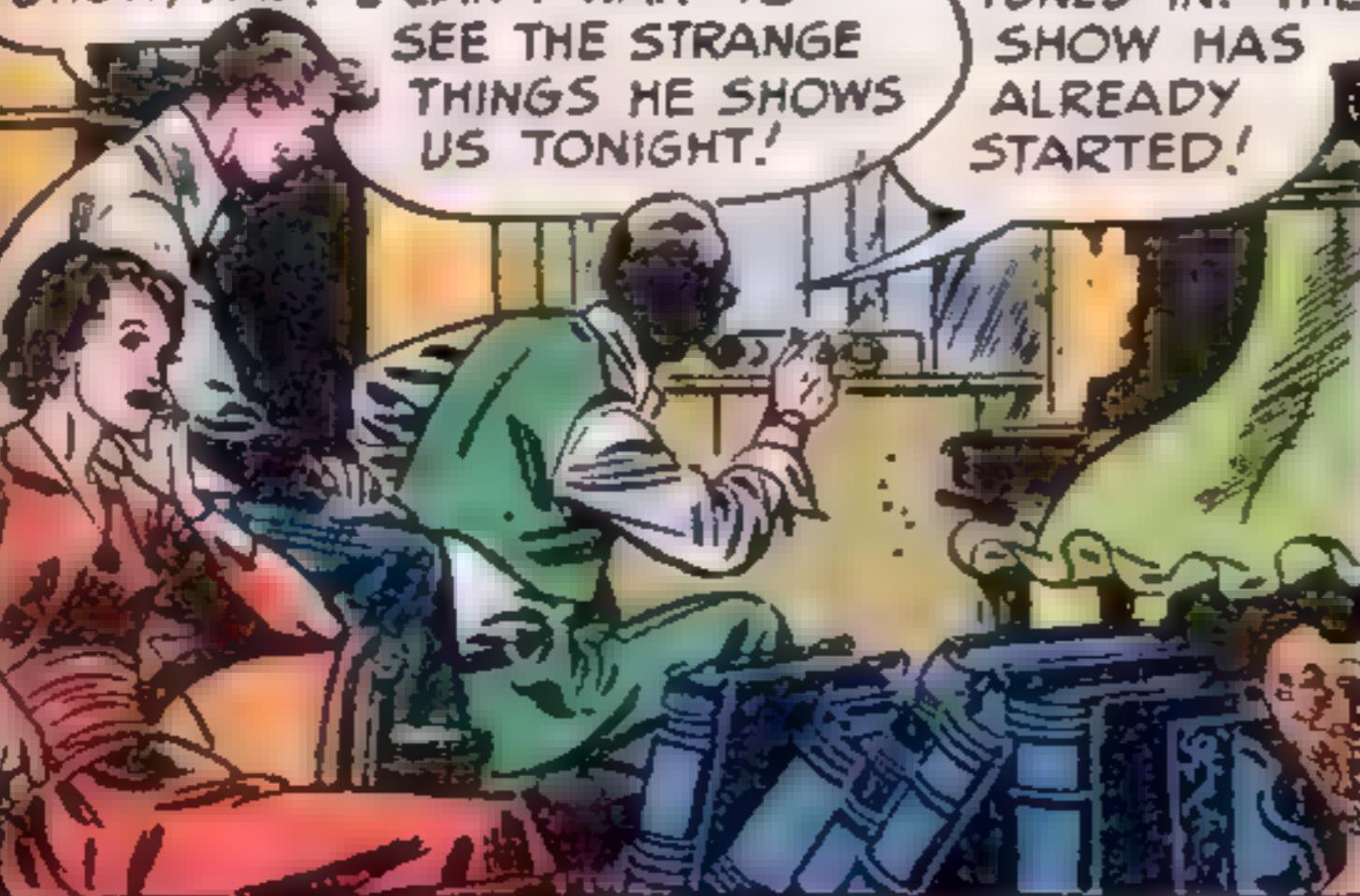
DAN
BARRY

IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES, THIS FAMILIAR SCENE OCCURS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT...

TUNE IN ROY RAYMOND'S "IMPOSSIBLE BUT TRUE" SHOW, DAD! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE STRANGE THINGS HE SHOWS US TONIGHT!

NEITHER CAN I! THERE-- I'M JUST ABOUT TUNED IN! THE SHOW HAS ALREADY STARTED!

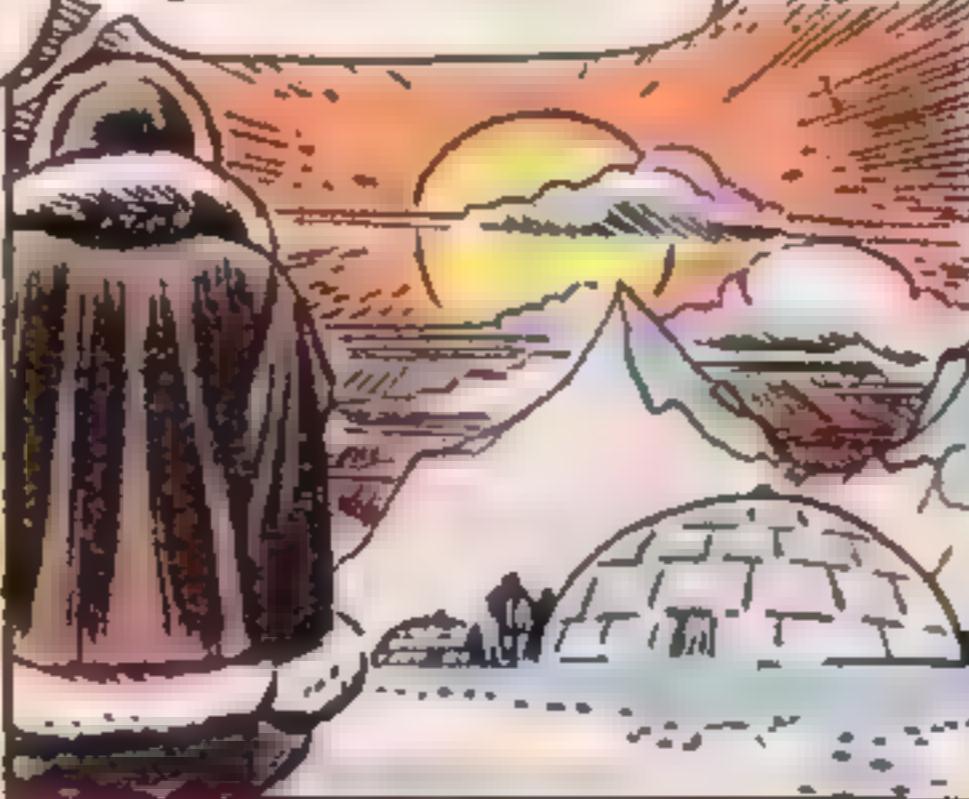
IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE, BUT FINGERPRINTS **CAN** BE DUPLICATED! SOMEWHERE, SOMETIME, IT IS POSSIBLE THAT THE BIOLOGICAL PATTERN THAT MAKES EACH SET OF PRINTS DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS **CAN BE REPEATED!** I'LL PROVE IT!



IT HAS ACTUALLY BEEN ESTIMATED THAT FINGERPRINTS CAN BE DUPLICATED ONCE IN 1,606,937-174,729,761,809,705,564,-164,468,221,676,009,604,-401,795,301,376 TIMES!

BUT DON'T WORRY, F.B.I. - AT THIS RATE, A FINGERPRINT WILL BE REPEATED ONLY ONCE EVERY 2,800 YEARS!

HERE'S A STRANGE ONE! THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLES--NOTED FOR THEIR **FRIGID** WEATHER-- RECEIVE 65 HOURS **MORE** SUNLIGHT THAN DOES THE EQUATOR-- WHERE IT'S TREMENDOUSLY **HOT!** SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE-- BUT IT'S TRUE!



YOU SEE, AS OUR PROGRAM HAS POINTED OUT MANY TIMES, THINGS MAY **APPEAR** TO BE IMPOSSIBLE-- YET CAN BE VERY TRUE! REMEMBER THAT!



EVEN AS THE MAN OF TEN THOUSAND FACTS TALKS TO HIS AUDIENCE, AN IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION IS OCCURRING NOT FAR AWAY...

...FOR IN A GREAT GRIM HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY, SEVERAL PROMINENT CITIZENS HAVE BEEN INVITED TO A DEMONSTRATION BY PROF. JOHN GAYLORD, INVENTOR...

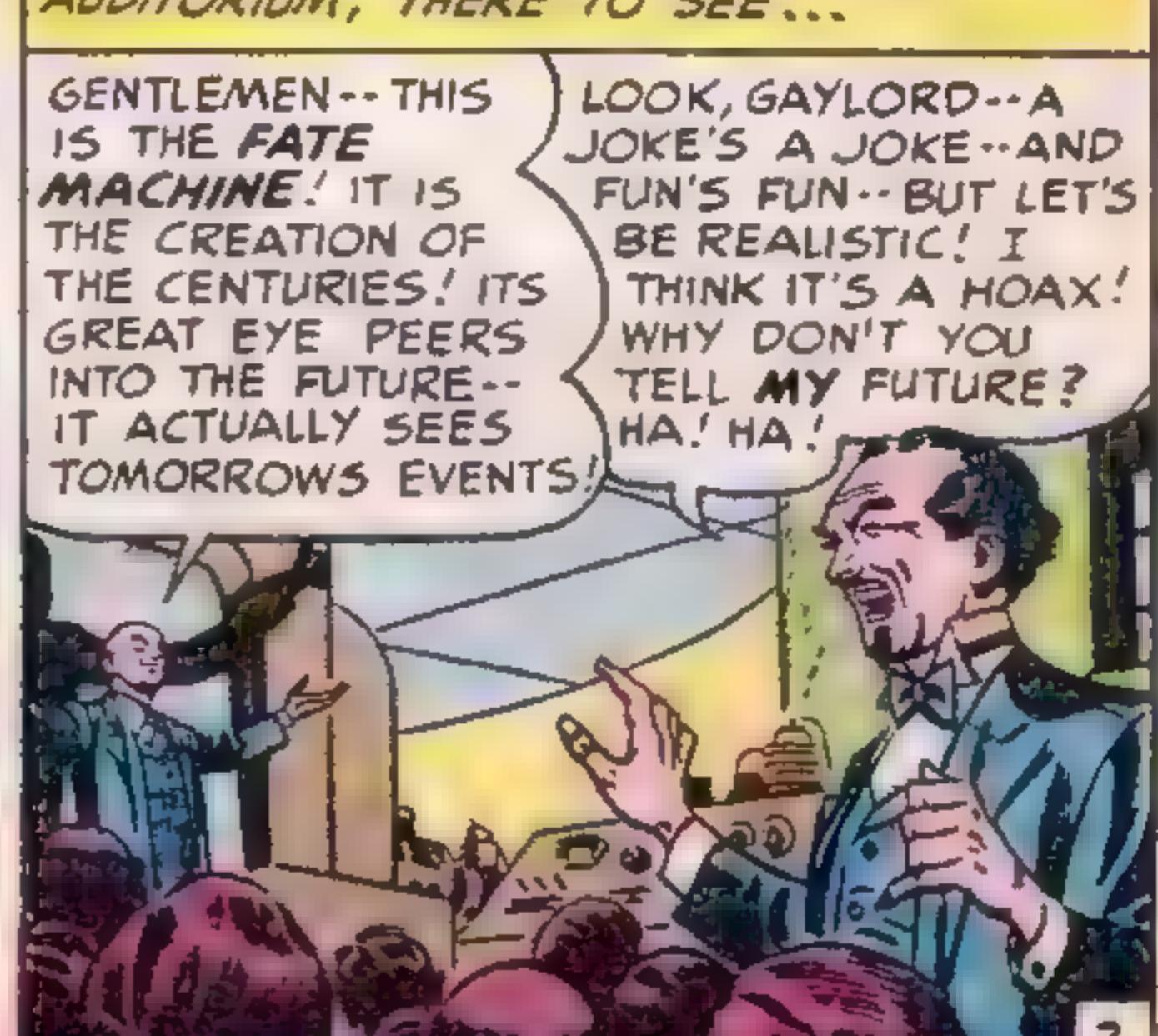
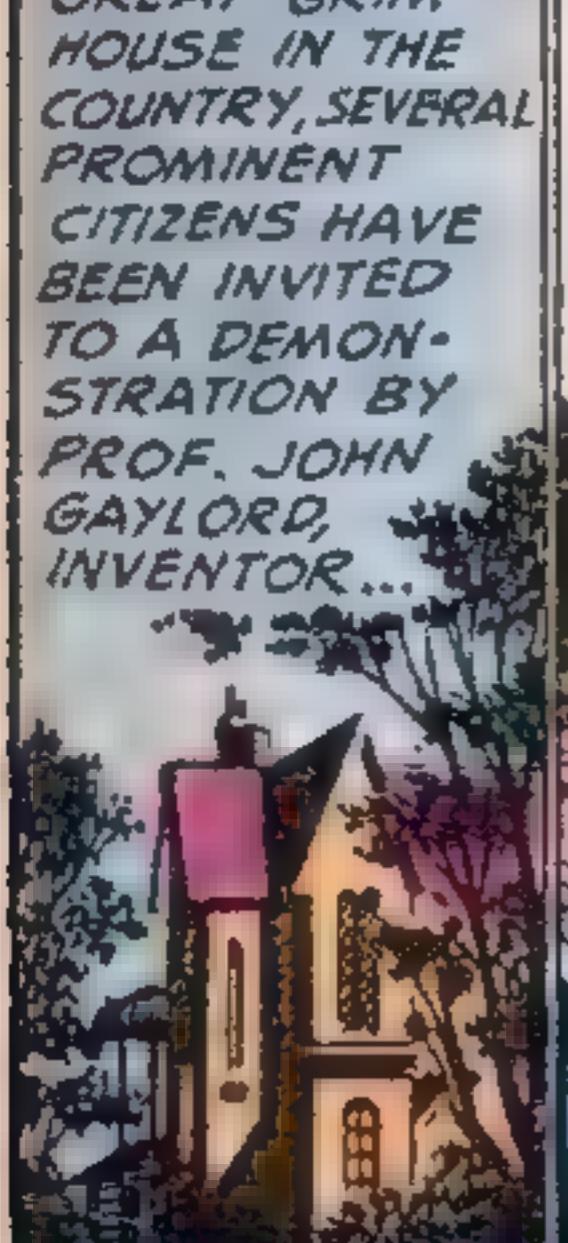
BUT THIS IS TOMMYROT! NO MAN CAN SEE INTO THE FUTURE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THIS IS PROBABLY A PUBLICITY STUNT!

GAYLORD WAS SO SINCERE WHEN HE TALKED TO ME OVER THE PHONE THAT I COULDN'T REFUSE HIS INVITATION!

THE GUESTS ARE LED INTO A SMALL AUDITORIUM, THERE TO SEE...

GENTLEMEN--THIS IS THE **FATE MACHINE**! IT IS THE CREATION OF THE CENTURIES! ITS GREAT EYE PEERS INTO THE FUTURE-- IT ACTUALLY SEES TOMORROW'S EVENTS!

LOOK, GAYLORD--A JOKE'S A JOKE--AND FUN'S FUN--BUT LET'S BE REALISTIC! I THINK IT'S A HOAX! WHY DON'T YOU TELL MY FUTURE? HA! HA!

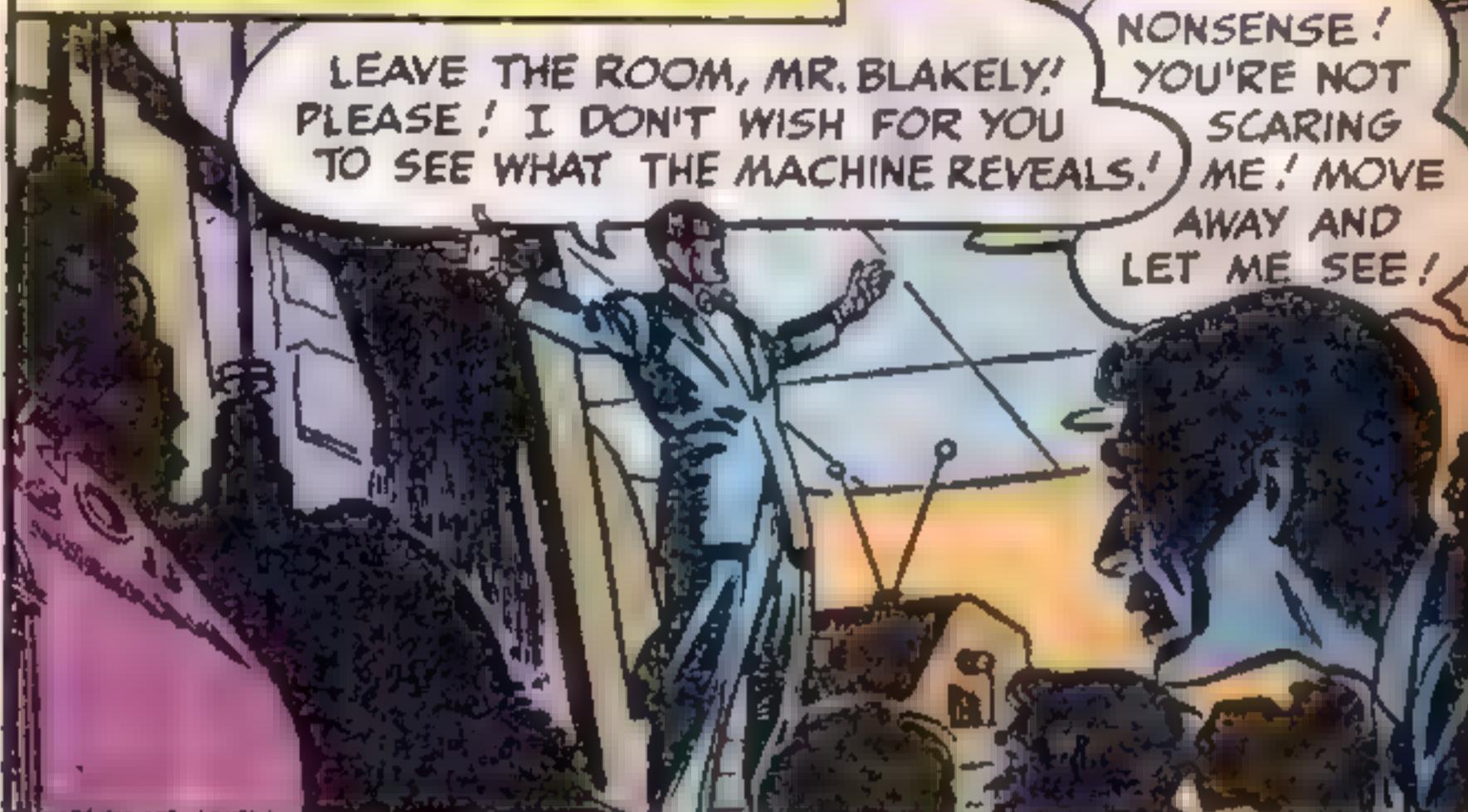


DETECTIVE COMICS

MILES BLAKELY, FAMED PAINTER! YOU ARE A SENSIBLE MAN, MR. BLAKELY. I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE UNTIL YOU SAW! SO I WILL FORETELL YOUR IMMEDIATE FUTURE!

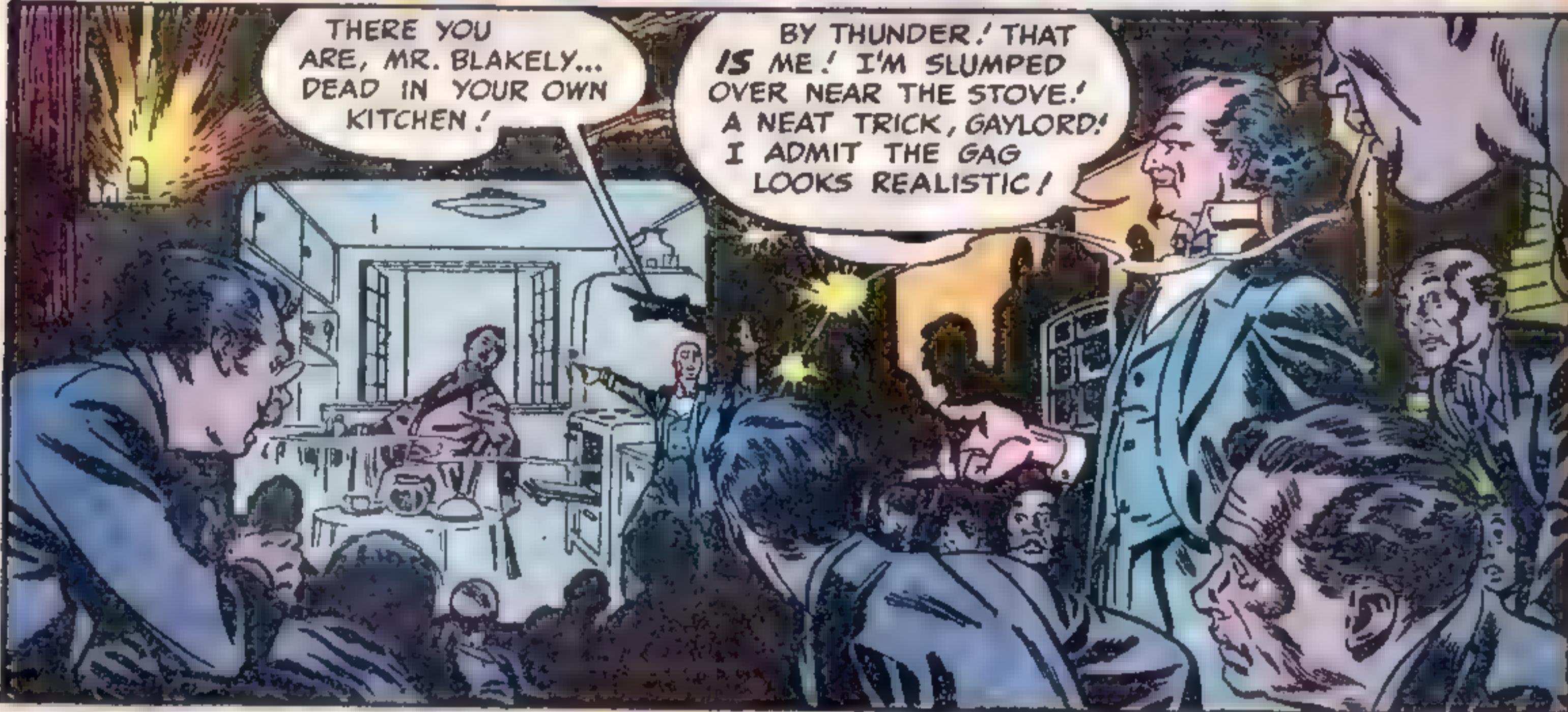


THE LIGHTS ARE TURNED OUT, THE SCREEN OF THE FATE MACHINE GLEAMS BRILLIANTLY...AND VAGUE FIGURES BEGIN TO TAKE SHAPE. THEN...



THERE YOU ARE, MR. BLAKELY... DEAD IN YOUR OWN KITCHEN!

BY THUNDER! THAT IS ME! I'M SLUMPED OVER NEAR THE STOVE! A NEAT TRICK, GAYLORD! I ADMIT THE GAG LOOKS REALISTIC!



I ASSURE YOU, IT WAS NO TRICK! BY THE STARS ABOVE ME, I SWEAR THAT THE FATE MACHINE SAW YOUR DEATH!

LOOK, I SAID THE STUNT WENT OVER BIG! LET'S LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE! BAH! FATE MACHINE! HOW RIDICULOUS!

BUT WHEN BLAKELY ARRIVES HOME, PANGS OF DOUBT BEGIN TO GNAW AT HIS MIND...

IN THE PICTURE I WAS SLUMPED NEAR THE STOVE! MANY PEOPLE ARE KILLED BY LEAKING GAS! BUT I CAN FIX THAT! I'LL CHANGE IT FOR AN ELECTRIC STOVE! THEN I'LL BE SAFE...IF THE MACHINE IS ON THE LEVEL!

THE STOVE IS EXCHANGED; BLAKELY SLEEPS WELL, BUT ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING WHEN A FRIEND CALLS...

BLAKELY... GREAT GUNS! WHAT HAPPENED? AND WHAT'S THAT FUNNY SMELL? I'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE!





TALK ABOUT YOUR "IMPOSSIBLE" CASES, ROY... TAKE A LOOK AT THE AFTERNOON PAPER!

I SEE... IT'S ALL ABOUT THE FATE MACHINE!

BLAKELY WAS AFRAID HE WOULD DIE BY GAS FROM HIS STOVE - SO HE CHANGED TO AN ELECTRIC STOVE! BUT HE **STILL** DIED BY GAS... POISONOUS FUMES WHICH ESCAPED FROM HIS FAULTY **REFRIGERATOR**, AS THE STORY SAYS!

THAT'S SECONDARY, ROY! WHAT ABOUT THE **PREDICTION**? MANY WITNESSES SAW THE FATE MACHINE ACTUALLY SHOW THE DEATH SCENE BEFORE IT HAPPENED!

JUST ONE OF THOSE LONG COINCIDENCES! NO ONE CAN READ THE FUTURE, KAREN. OR THE WHOLE THING WAS A TRICK!

"TRICK?" PERHAPS... BUT ON THE NEXT NIGHT EVEN A LARGER AUDIENCE GATHERS AT GAYLORD'S COUNTRY HOME...

YOU CALLED ME ABOUT MAKING A MOVIE ON YOUR INVENTION, PROFESSOR... AND WE WILL... **IF** IT WORKS! I PERSONALLY DON'T BELIEVE IT! HOWEVER, YOU CAN TRY READING **MY** FUTURE! THAT'LL BE A LAUGH!

VERY WELL, MR. BRADY! YOU SHALL SEE!

ONCE AGAIN THE AUDIENCE SITS SILENTLY... AND ONCE AGAIN THE ROOM IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS. THEN THE SCREEN LIGHTS UP, AND...

MR. BRADY... THAT'S **YOU**! THE FATE MACHINE SHOWS YOU LYING DEAD AT 42ND STREET AND BROADWAY! WHY, THIS IS INCREDIBLE!

THEN...

HA, HA! YOU NEARLY HAD ME BELIEVING THAT DEATH SCENE, GAYLORD! IT WAS ALMOST AS REALISTIC AS ONE OF MY MOVIES! BELIEVE ME, SIR... THAT WAS NO ACT! BLAKELY COULDN'T ESCAPE THE MACHINE'S PREDICTION... NEITHER CAN YOU!

THAT'S UTTERLY RIDICULOUS! I WON'T EVEN BE IN NEW YORK TO DIE ON 42ND AND BROADWAY. YOU SEE, PROFESSOR, I'M FOOLING YOUR MACHINE! I'M FLYING TO HOLLYWOOD DOES NOT TONIGHT!

LIE, SIR!

THERE IS NO ESCAPE!

DETECTIVE COMICS

PRODUCER JAMES L. BRADY IMMEDIATELY FLIES WEST! THE NEXT DAY, AT HIS STUDIOS...

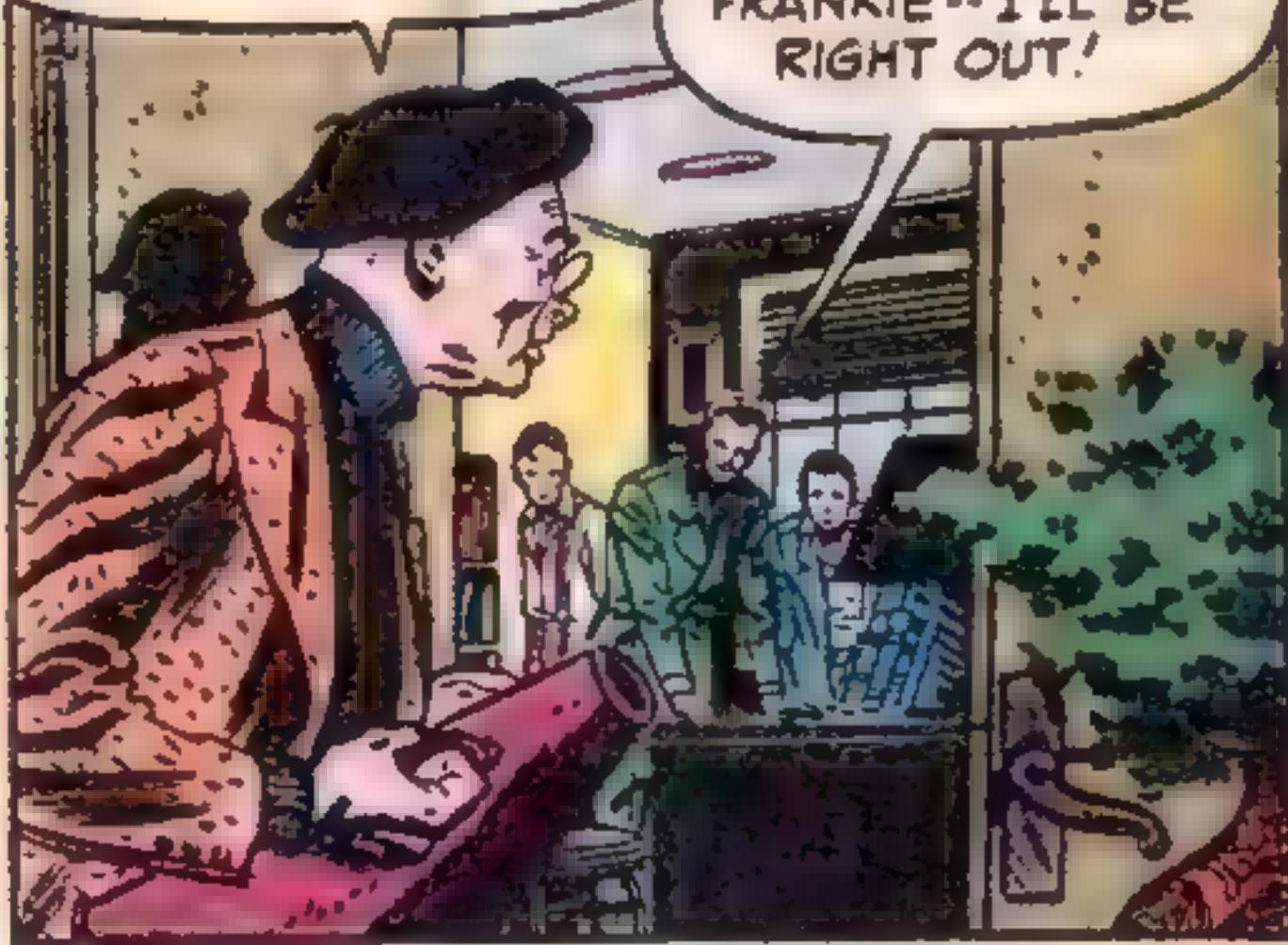
SO, THIS GAYLORD FELLOW SHOWED THE SCENE OF ME LYING DEAD AT 42ND AND BROADWAY IN NEW YORK! BUT JUST TO PROVE GAYLORD'S A PHONY, I WON'T EVER PUT FOOT IN NEW YORK AGAIN!

THE GUY'S PROBABLY OFF HIS ROCKER, J.L.!



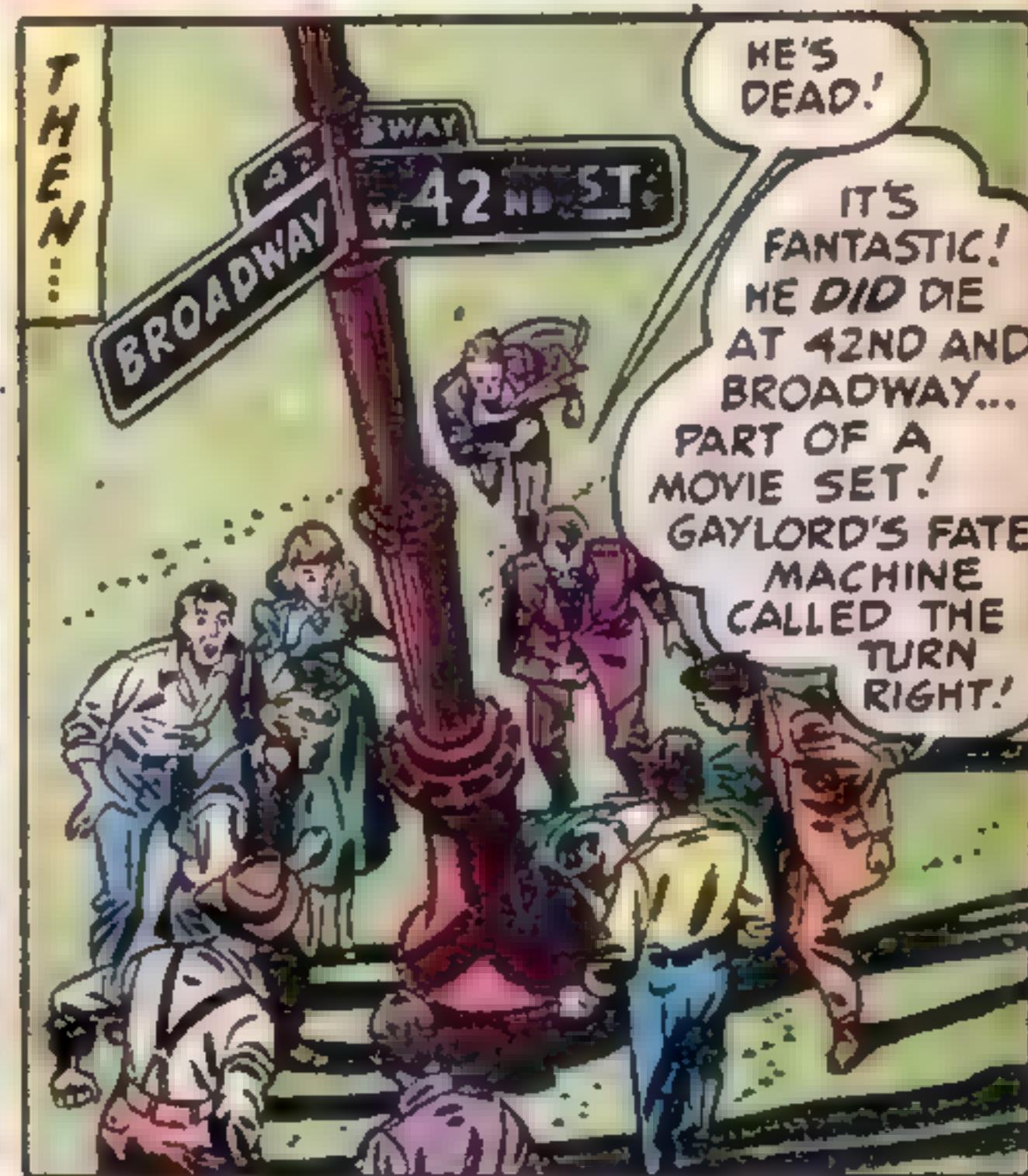
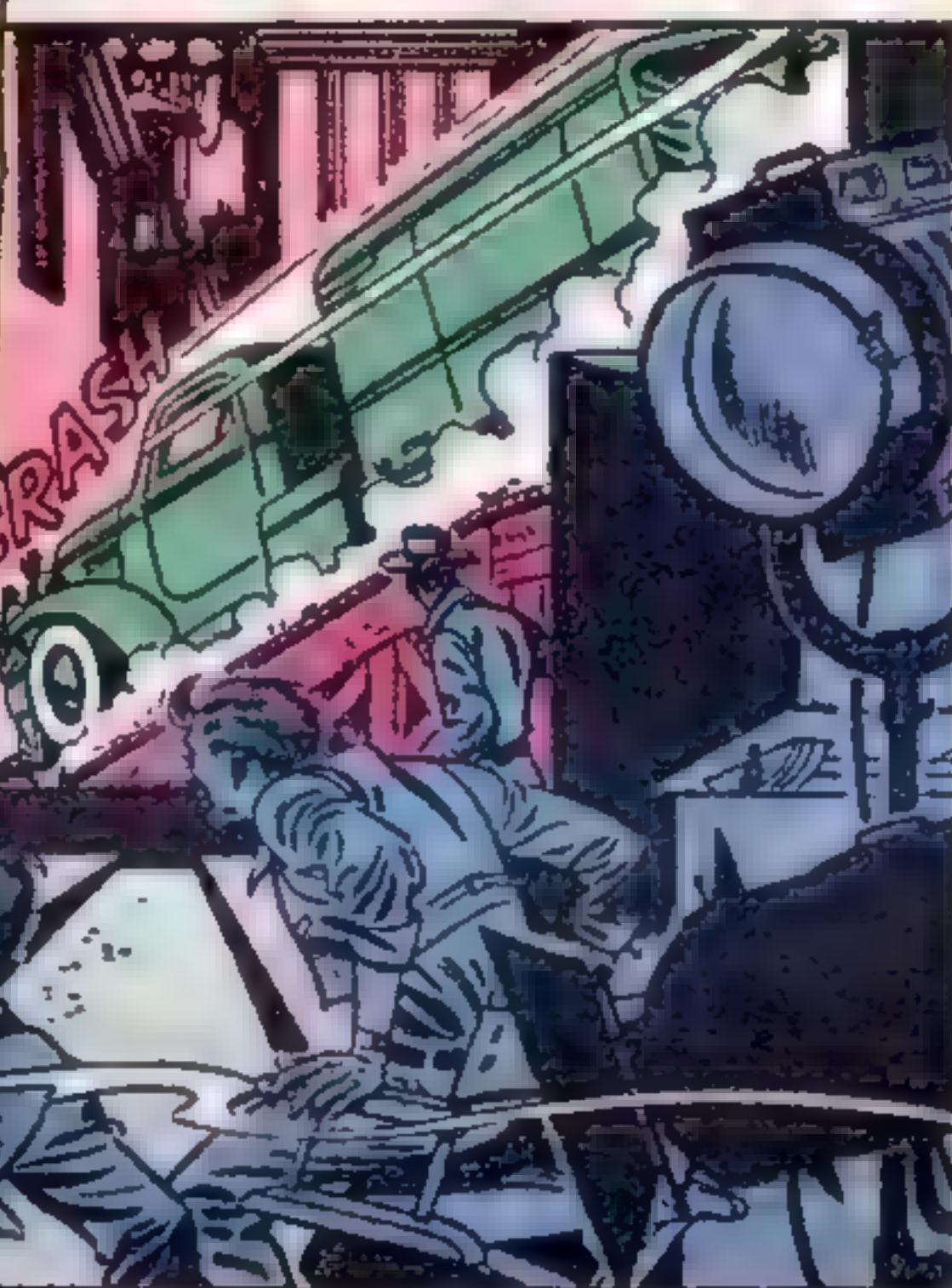
J.L.! MIND LOOKING AT THESE RETAKES? WE'RE ON SET NOW!

EH? OH, THAT'S "THE BIG BRIDGE" STORY! NOT AT ALL, FRANKIE--I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!



BRADY WALKS OUT ON THE SET BUT SUDDENLY A PROP TRUCK, DRIVERLESS, SLIPS ITS BRAKES AND ROLLS DOWN A RAMP...

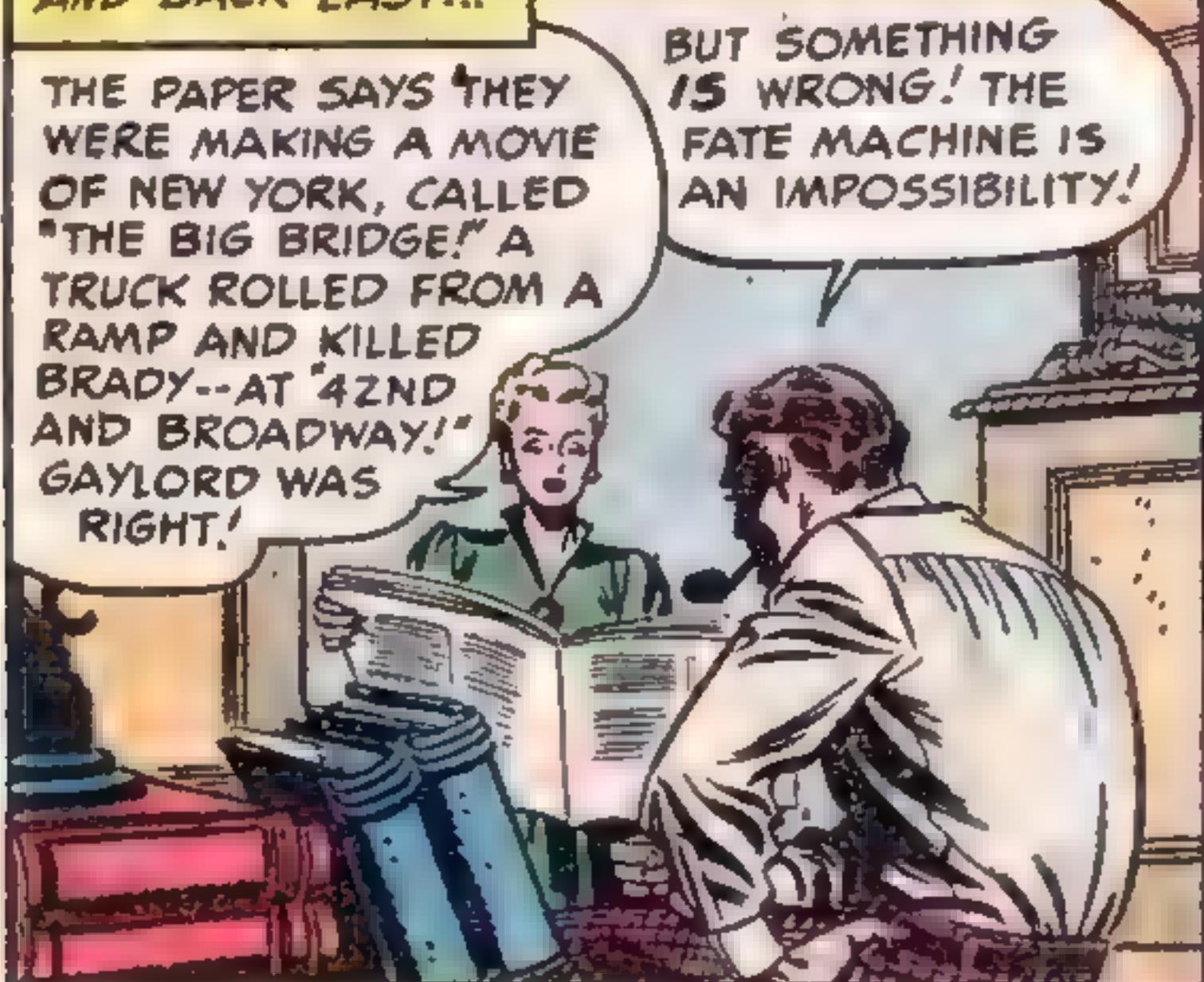
WATCH OUT FOR THAT TRUCK, J.L.! LOOK OUT!



THE AMAZING STORY HITS THE NEWSPAPERS, AND BACK EAST...

THE PAPER SAYS THEY WERE MAKING A MOVIE OF NEW YORK, CALLED "THE BIG BRIDGE!" A TRUCK ROLLED FROM A RAMP AND KILLED BRADY--AT 42ND AND BROADWAY! GAYLORD WAS RIGHT!

BUT SOMETHING IS WRONG! THE FATE MACHINE IS AN IMPOSSIBILITY!



I NEEDN'T REMIND YOU OF WHAT YOU TELL YOUR OWN TELEVISION AUDIENCE--THINGS THAT APPEAR TO BE IMPOSSIBLE MAY WELL BE TRUE!

I KNOW--BUT THIS SEEING IN THE FUTURE BUSINESS IS DIFFERENT! KAREN, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! GET GAYLORD ON THE PHONE!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

READ YOUR FUTURE, MR. RAYMOND! YES, I WILL GLADLY DO IT! YOU SEE, IF I CONVINCE YOU THAT THE FATE MACHINE ACTUALLY WORKS, THE GENERAL PUBLIC WILL HAVE TO BELIEVE ME!

LET'S MAKE AN APPOINTMENT! TOMORROW I'M BROADCASTING AT THE CITY FESTIVAL-- SO I CAN'T SEE YOU THEN! WHAT'S THE BEST TIME FOR YOU?

TONIGHT--YES, TONIGHT! I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT!

THEN, THAT NIGHT, AT GAYLORD'S HOME...

I'M TUNING IN TO THE PROPER WAVE LENGTHS, MR. RAYMOND! IN A MOMENT YOU WILL HAVE A **REALLY** AMAZING ODDITY FOR YOUR TELEVISION SHOW!

AH-- HERE IT IS!

WHY, IT APPEARS TO BE A SNOW SCENE!

THAT'S NOT TOO INCREDIBLE--AFTER ALL, IT'S WINTER TIME NOW!

FOR A BRIEF SECOND, THE SCREEN PICKS UP A MAN LYING STILL-- ROY RAYMOND

ROY! THAT'S YOU LYING THERE!
DEAD!

SO IT IS!

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...

I'M REALLY SORRY-- MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE LOOKED INTO YOUR FUTURE, MR. RAYMOND!... AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS!

I ASKED FOR IT! GOOD NIGHT, PROFESSOR!



SO YOU STILL DON'T BELIEVE THE FATE MACHINE! JUST THE SAME, YOU ARE **NOT** GOING OUT WHILE SNOW IS FALLING... FESTIVAL OR NO FESTIVAL!

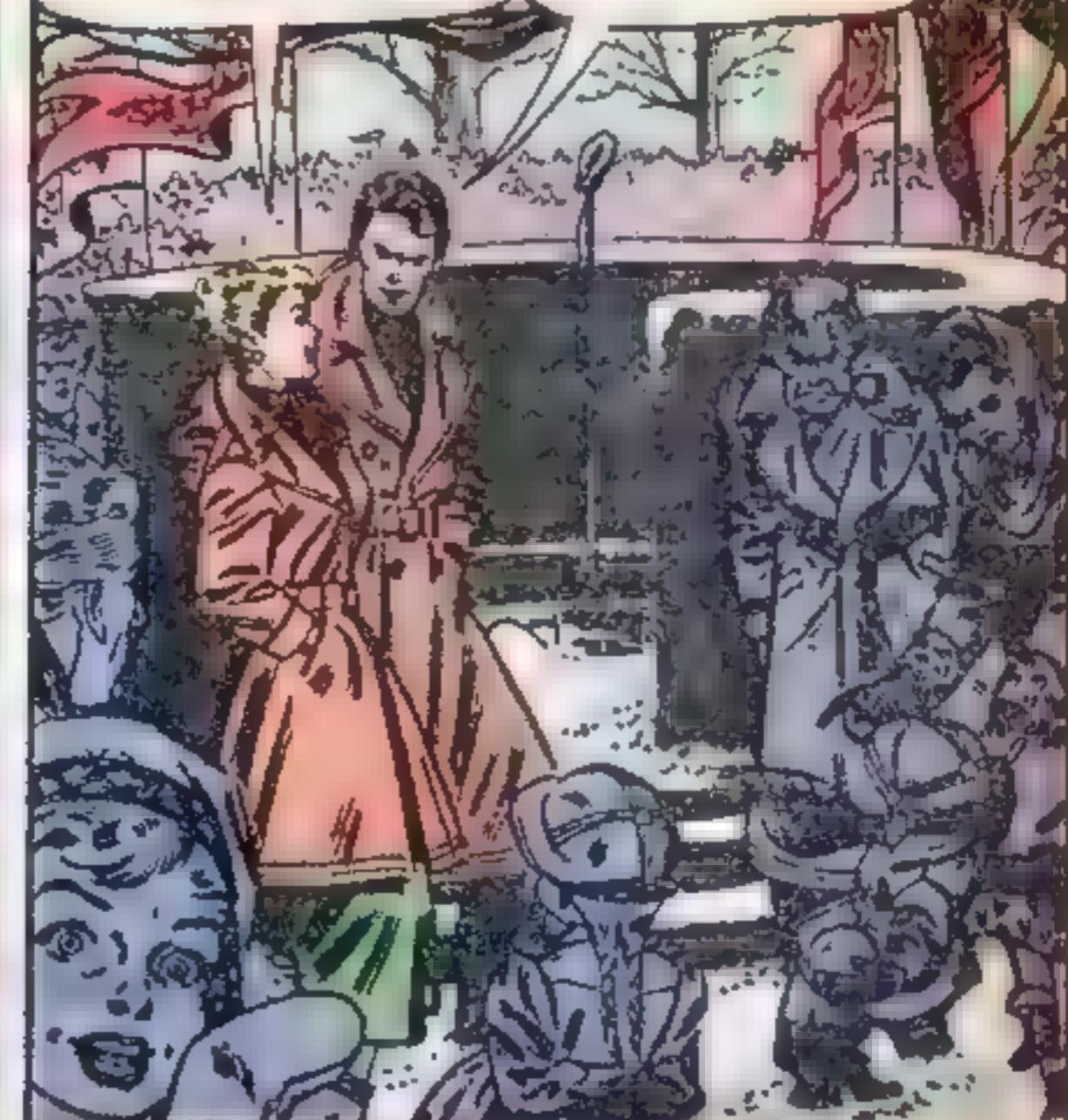
DON'T WORRY, KAREN! I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND HOW THE FATE MACHINE CALLS ITS SHOTS!

IN THE MORNING, THE CITY PREPARES FOR THE GALA ANNUAL FESTIVAL; PEOPLE WALK THE STREETS, BANDS PLAY...

MEANWHILE, AT A BROADCASTING BOOTH WHERE ROY RAYMOND IS TO ACT AS MASTER OF CEREMONIES...

THE WEATHER BUREAU TOLD ME THERE WOULD BE NO SNOW TODAY, ROY-- OTHERWISE I'D INSIST THAT YOU STAY HOME!

AND MISS ALL THE FUN? DON'T BE WORRIED, KAREN-- AND FORGET ABOUT THE FATE MACHINE'S PREDICTION!



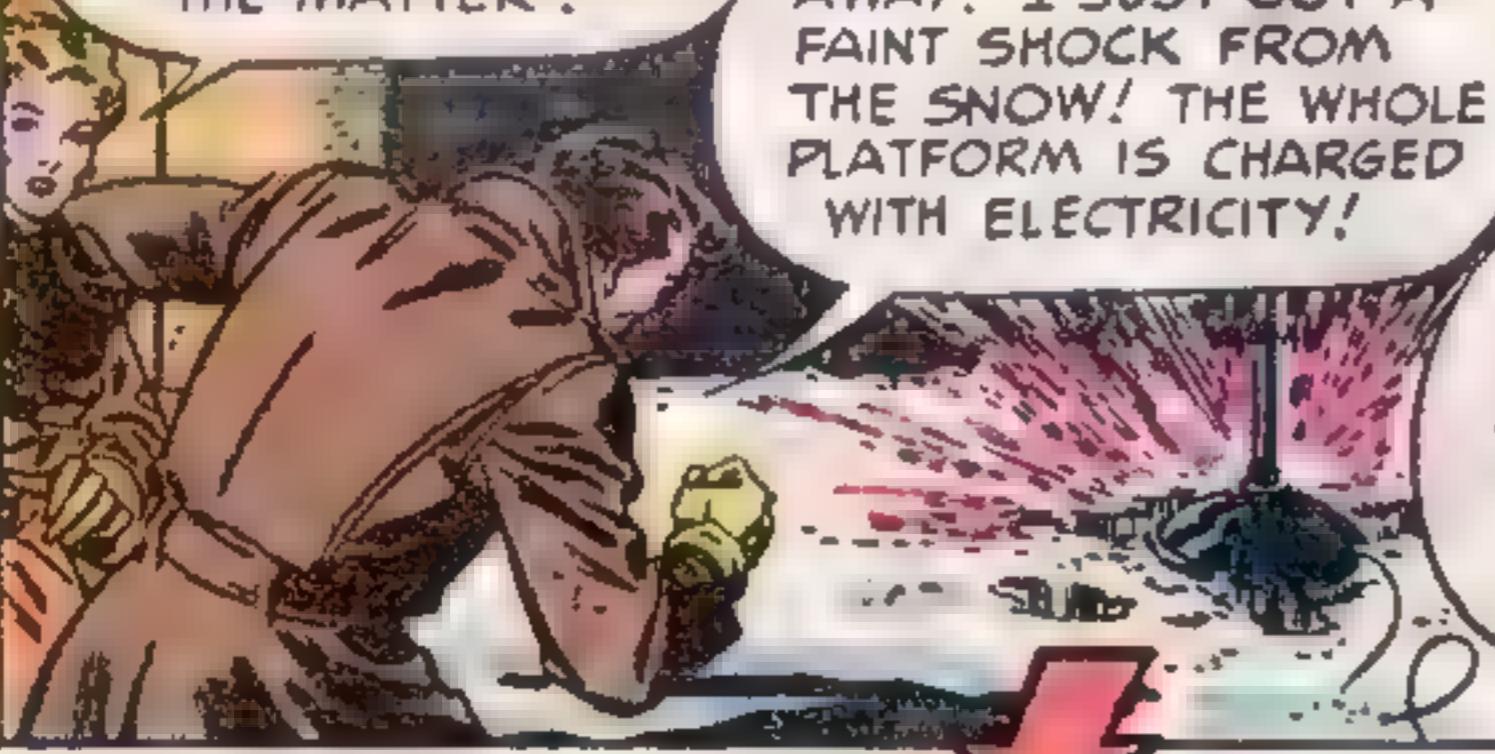
THE MAN OF TEN THOUSAND FACTS STARTS TOWARD THE MICROPHONE -- THEN STOPS DEAD...

ROY! ROY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

DON'T STEP ON THIS PLATFORM! STAY AWAY! I JUST GOT A FAINT SHOCK FROM THE SNOW! THE WHOLE PLATFORM IS CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY!

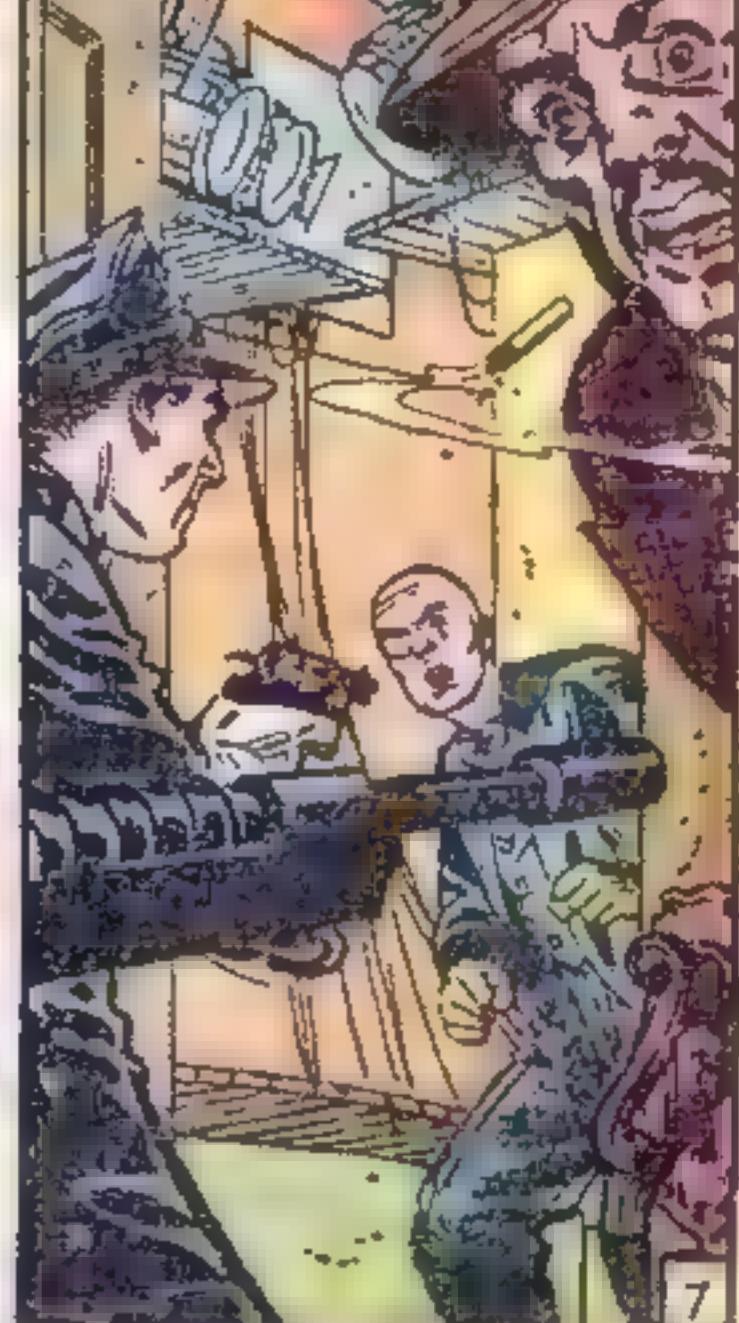
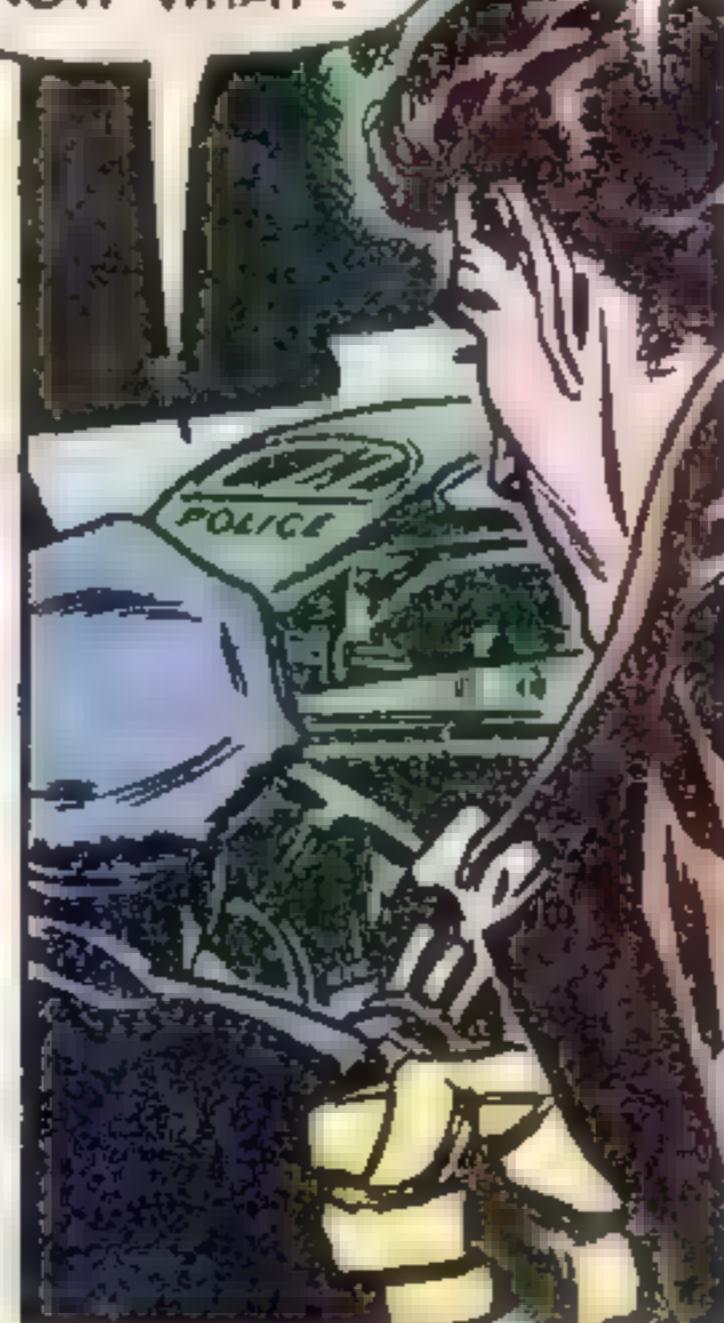
AFTER THAT, ROY RAYMOND SUMMONS TWO SQUAD CARS, AND...

A SHORT DRIVE BRINGS THEM TO GAYLORD'S HOUSE, BUT WHEN THEY WALK IN, UNANNOUNCED...



I SEE-- THE SNOW SERVED AS A CONDUCTOR AND YOU FELT THE ELECTRICITY BEFORE YOU REACHED THE MIKE! THAT SAVED YOUR LIFE! NOW WHAT?

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS-- LOOK! COPPERS! REACH!



OFFICER, DON'T ALLOW ANYBODY UP HERE UNTIL THE ENGINEERS CAN CHECK THAT MIKE-- IT'S LIKE A RED HOT LIVE WIRE! THERE'S A LOOSE CONNECTION-- AND IF ANYBODY TOUCHES IT-- HE WILL DIE!

OKAY, MR. RAYMOND! I'LL GET THE RADIO BOYS OVER HERE AT ONCE!





A MINIATURE HOLLYWOOD SET--ACTORS AND ALL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, GAYLORD--**FILMING** YOUR NEXT FATE MACHINE SHOW? THAT'S YOUR RACKET--TO MAKE MOVIES TO SHOW ON THE MACHINE!

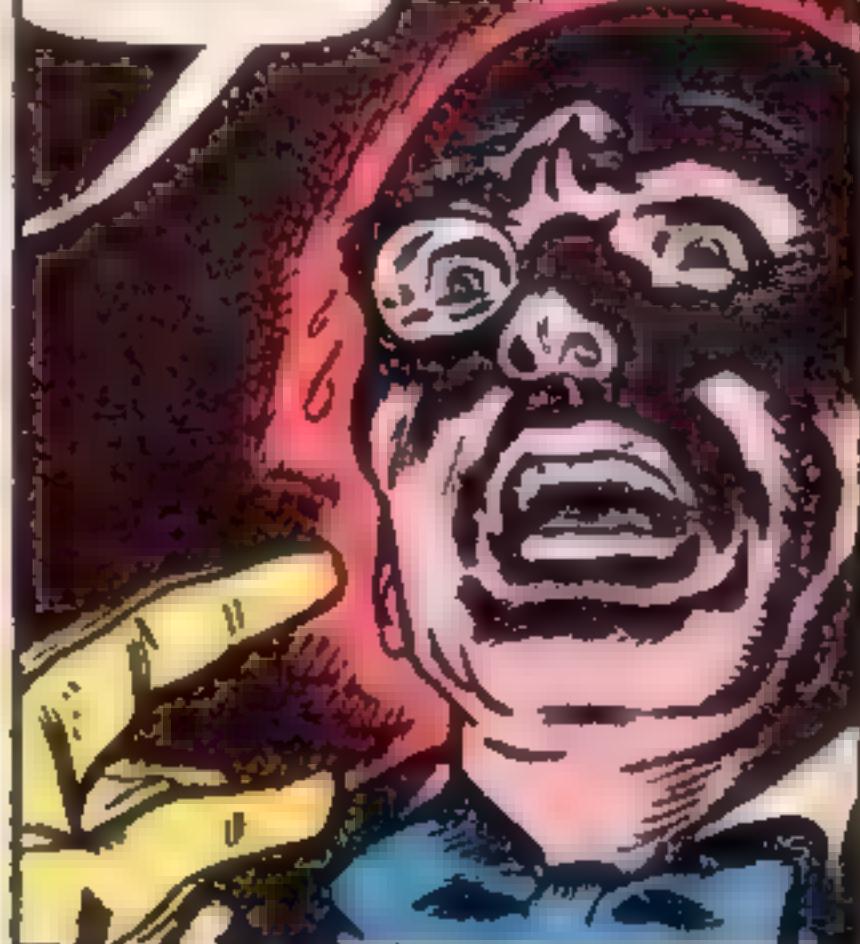
YOU'RE TALKING IN CIRCLES!

YOU NEARLY GOT AWAY WITH **MURDER**, GAYLORD!.. AND MAYBE A MILLION DOLLARS OR SO! YOUR MOTIVE WAS TO CONVINCE SUPERSTITIOUS WEALTHY SPECULATORS AND SPORTS GAMBLERS THAT YOUR MACHINE COULD ACTUALLY FORETELL FUTURE EVENTS! NEXT, YOU WERE GOING TO SELL A FEW OF THEM FOR A FORTUNE, AND THEN RUN!

THE MURDER STORIES GOT YOU THE PUBLICITY YOU WANTED! HERE'S HOW IT WORKED..CROOKED ACTORS WERE MADE UP TO LOOK LIKE POOR BLAKELY AND BRADY! THEN YOU FILMED A "DEATH" SCENE AND SHOWED IT ON THE FATE MACHINE!

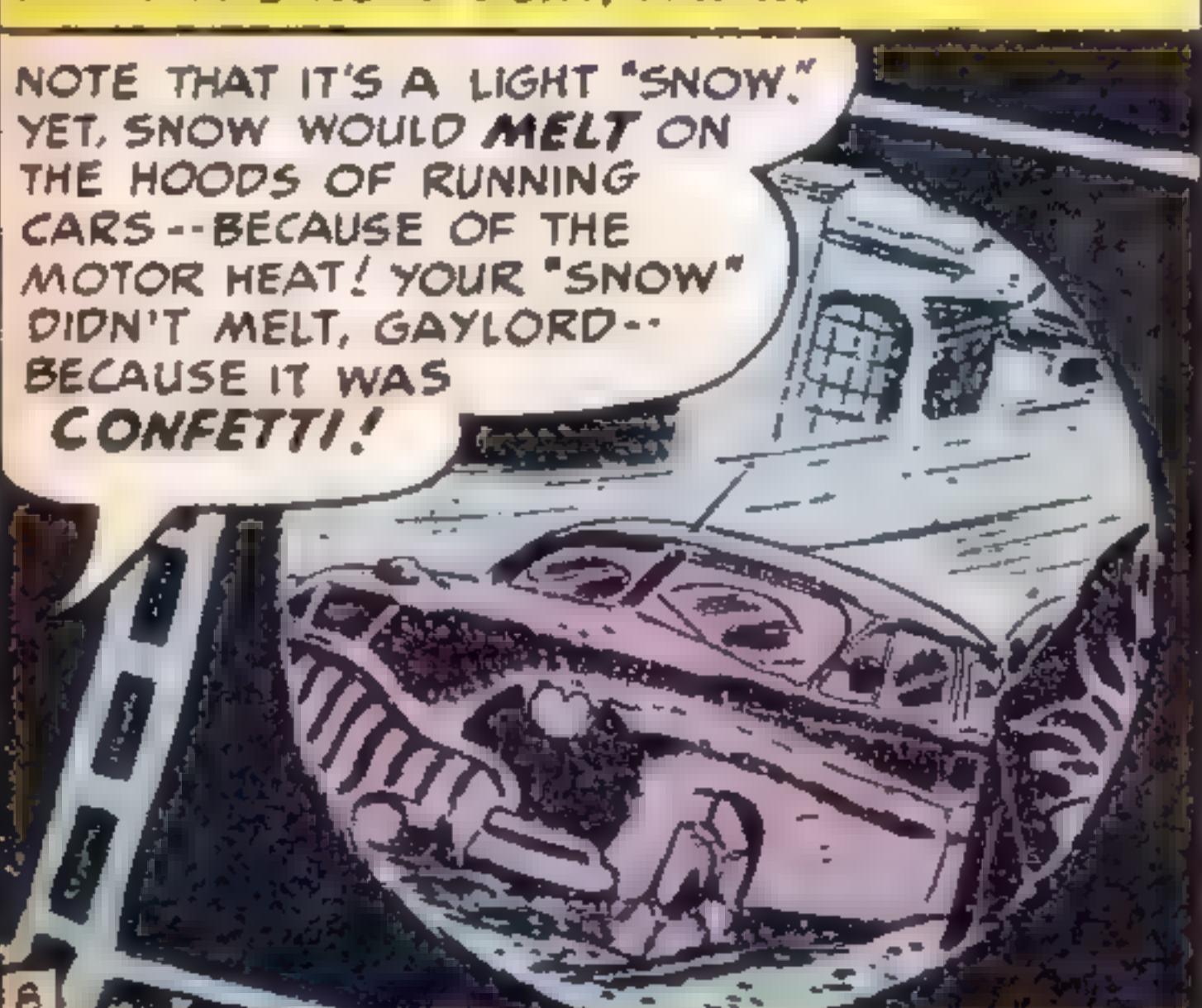
AFTERWARDS, YOUR MEN TAMPERED WITH BLAKELY'S REFRIGERATOR, AND RELEASED THE TRUCK THAT KILLED BRADY IN HOLLYWOOD! IT LOOKED LIKE NO MATTER WHAT YOUR INTENDED VICTIMS DID TO ESCAPE YOUR 'PREDICTION,' FATE CAUGHT UP WITH THEM!

YOU MADE YOUR BIG MISTAKE IN FILMING MY DEATH SCENE! YOU DIDN'T USE **SNOW** AS A BACKGROUND! YOU USED **CONFETTI**! WE'LL FIND YOUR FILM AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I KNOW!



AFTER A SEARCH, ROY HOLDS A STRIP OF FILM UP TO A STRONG LIGHT, AND...

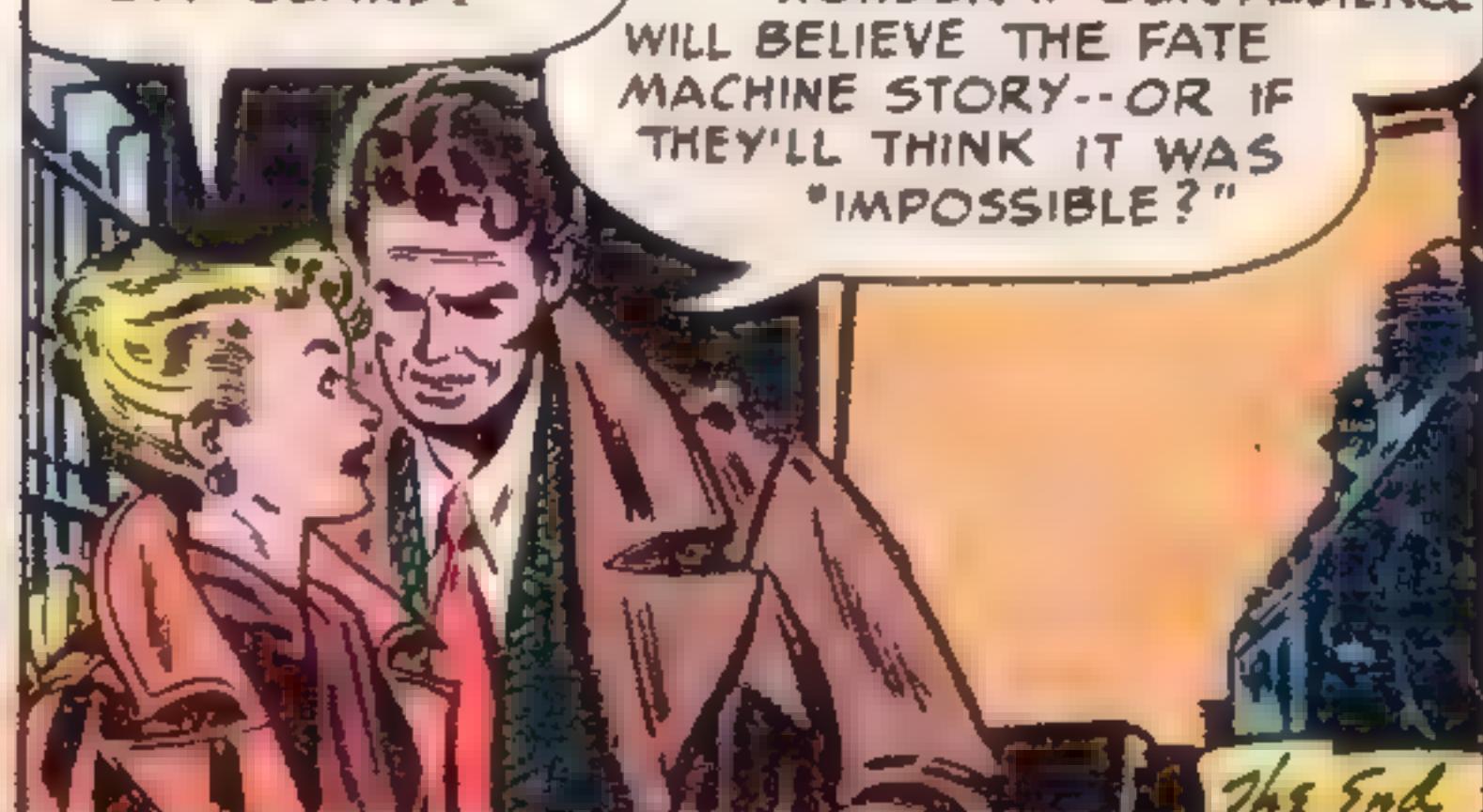
NOTE THAT IT'S A LIGHT "SNOW." YET, SNOW WOULD MELT ON THE HOODS OF RUNNING CARS--BECAUSE OF THE MOTOR HEAT! YOUR "SNOW" DIDN'T MELT, GAYLORD--BECAUSE IT WAS **CONFETTI**!



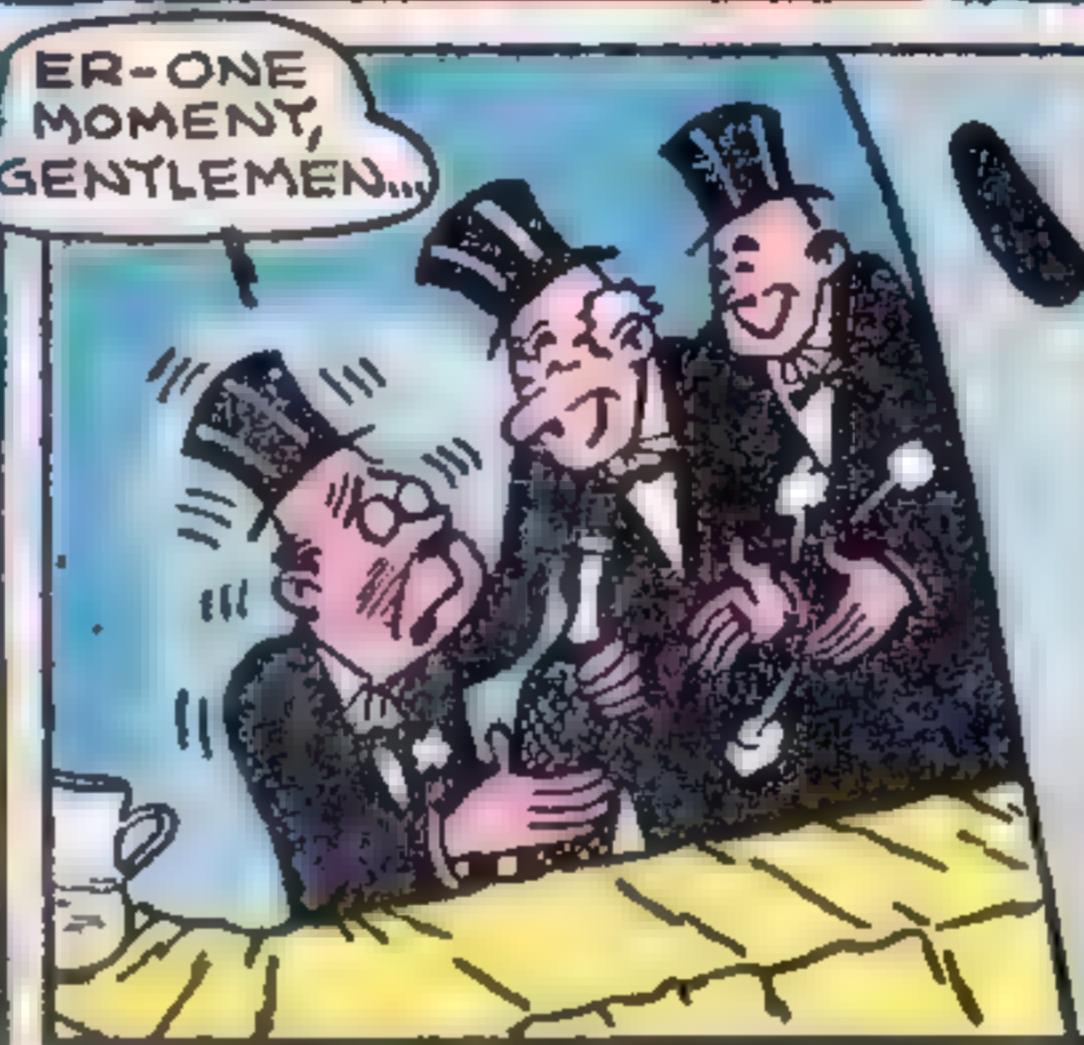
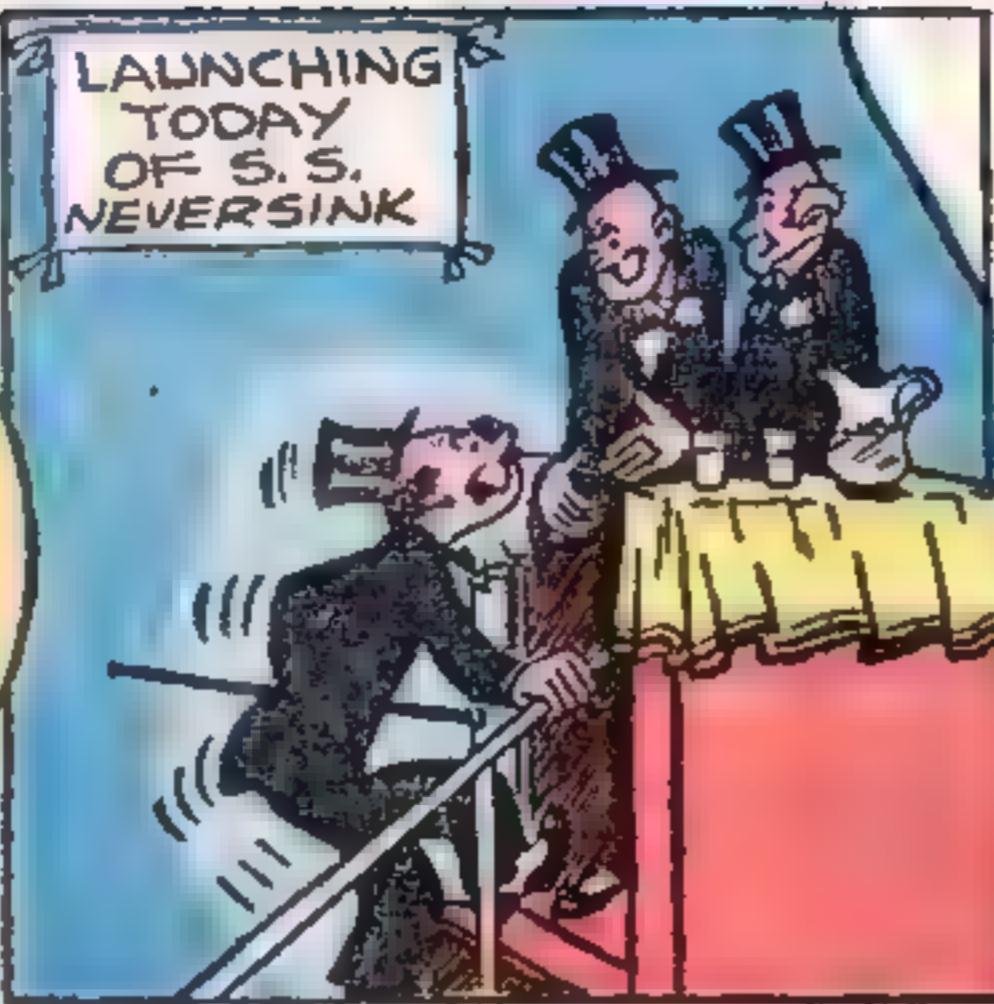
AFTER THE GANG IS HAULED AWAY...

I SEE--HE WANTED YOU TO THINK THAT AS LONG AS IT WASN'T SNOWING, YOUR LIFE WAS SAFE! THAT WAY, YOU WOULD BE CAUGHT OFF GUARD!

YES--AND HE FIXED THAT MIKE SO IT WOULD GET ME! BUT IT DIDN'T! HMM--I WONDER IF OUR AUDIENCE WILL BELIEVE THE FATE MACHINE STORY--OR IF THEY'LL THINK IT WAS "IMPOSSIBLE?"

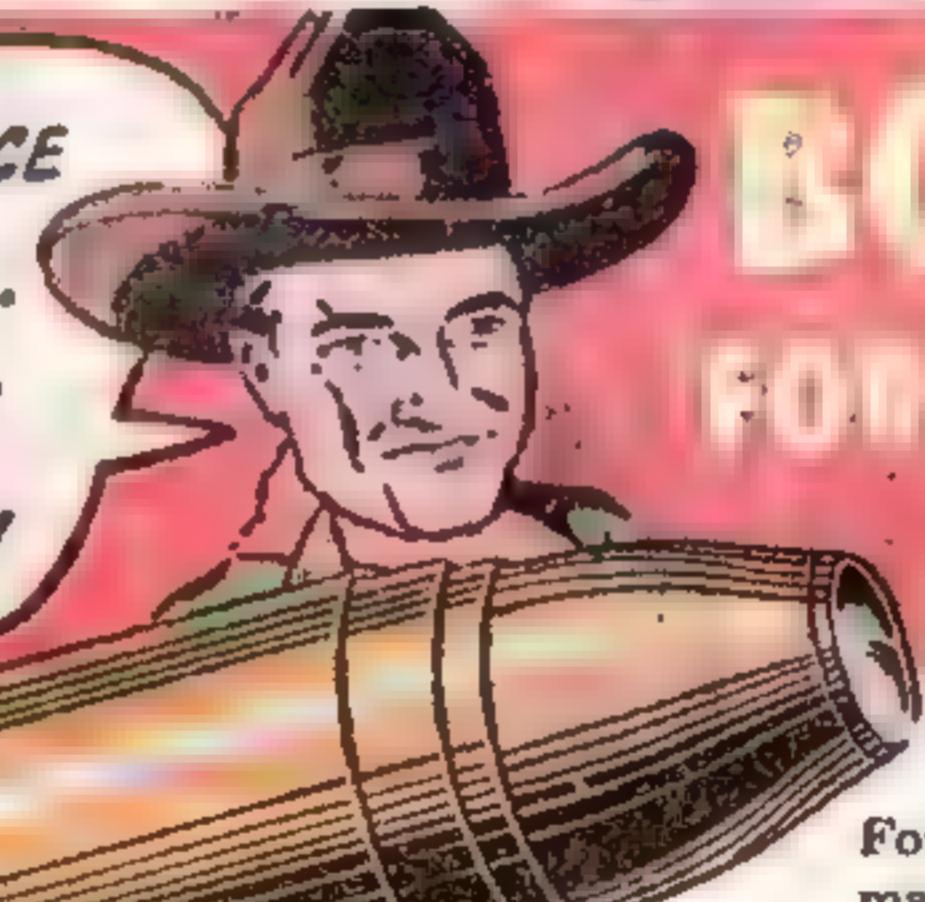


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Dear Tom Enclosed are 15¢ in cash and one Hot Ralston or Instant Ralston box top. Please send me Tom Mix's Golden-Plastic Bullet Telescope AND Magic-Tone Birdcall.

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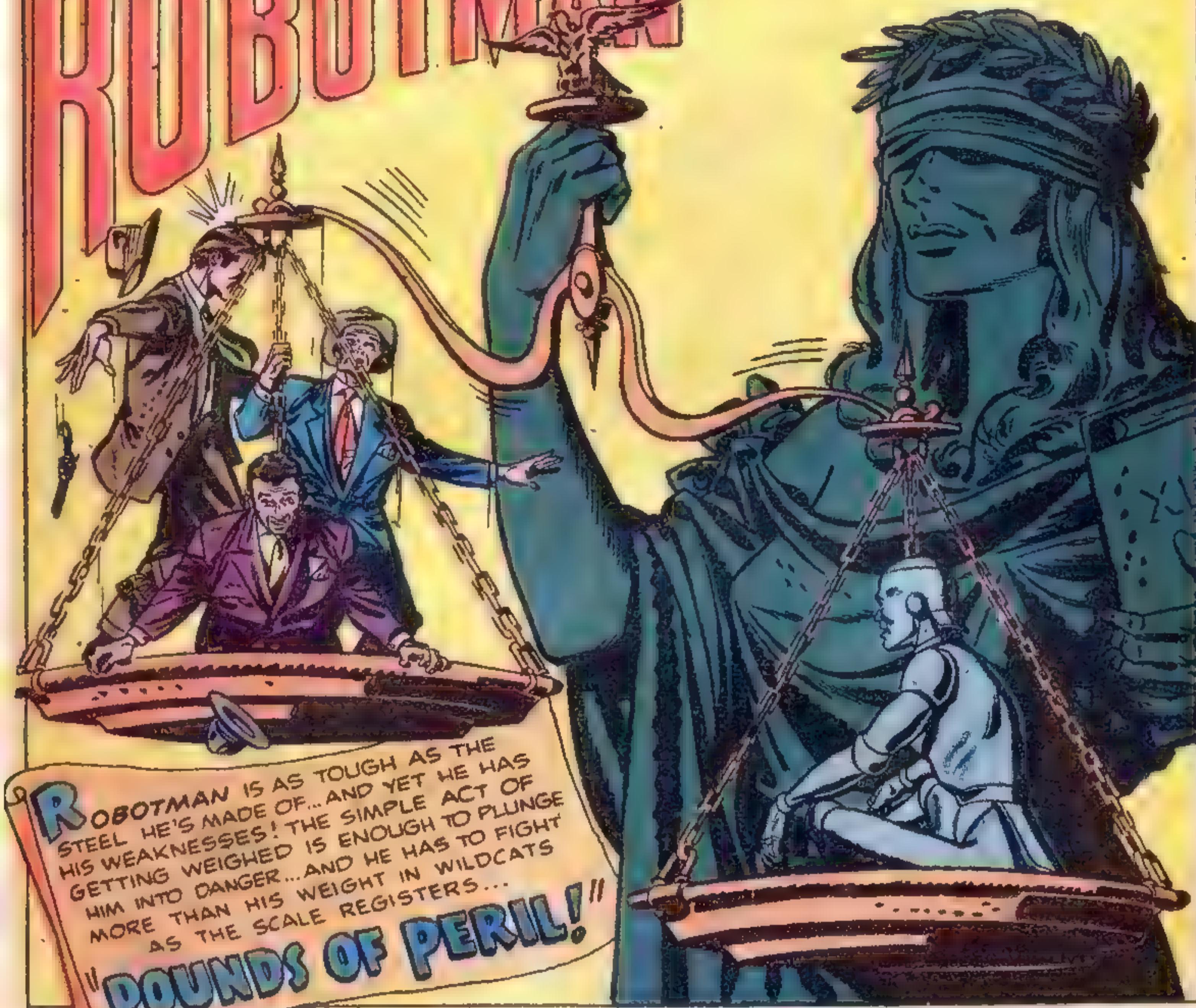
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IMPORTANT: If you don't have coupon just write name and address on back of a Hot Ralston or Instant Ralston box top and mail with 15¢ to Tom Mix. Please do not send stamps. Offer good only in U.S. and may be withdrawn at any time.



ROBOTMAN



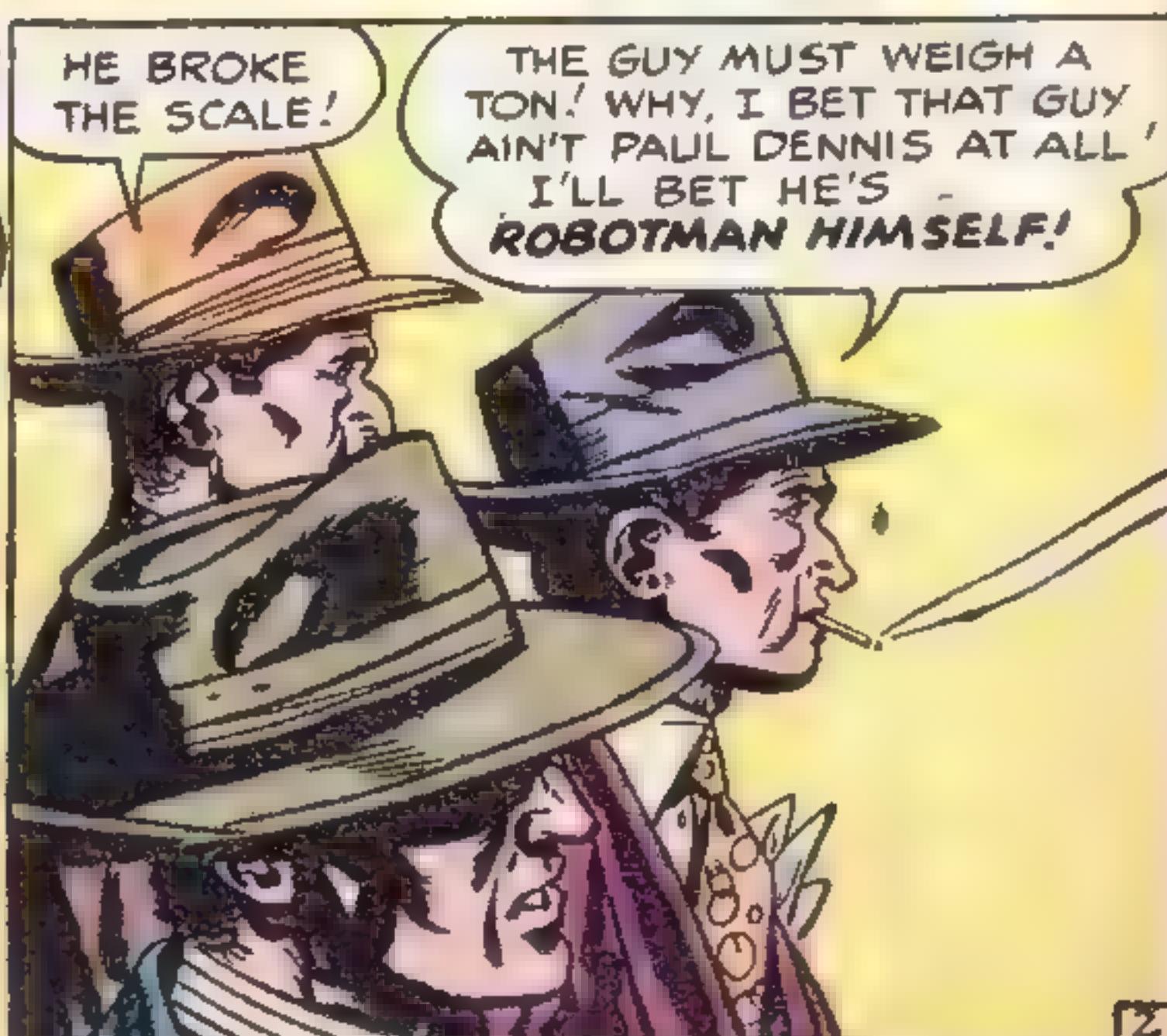
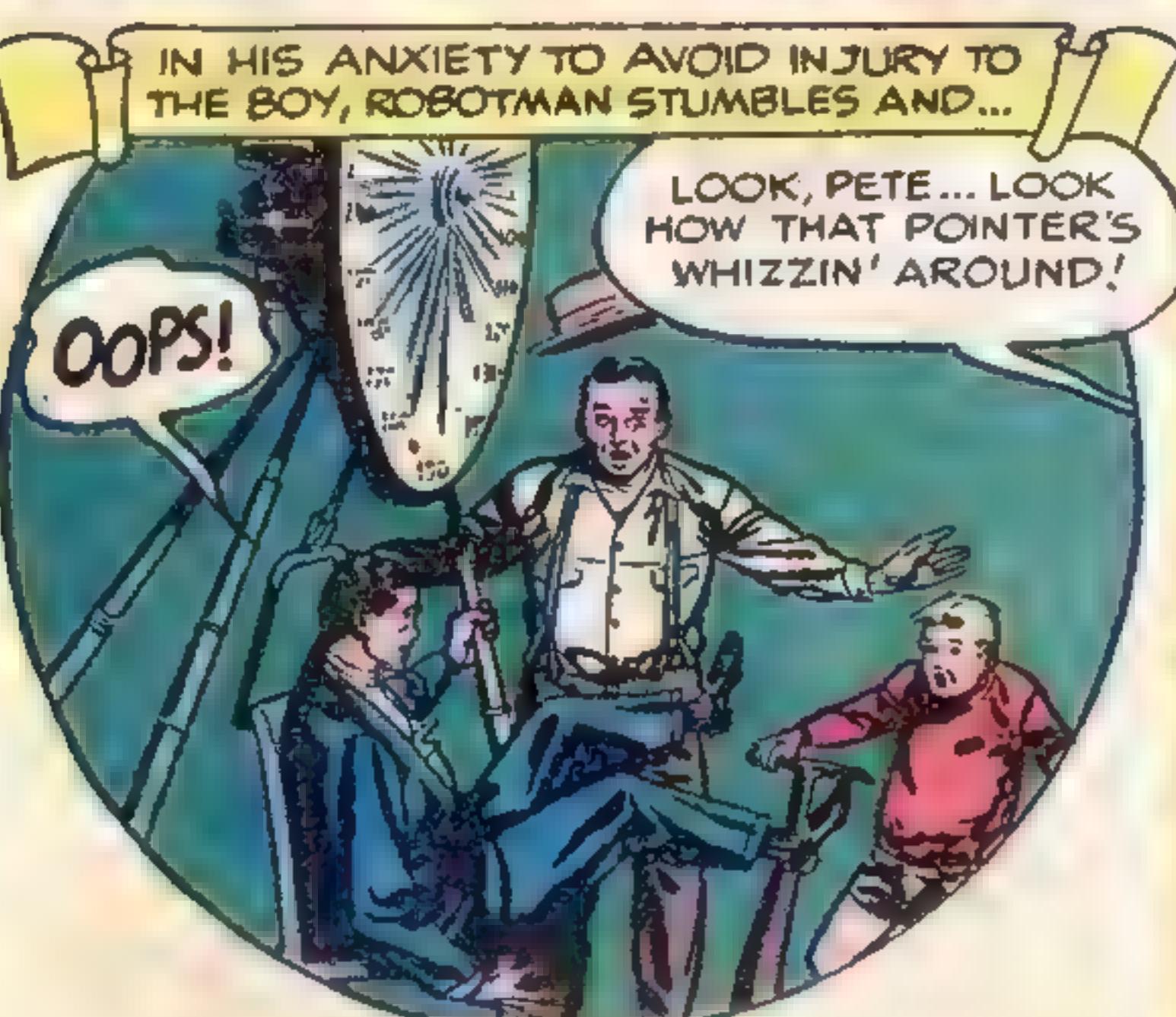
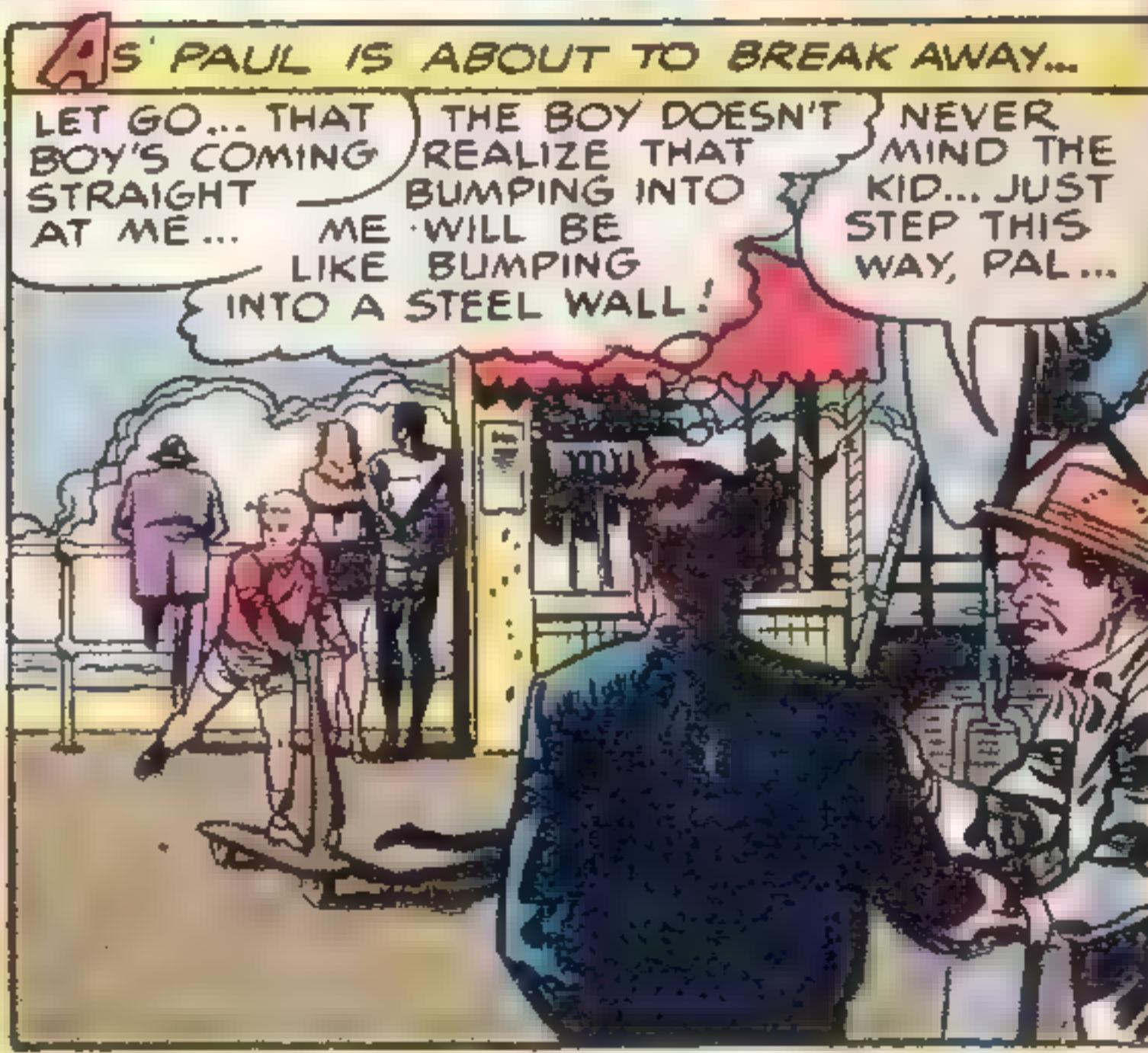
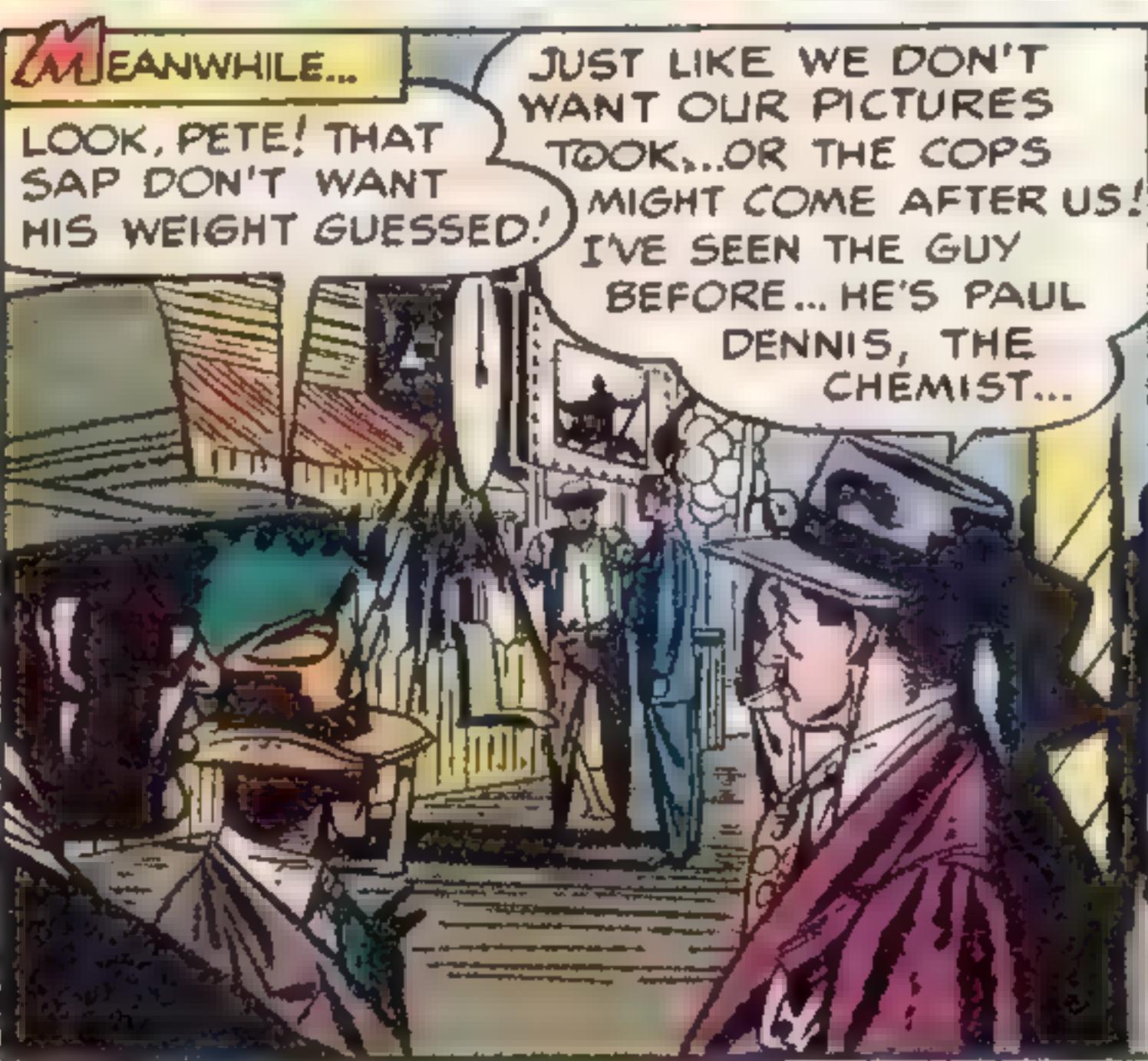
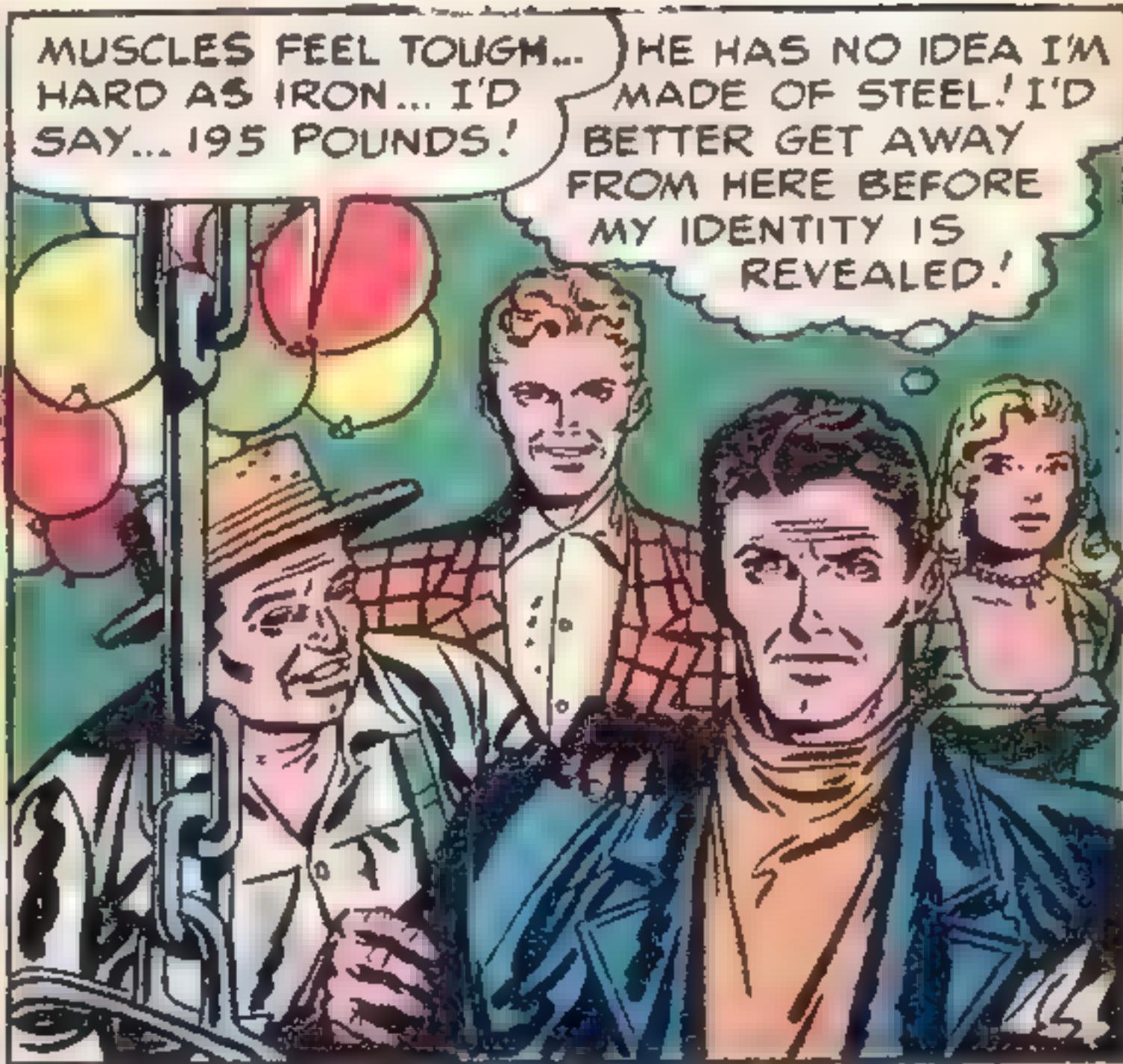
ROBOTMAN, IN HIS PLASTIC DISGUISE AS PAUL DENNIS, JOINS SOME FRIENDS AT AN AMUSEMENT RESORT...

COME ON, PAUL. HAVE YOUR PICTURE TAKEN ON THIS, TOO!

SORRY, I'M NOT IN THE MOOD!

THEN PUT ON A COWBOY OUTFIT AND RIDE THAT HORSE! NO, I DON'T WANT MY PICTURE TAKEN!

I CAN'T LET THEM KNOW THE REAL REASON-- THAT I'M ROBOTMAN, MADE OF IRON AND STEEL WITH ONLY MY BRAIN HUMAN. MY WEIGHT WOULD BREAK THOSE PROPS!



DETECTIVE COMICS

IF THAT'S SO, HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO GET RID OF THE WORST ENEMY WE GOT! DINKY, KEEP YOUR EYE ON HIM... LEFTY, NOTIFY ALL OUR PALS!

OKAY, PETE!

BUT ROBOTMAN HIMSELF IS AWARE OF THE DANGER! AS THE THUGS SPREAD THE ALARM TO THE UNDERWORLD...

THOSE CHARACTERS SAW WHAT HAPPENED... AND I'VE SEEN THEIR FACES IN THE ROGUES' GALLERY! IF THEY SUSPECT WHO I AM...

AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, JUST AT THAT MOMENT COMES A CALL FOR HELP...

HELP!
THOSE THUGS... THEY'RE KEEPING AN EYE ON ME... I CAN'T ANSWER THAT CALL FOR HELP!

AND THEN... TO MAKE THINGS STILL TOUGHER FOR THE DISGUISED ROBOTMAN...

EEEEHH! THAT TRUCK! SAVE YOURSELF, PAUL!

THEY'RE TRYING TO RUN ME DOWN... THAT MEANS THEY'RE PRETTY SURE I'M ROBOTMAN!

LOOK... DENNIS AIN'T THERE! HE GOT AWAY!

HE COULDN'T... HE WAS RIGHT IN THE PATH OF THE TRUCK! IT MUST HAVE THROWN HIM SOME PLACE!

TA GET PRATT

LITTLE DO THE HOPEFUL CRIMINALS SUSPECT THE TRUTH! FOR UNDER THE TRUCK...

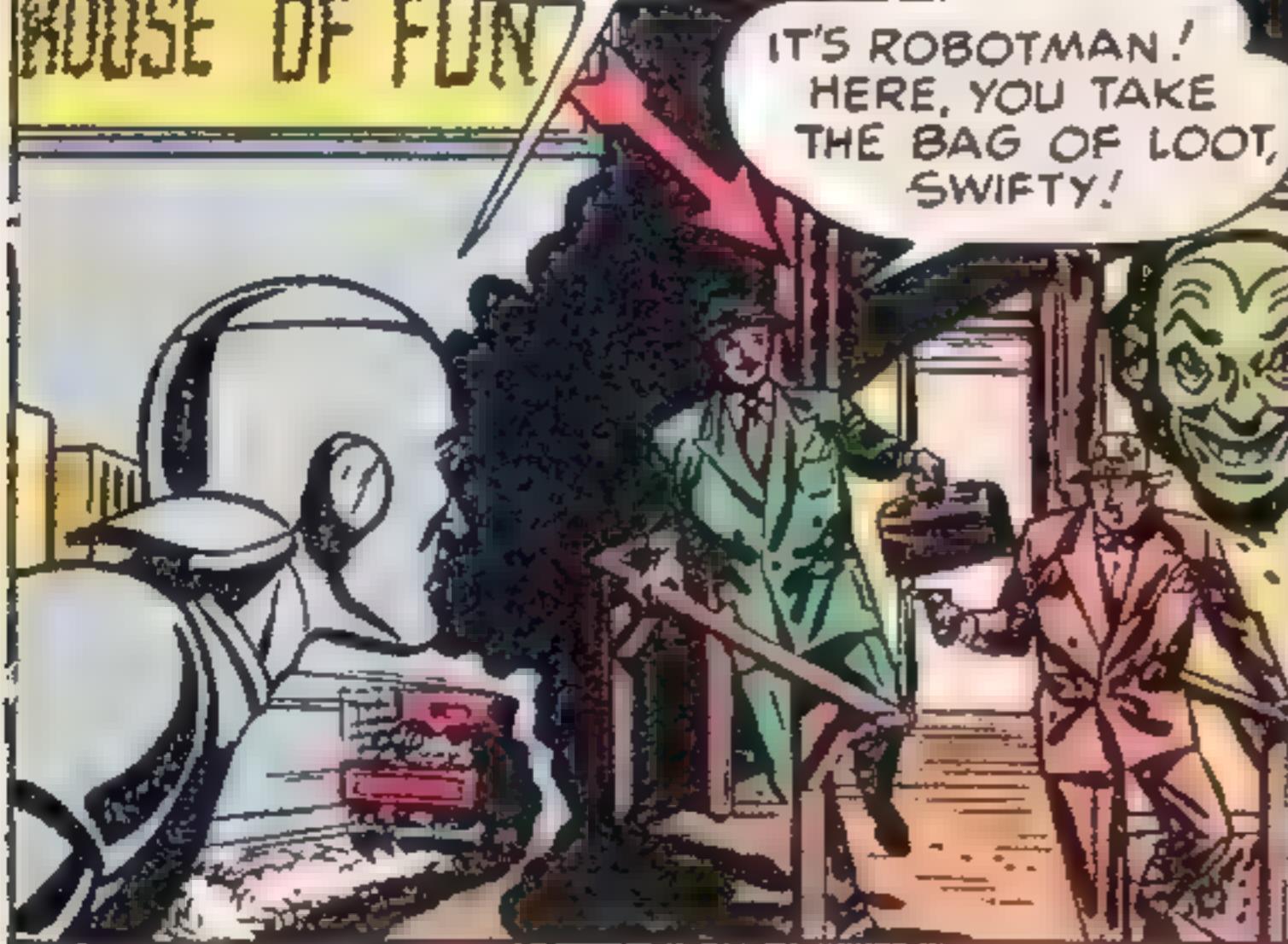
LUCKY I DUCKED IN A HURRY AND LET THE TRUCK RUN OVER ME! IT COVERED ME FROM THOSE CROOKS, AND LET ME REMOVE MY DISGUISE UNOBSERVED.. NOW I CAN SWING INTO ACTION!

PRESENTLY...

THERE'S THE PLACE THE CALL FOR HELP CAME FROM... THOSE THUGS MUST BE THE ONES CAUSING THE TROUBLE!

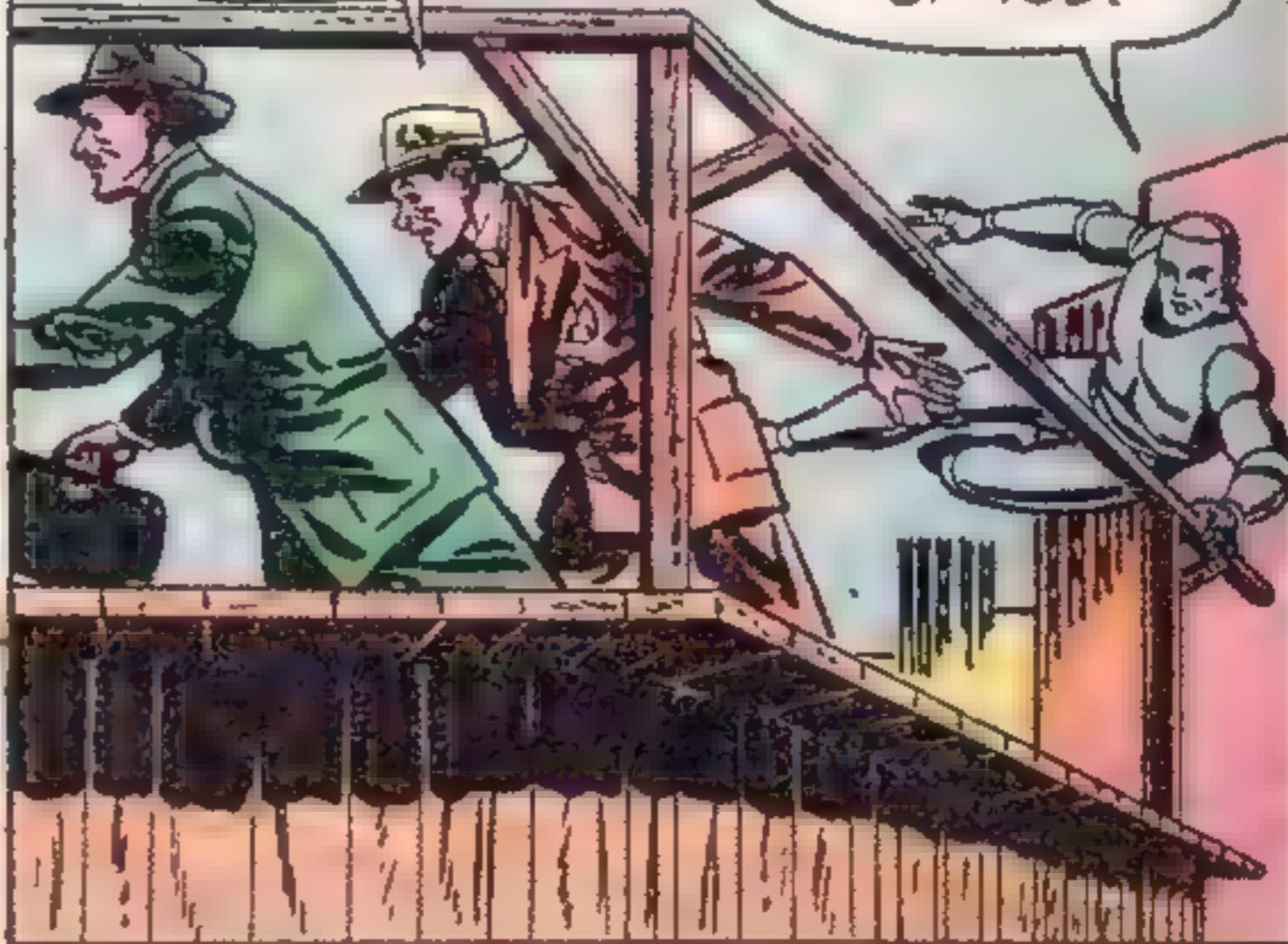
HOUSE OF FUN

IT'S ROBOTMAN! HERE, YOU TAKE THE BAG OF LOOT, SWIFTY!



NOT ME... YOU KNOW ROBOTMAN WOULD CHASE THE GUY WHO HAS IT!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, CHUM... I'M CHASING AND CATCHING BOTH OF YOU!



COME ON... QUICK... THROUGH THIS BARREL OF FUN!

I DON'T THINK I'LL CHASE YOU AFTER ALL...



A TREMENDOUS WHIRL FROM THE METAL MAN'S STEEL MUSCLES... AND THE BARREL STARTS SPINNING MUCH MORE RAPIDLY...

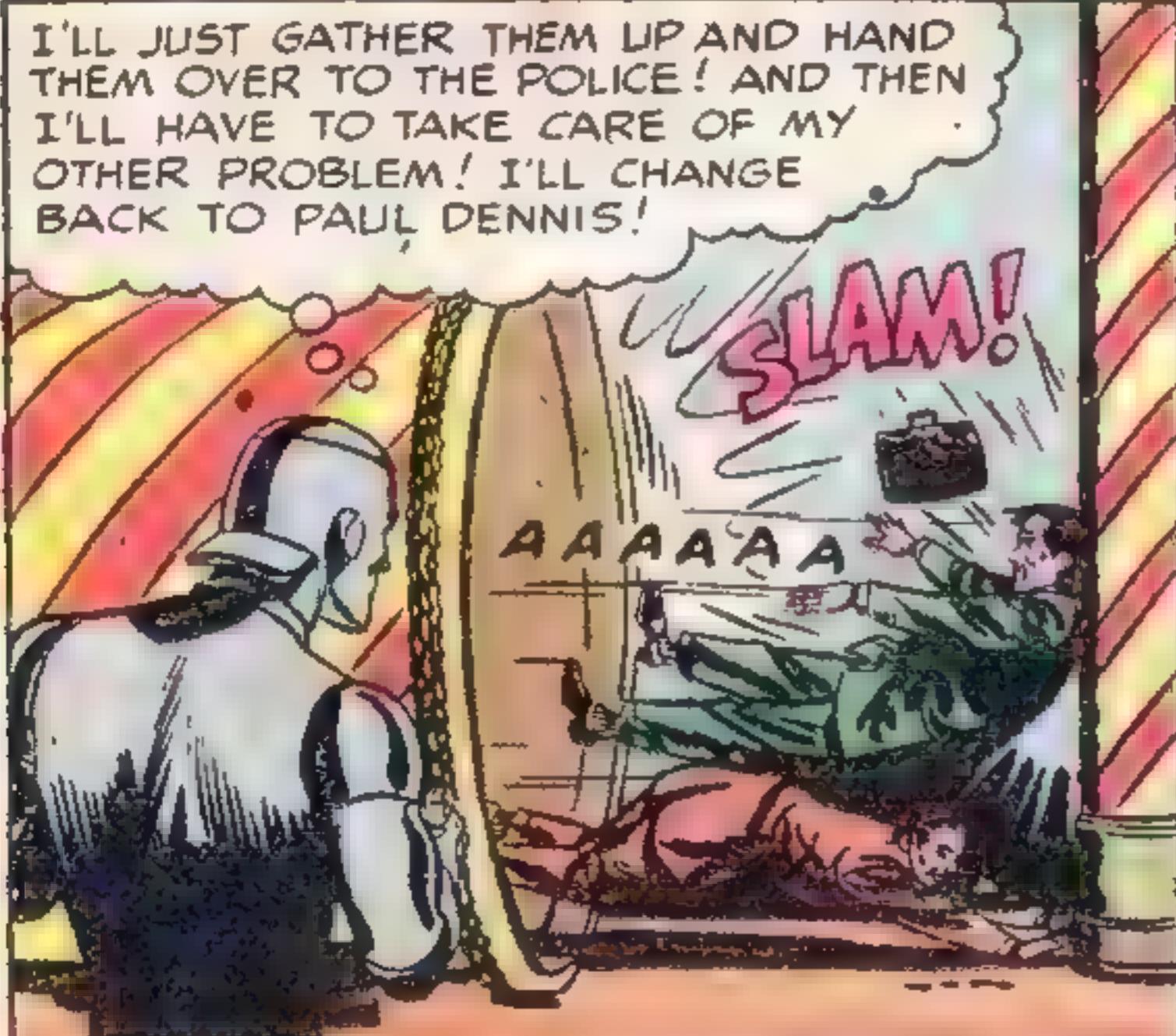
YEEEEE!



I'LL JUST GATHER THEM UP AND HAND THEM OVER TO THE POLICE! AND THEN I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF MY OTHER PROBLEM! I'LL CHANGE BACK TO PAUL DENNIS!

SLAM!

AAAAAA



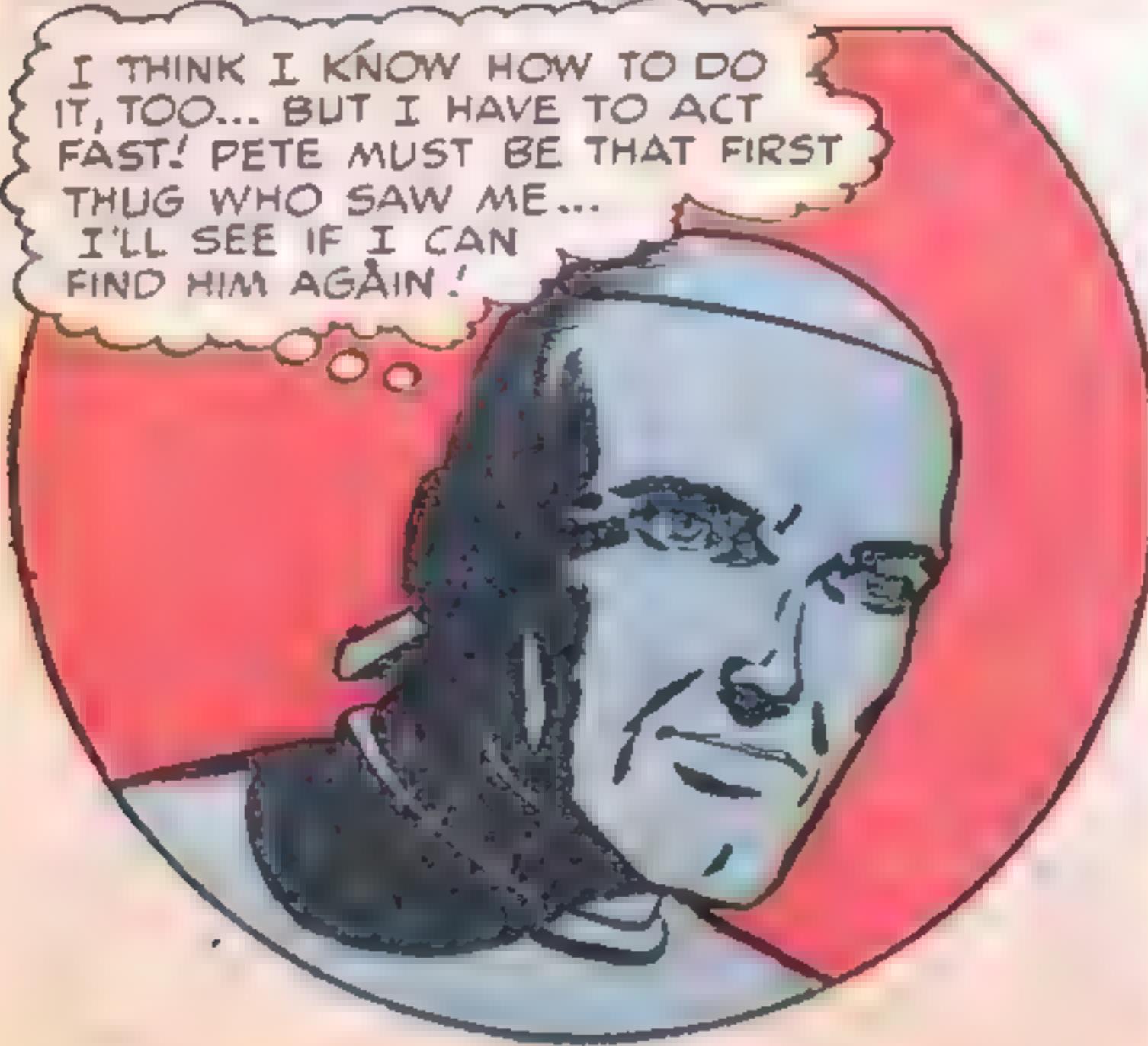
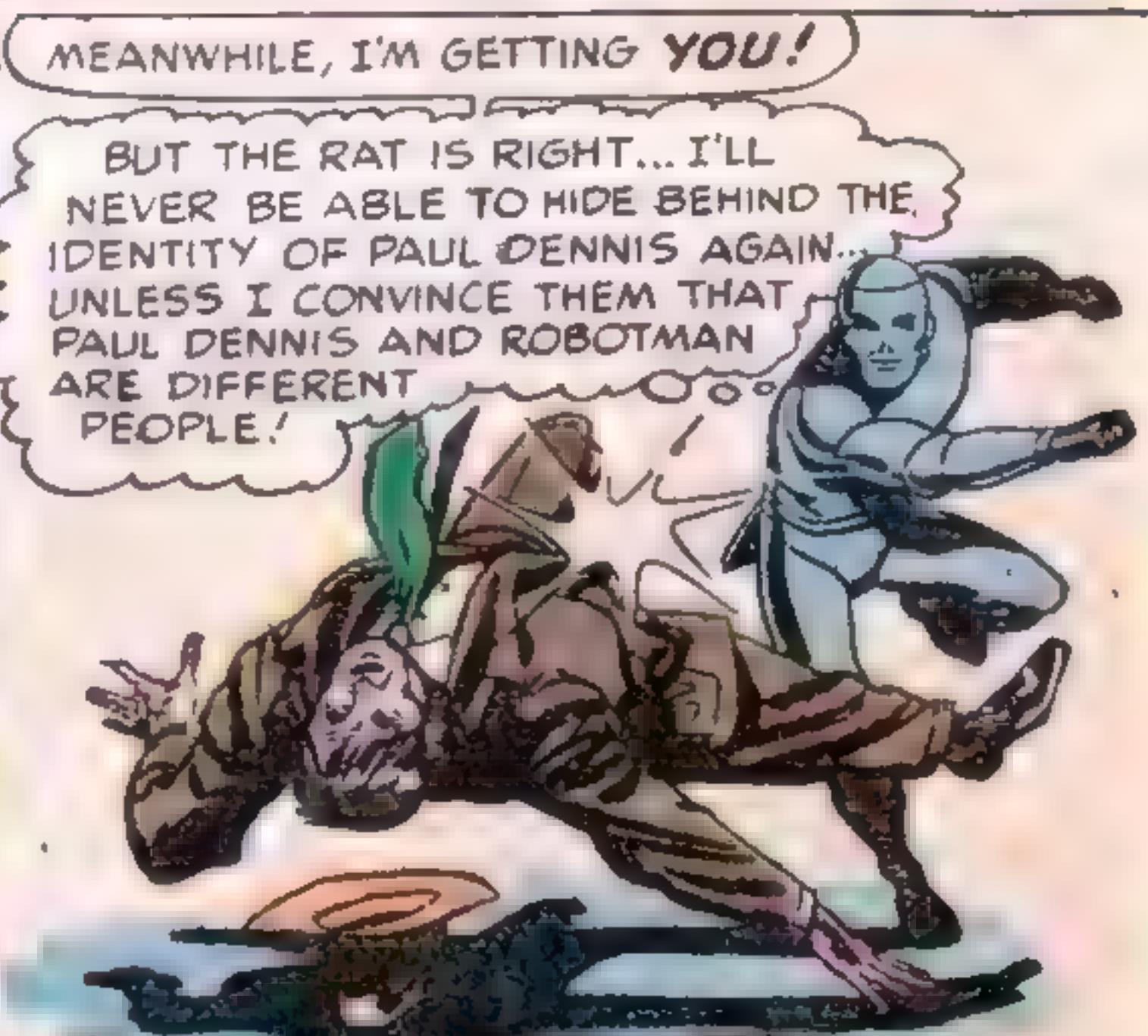
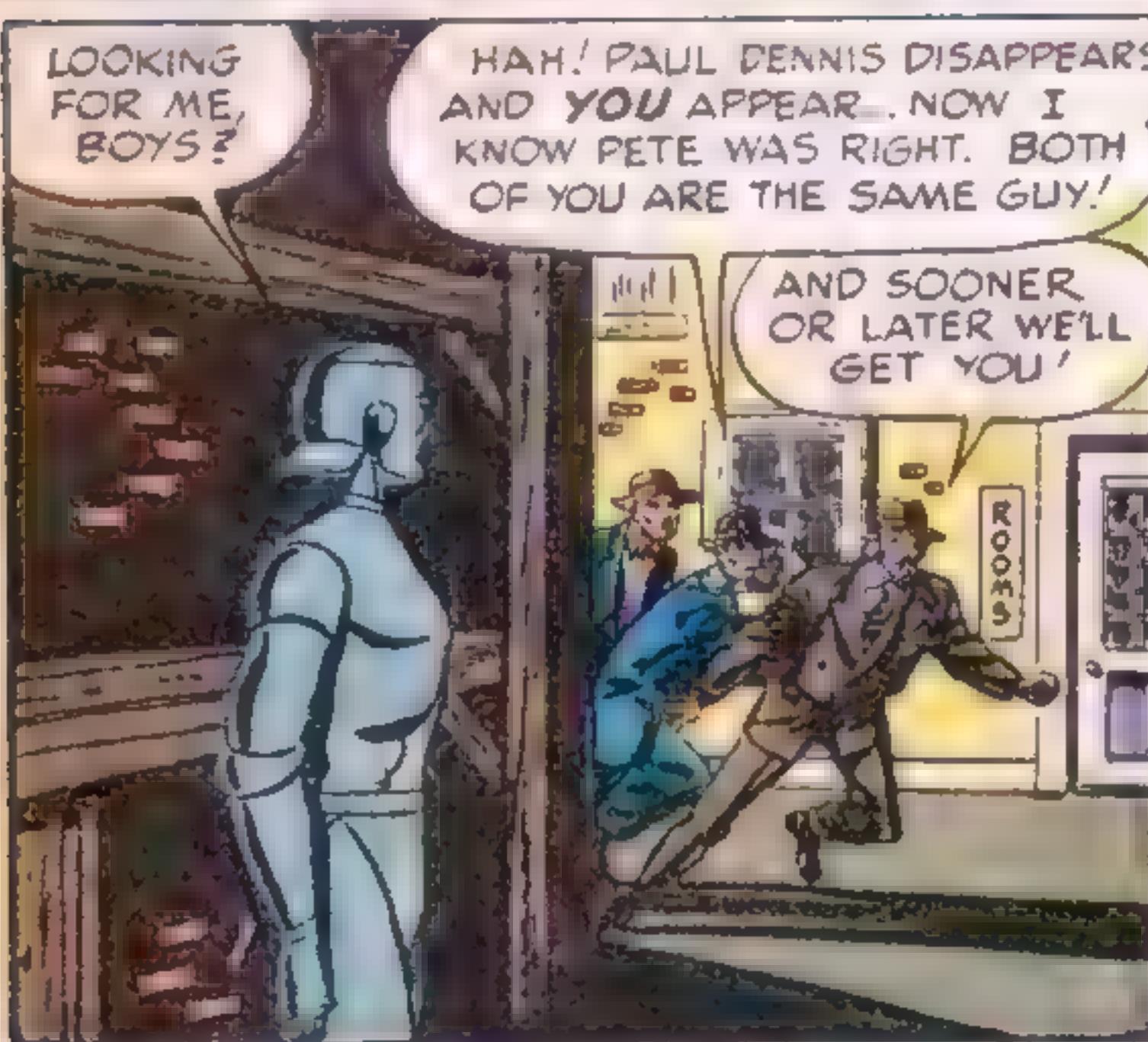
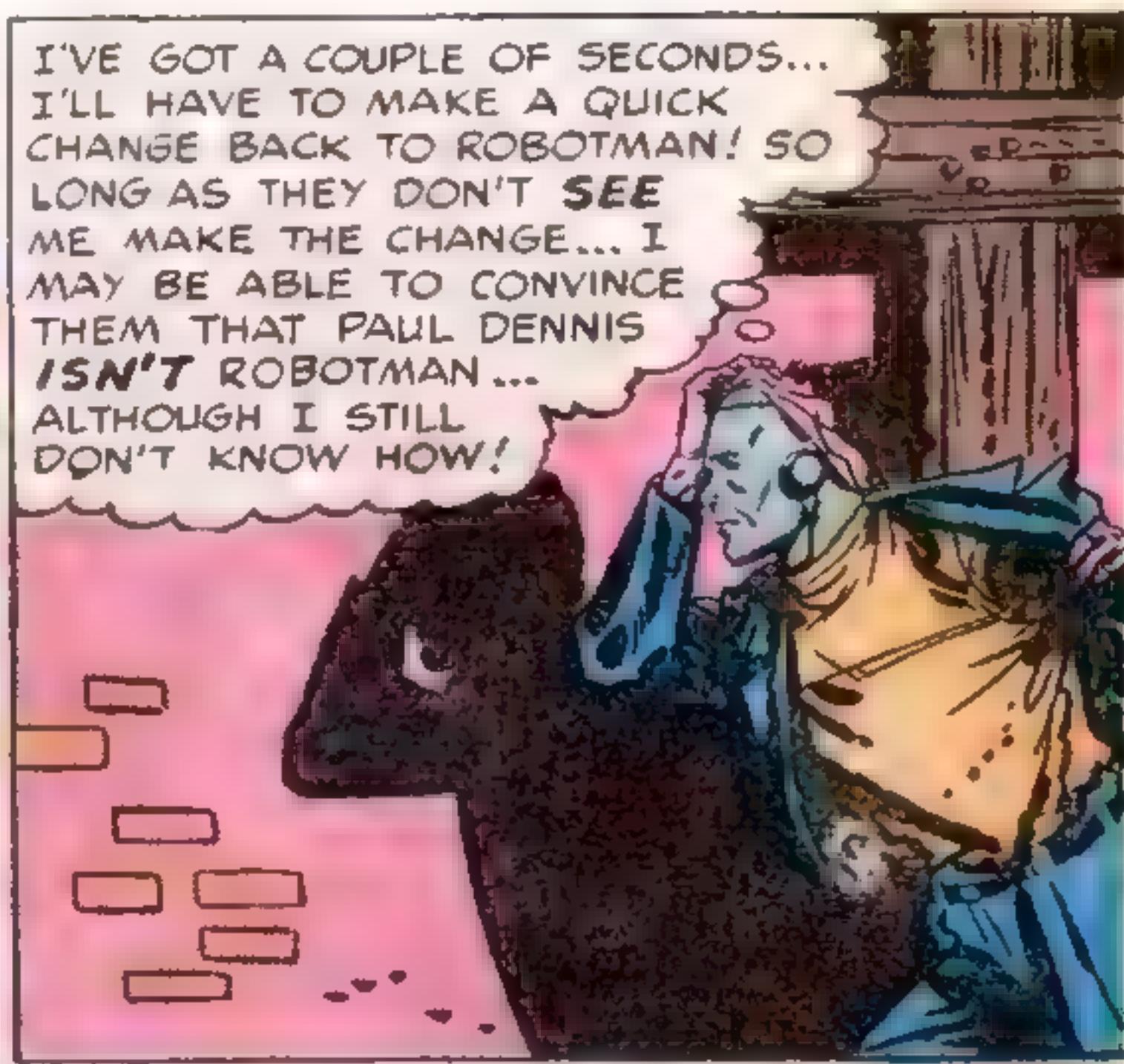
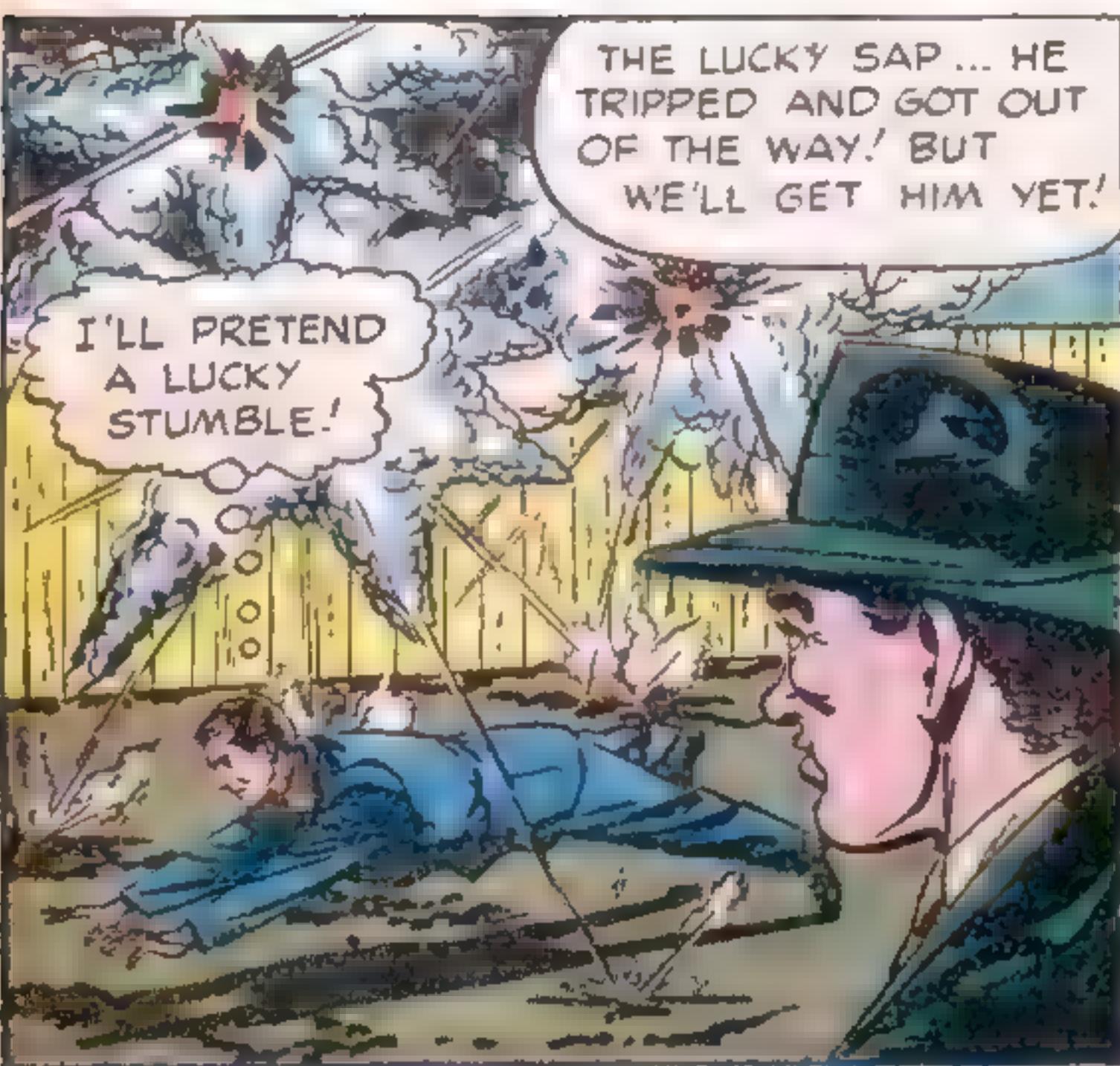
BUT AS THE METAL MAN ONCE MORE RESUMES HIS DISGUISE...

HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM APPLES, ROBOTMAN?

THEY'RE HOME GROWN, CHUM... PINEAPPLES!



MY DISGUISE IS NOW USELESS. THEY ALL KNOW WHO I AM!



DETECTIVE COMICS



FIRST I'M HAULING
YOU IN!

YOOHOO!
HELP, BOYS!

HE'S KNOCKED COLD... AND NOW
TO DRESS HIM FAST IN PAUL
DENNIS'S CLOTHES, AND
PUT MY OWN PLASTIC
MASK ON HIS FACE...



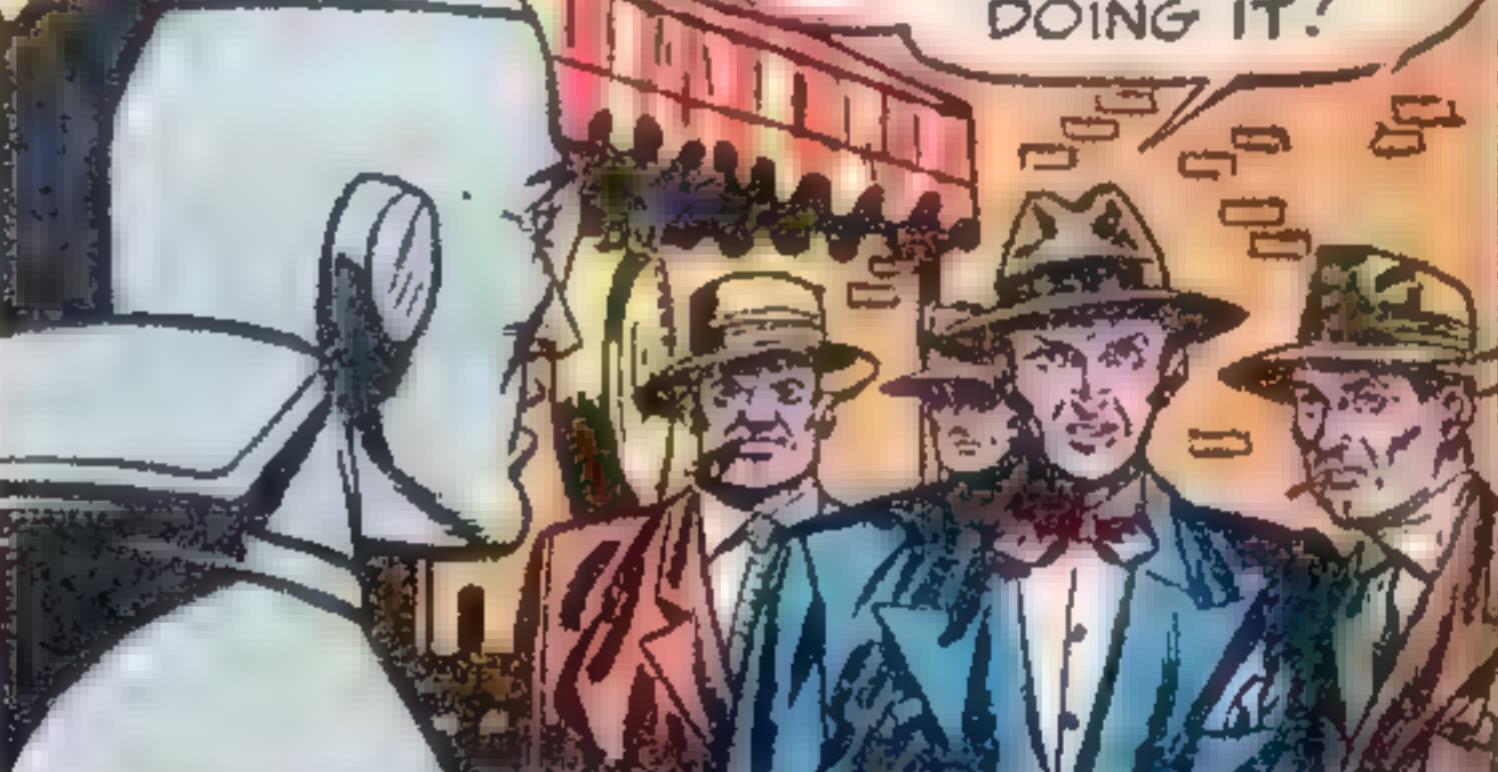
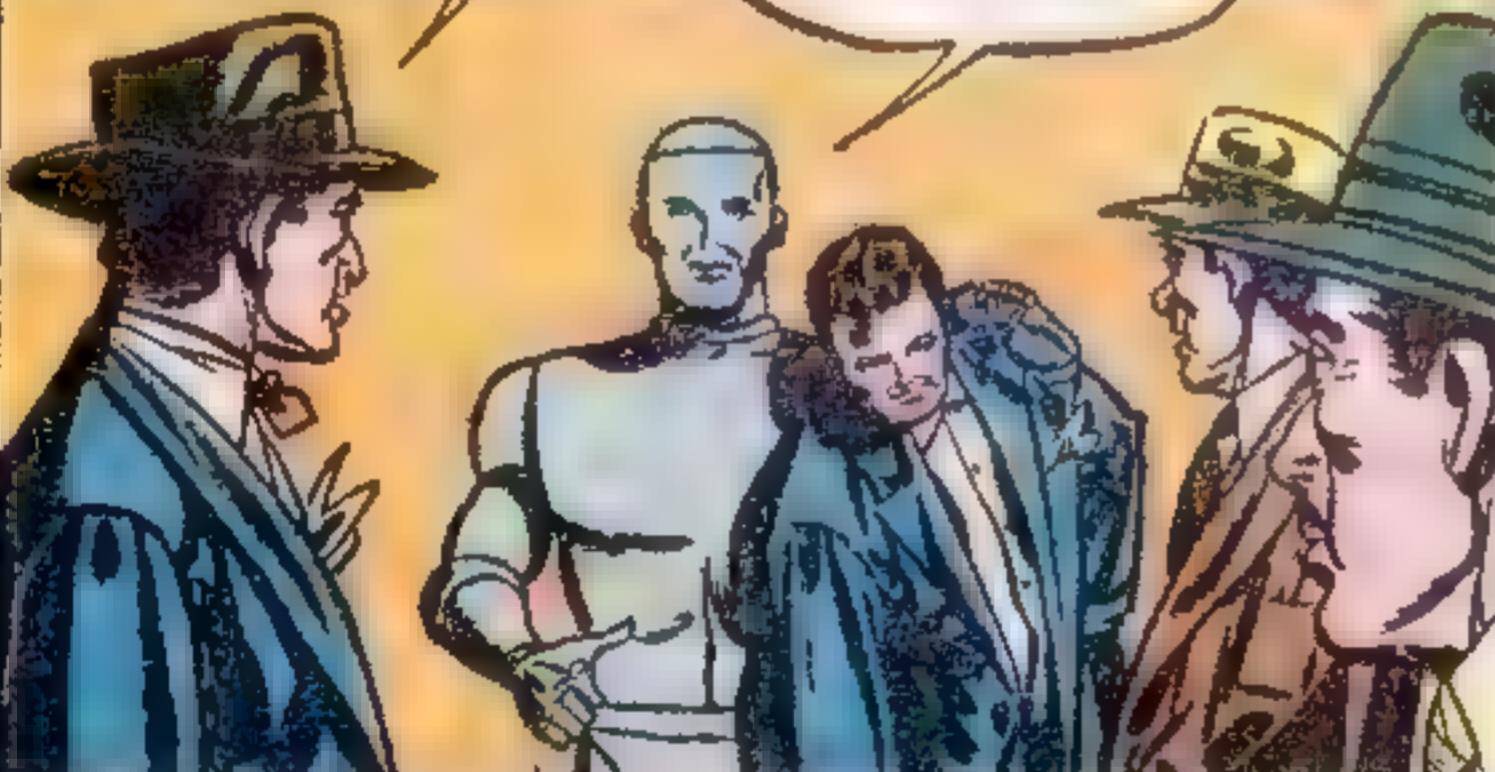
PRESENTLY... PAUL DENNIS
HAS A PERFECT DOUBLE!

HUH...? ROBOTMAN
WAS SUPPOSED TO
BE PAUL DENNIS...
BUT THEY'RE TWO
SEPARATE PEOPLE!

THIS FELLOW
SUPPOSED TO
BE ME? DON'T
MAKE ME LAUGH! I
ALMOST GOT HIM
BEFORE... BUT HE
GOT AWAY! THIS
TIME I'LL HOLD ON
TO HIM!

I SUSPECT HE'S
BEEN HELPING THAT
CROOK, PETE! IF HE
HAS... IT'LL BE TOO
BAD FOR HIM!

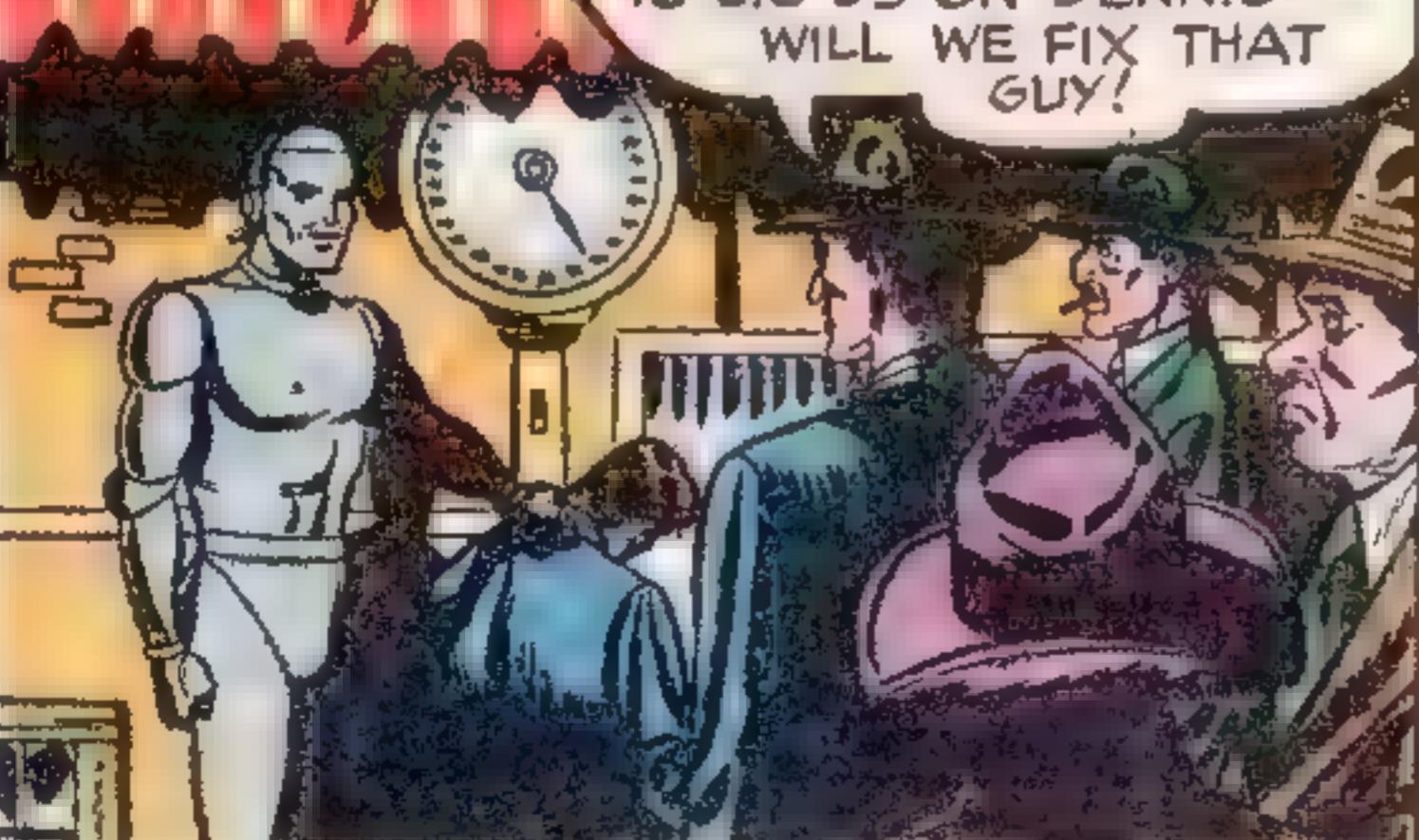
IT WAS PETE WHO
SPREAD THE STORY
DENNIS WAS
ROBOTMAN! HE MUST
HAVE HAD A GRUDGE
AGAINST DENNIS... AND
WANTED US TO RUB THE
GUY OUT, TO SAVE HIM
THE TROUBLE OF
DOING IT!



A CONFUSION GRIPS THE CHARACTERS
OF THE UNDERWORLD...

YOU SEE, THERE'S
NOTHING UNUSUAL
ABOUT HIS WEIGHT!

YEAH, THAT OTHER GUY
MUST HAVE HAD A
BROKEN SCALE... AND
PETE TOOK ADVANTAGE
TO SIC US ON DENNIS!
WILL WE FIX THAT
GUY?



LATER, AFTER ROBOTMAN HAS REMOVED
THE PLASTIC DISGUISE FROM PETE...

WHERE
AM I?

IN JAIL, CHUM... THE SAFEST
PLACE FOR YOU! WHAT YOUR
PALS WANT TO DO TO YOU!
BUT WHERE'S DENNIS,
ROBOTMAN?

WHY - I LET
HIM GO? HE
TURNED OUT
TO BE PER-
FECTLY INNOCENT
--AS INNOCENT,
IN FACT, AS
I AM!

THE
END



"IT'S FUN TO BE HEALTHY!"

says *Wonder Woman*

ON THE ATHLETIC FIELD OF TOWNVILLE HIGH, WONDER WOMAN, THE AMAZON PRINCESS, SEEKS OUT A YOUNG FRIEND...

AW, I DON'T FEEL LIKE PLAYING, WONDER WOMAN! I'VE GOT A COLD AND I'M TOO TIRED!

AND LAST WEEK YOU HAD A HEADACHE AND DIDN'T FEEL SO GOOD, AND YOU DIDN'T GO ON THE SCHOOL PICNIC. YOU'RE MISSING ALL THE FUN, DICK!

BUT I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

YES, YOU CAN, IF YOU SET YOUR MIND TO IT. AND I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW!

BRIGHT AND EARLY MONDAY MORNING...

FOLLOW YOUR DOCTOR'S ADVICE

	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.
BRUSH TEETH							
PLENTY OF SLEEP							
EXERCISE							
HEALTHFUL FOODS							

SO YOU WON'T FORGET, DICK, THERE'S A CHART OF THE THINGS YOU MUST DO! JUST CHECK THEM OFF AS YOU DO THEM EVERY DAY!

IT'S BETTER THAN ANY MAGIC POTION, DICK. IT'S MILK AND CEREAL - PART OF A BALANCED DIET THAT YOUR BODY REQUIRES!

AND IN THE DAYS FOLLOWING, DICK FAITHFULLY FOLLOWS THE AMAZON PRINCESS' INSTRUCTIONS.

PLENTY OF SLEEP, FRESH AIR AND EXERCISE, DICK, THAT'S THE TICKET! AND WHAT THIS SCHEDULE WILL DO FOR YOU, YOU'LL SOON SEE!

AND SO, ONE DAY, ON THE SAME ATHLETIC FIELD...

HIYA, WONDER WOMAN! GOSH, I FEEL SWELL! AND AM I HAVING FUN!

YES, DICK. IT'S FUN TO BE HEALTHY! AND WITH A LITTLE PATIENCE AND COMMON SENSE, AND THE HEALTH RULES I TAUGHT YOU, ANYONE CAN BE!



SCALLOPING GHOST!

RED CLOUD AND HIS SIOUX INDIANS ARE DOWN RIVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS RIVER... ABOUT HALF A MILE!

THEN WE'D BETTER STOP HERE AND BIVOUAC. THE VIEW ENABLES US TO SEE CLEAR ACROSS AND DOWN THE POWDER RIVER!

UNDENIABLY WRITTEN INTO THE EPIC OF THE WEST ARE THE NAMES OF SOLDIER LEADERS WHO WITH BUT A HANDFUL OF MEN AND INSUPERABLE COURAGE, WITHSTOOD THE GREAT TERROR OF MASS INDIAN ATTACK! OF SUCH CALIBER WAS CAPTAIN DAN O'BANNION. ORDERED TO BUILD A ROAD BETWEEN FORT LARAMIE AND THE GOLD REGIONS OF MONTANA, HE HAD TO PIT HIS QUICK-WITTEDNESS AND COURAGE AGAINST RED CLOUD AND HIS SIOUX TO PREVENT THE ANNIHILATION OF HIS DETACHMENT...

NEXT DAWN, SOON AFTER THE BUGLE SANG REVEILLE...

JEFF, YOU AND LIEUTENANT KELSEY TELL RED CLOUD TO MEET ME WITHIN THE HOUR! I'LL ARRANGE TO START DIGGING THE ROAD RIGHT AFTER NOON CHOW. MEANWHILE, I'LL INSPECT OUR SUPPLIES!

THAT INJUN IS AN ORNERY CRITTER, CAP'N. GETTING HIM TO GIVE UP THIS TERRITORY IS GONNA BE NO EASY JOB!

HERE'S ANOTHER LOAD OF PHOSPHORUS THE QUARTER-MASTER SENT US, CAPTAIN. DON'T THEY KNOW WE DON'T MAKE OUR MATCHES ANYMORE? I'LL THROW IT IN THE RIVER!

NO, SAVE IT! NEVER KNOW WHAT WE'LL BE ABLE TO USE IN THESE PARTS!

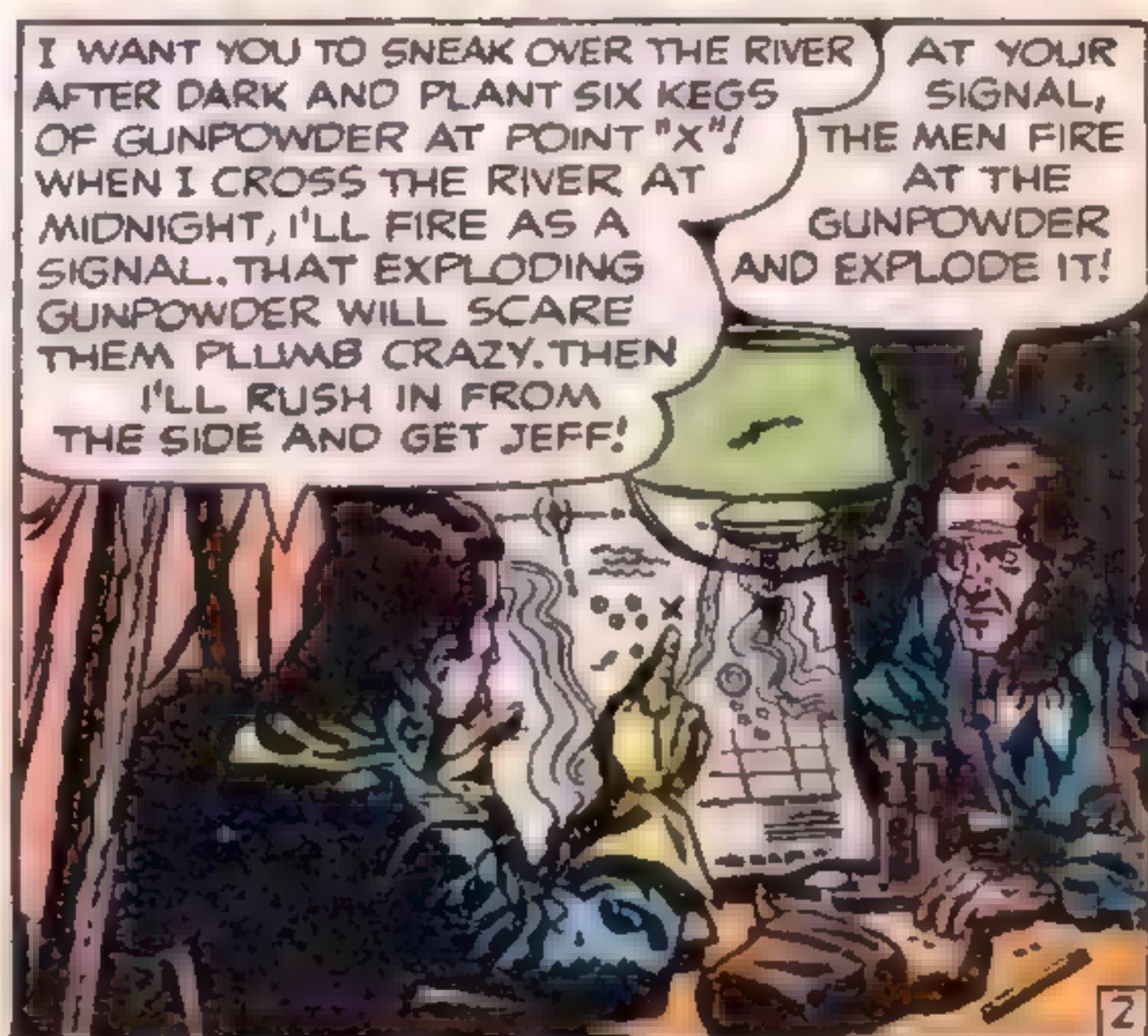
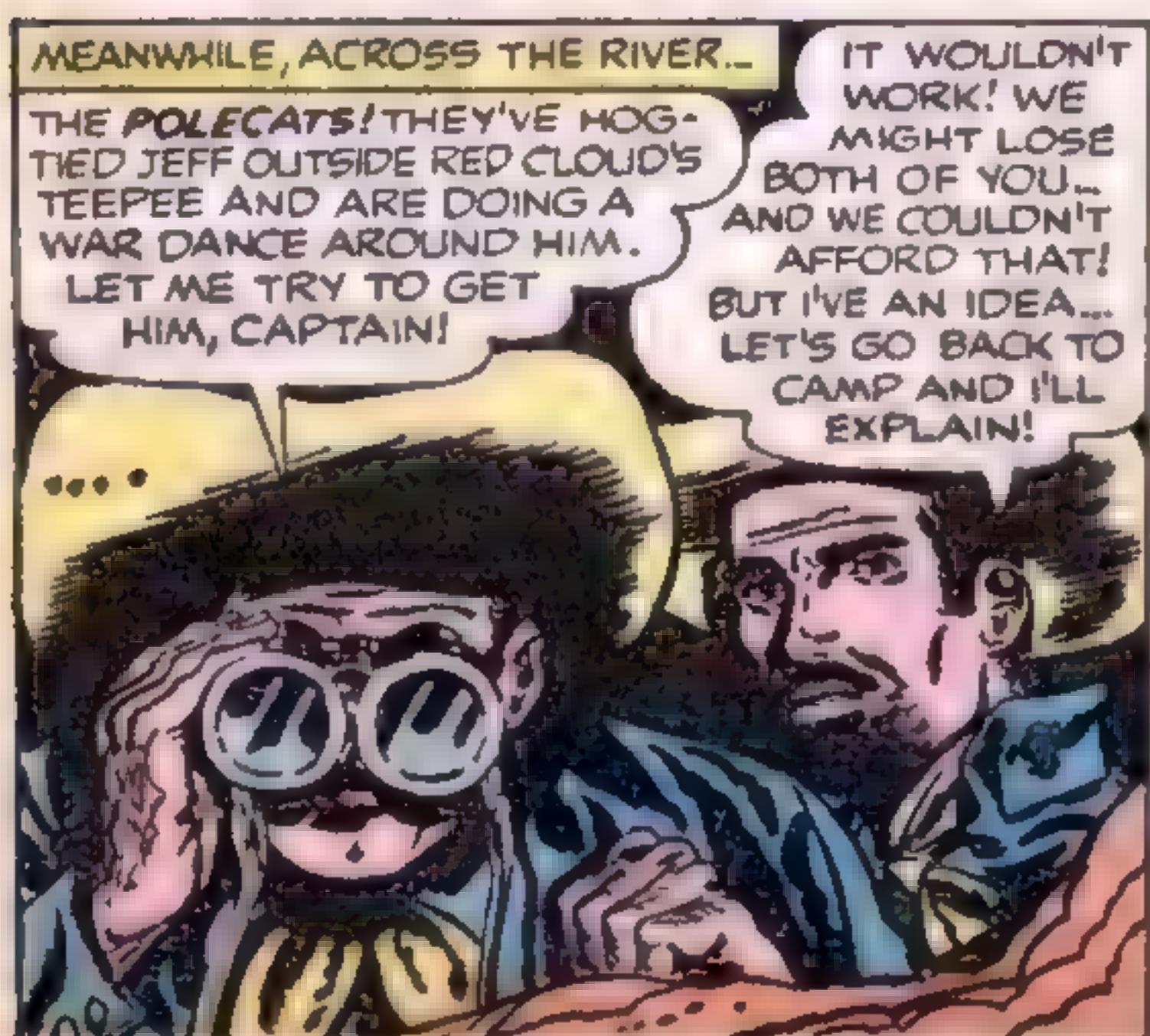
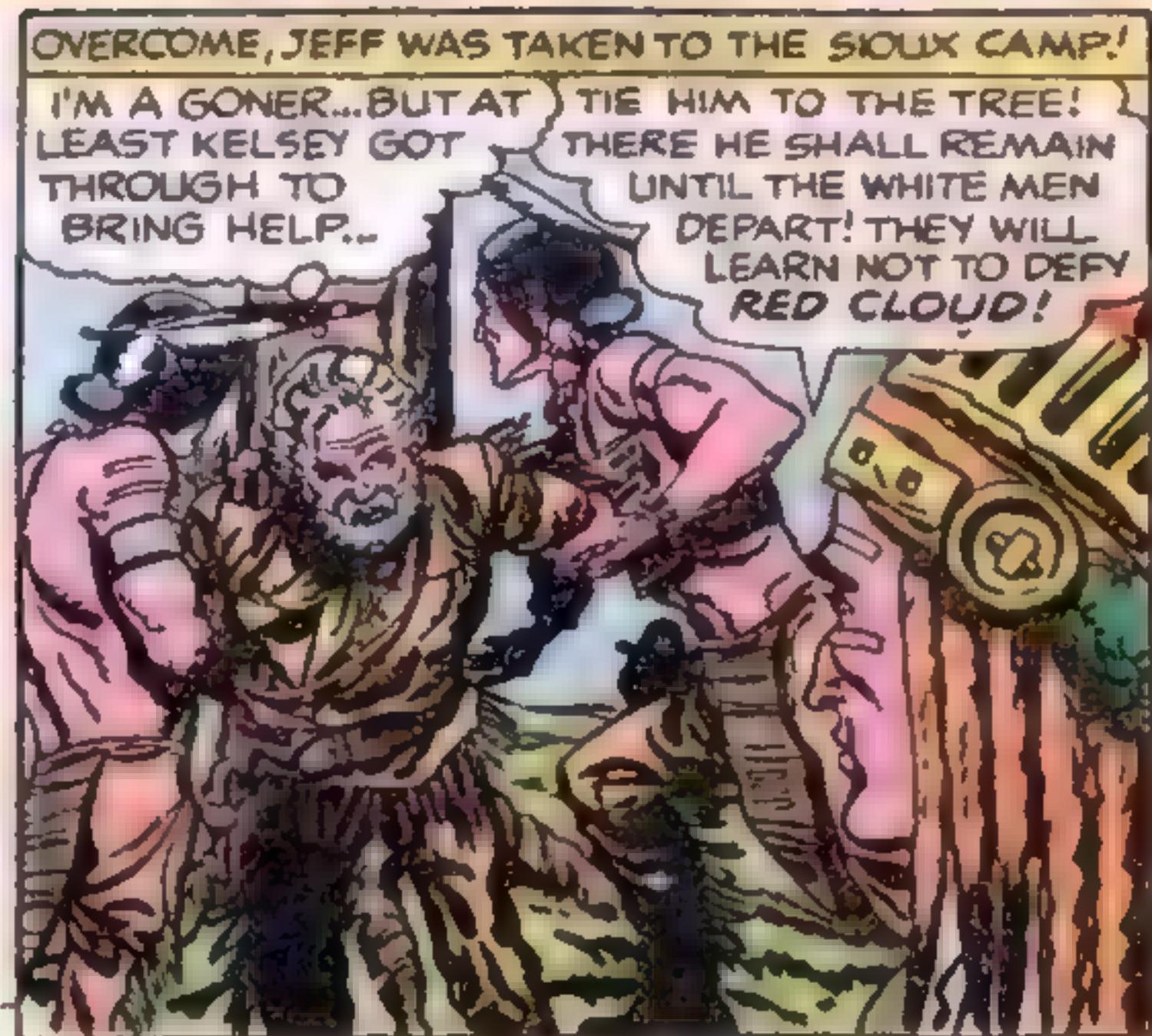
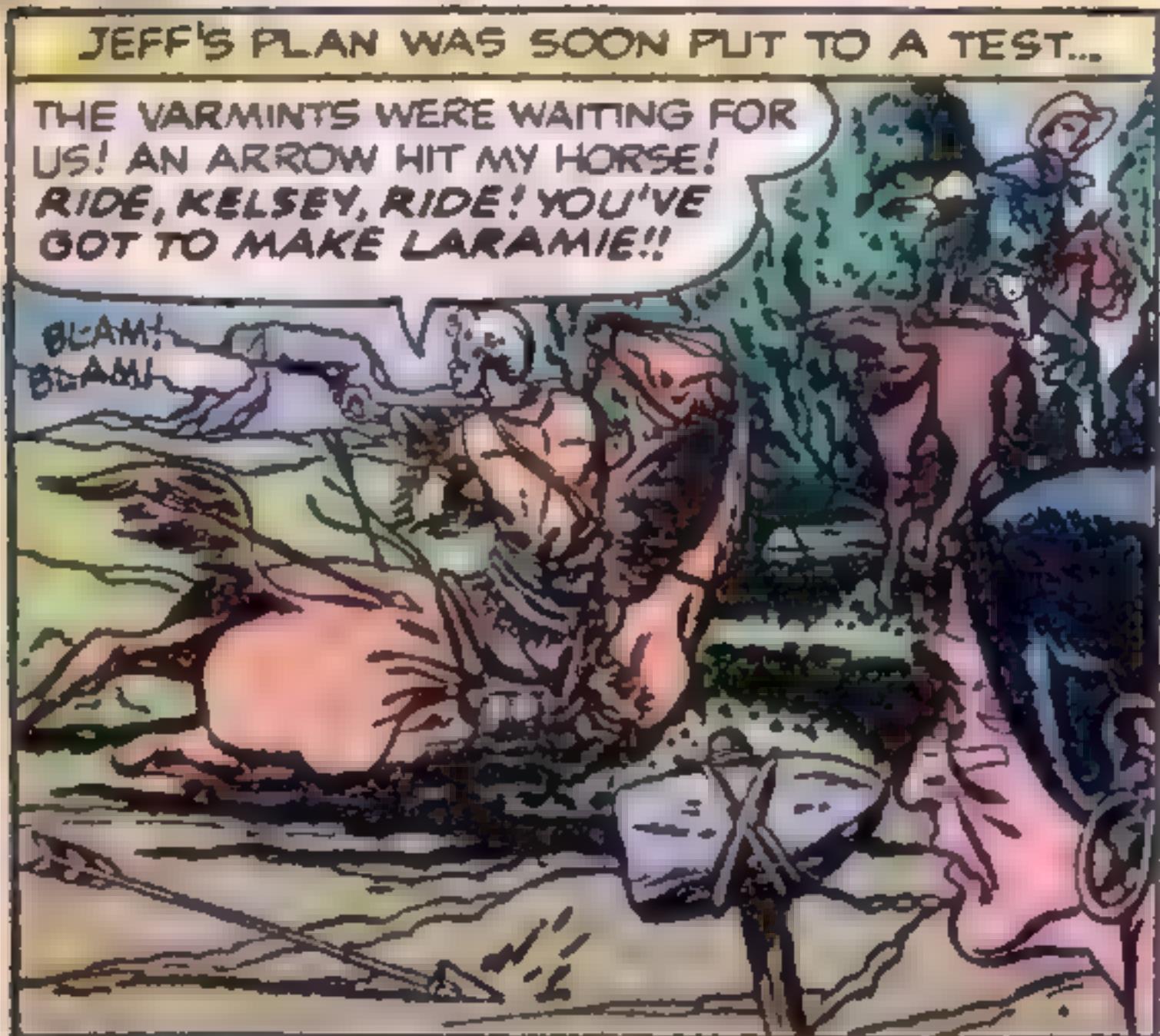
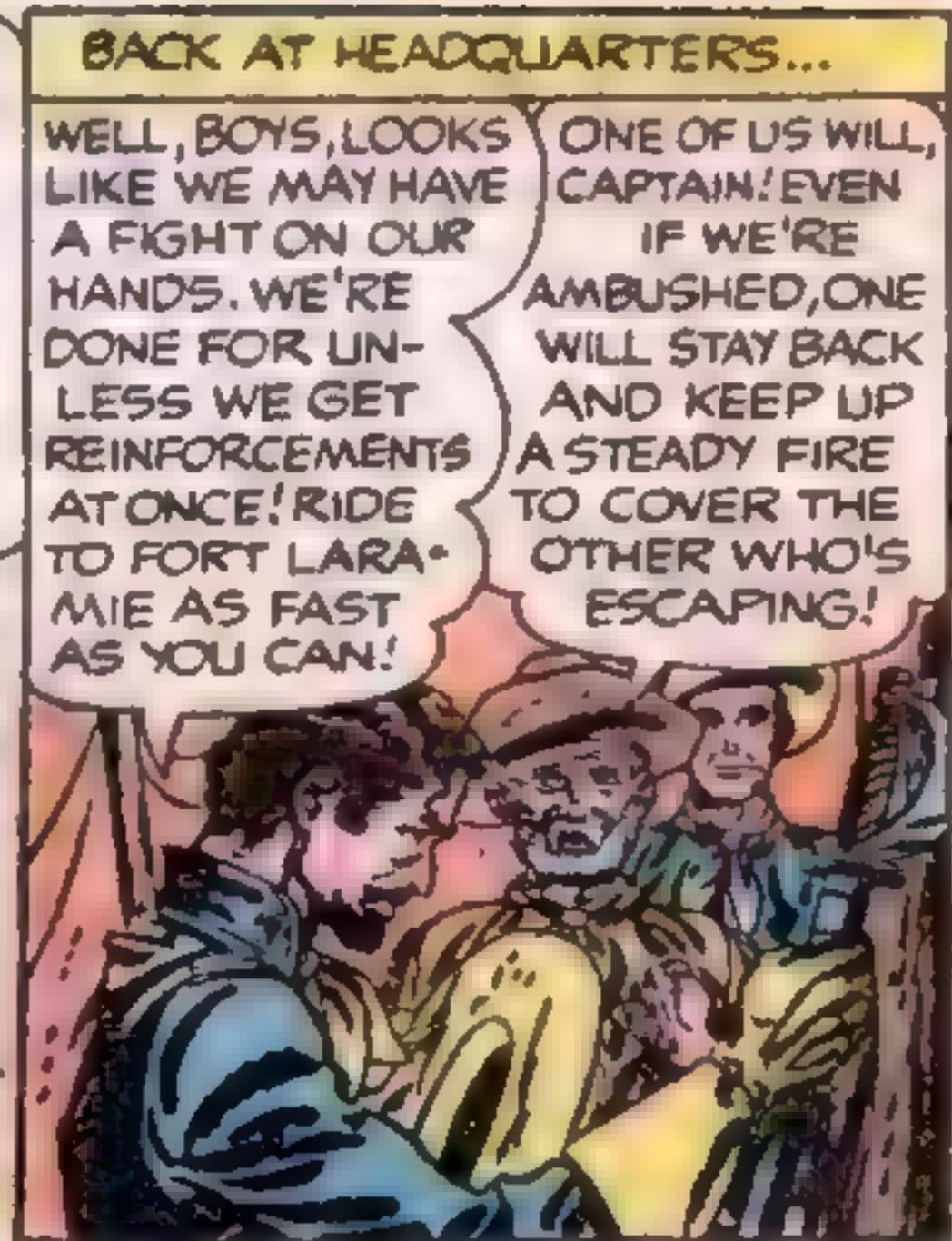
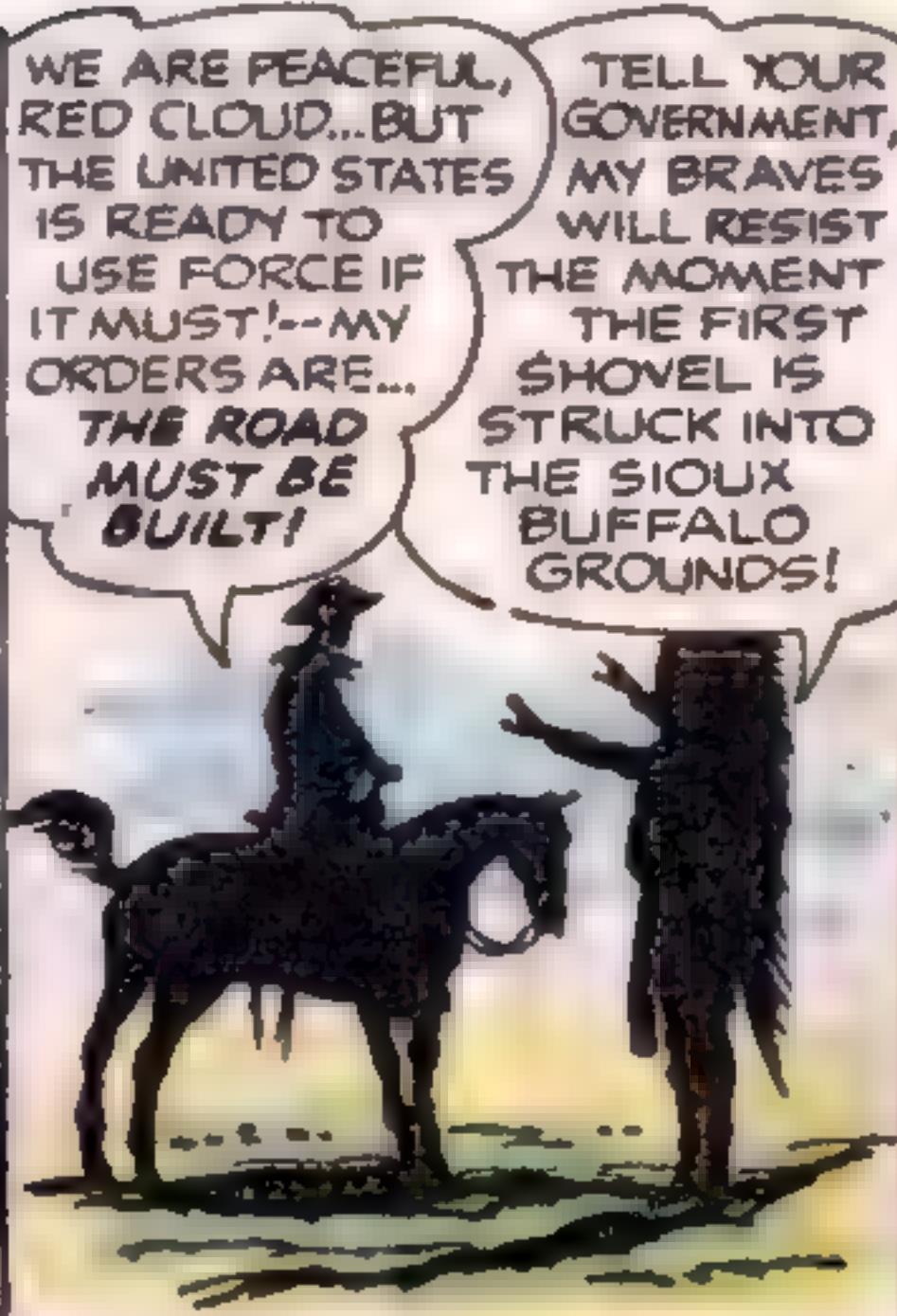
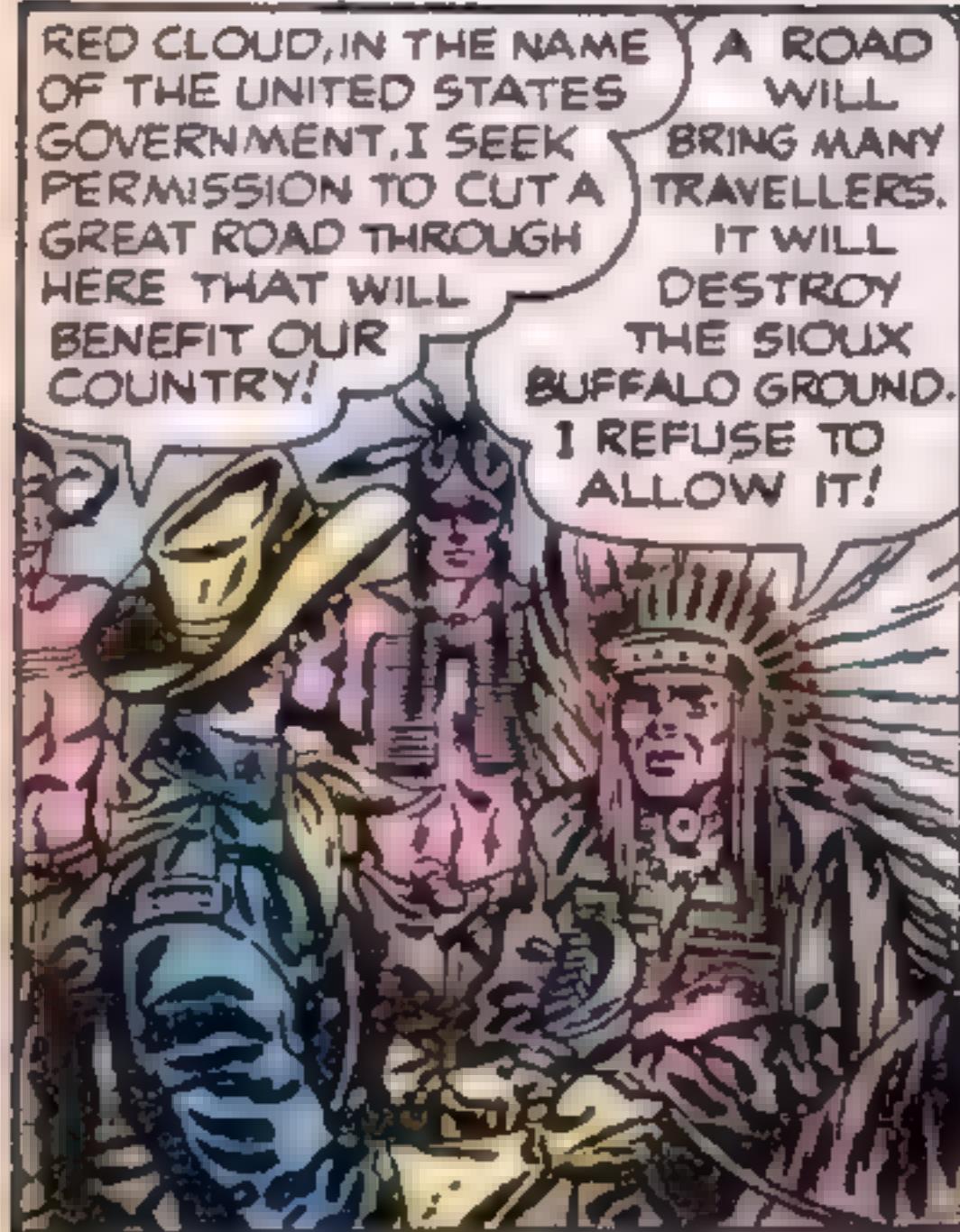
RED CLOUD SAYS HE'LL MEET YOU ON HIS SIDE OF THE RIVER IN 15 MINUTES, CAPTAIN... AND HE'S GOT ABOUT 2000 MEN BEHIND HIM!

I WOULDN'T WANT TO TANGLE WITH THEM. LET'S GET MY HORSE AND WE'LL RIDE DOWN AND MEET THE CRITTER!

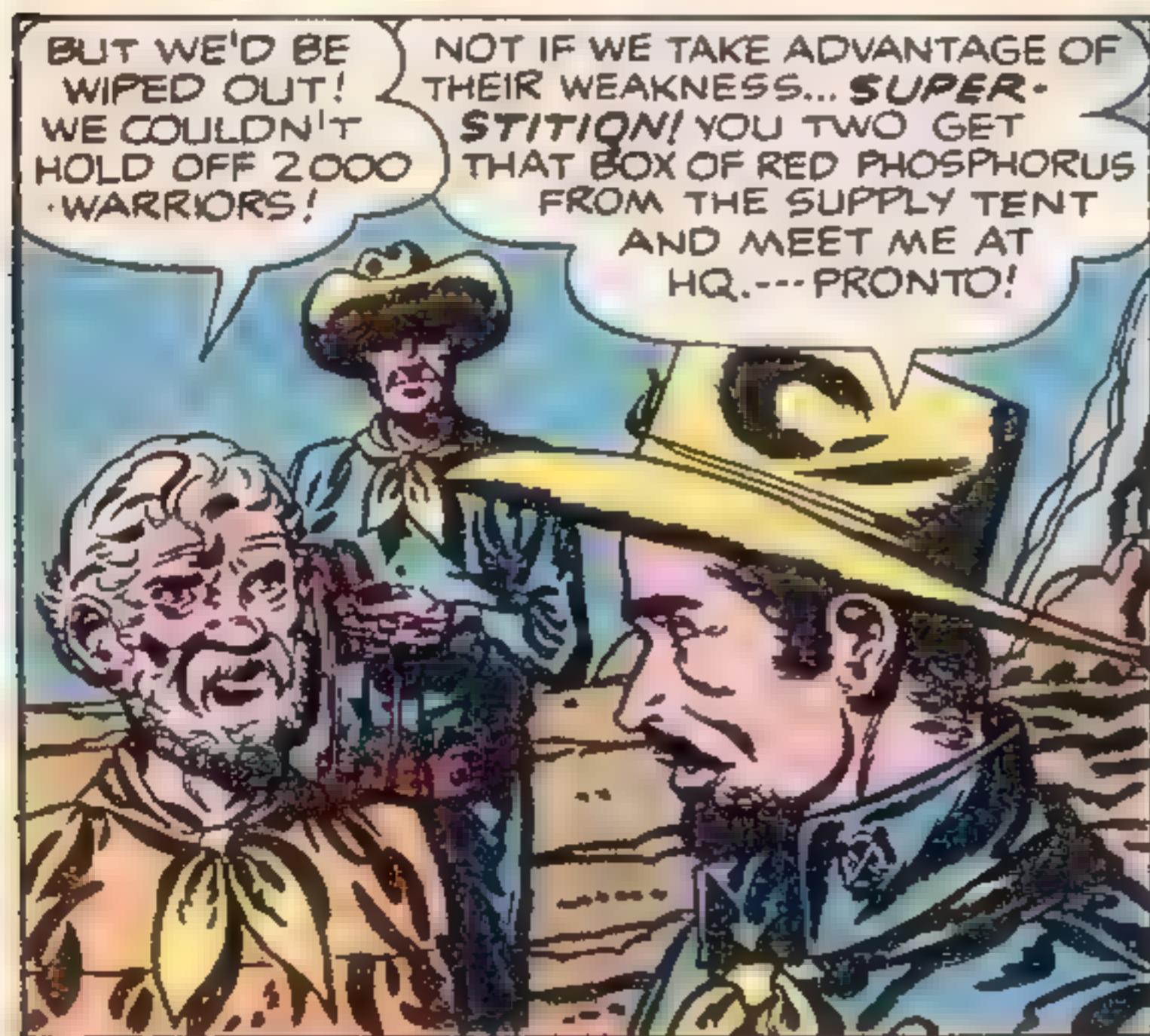
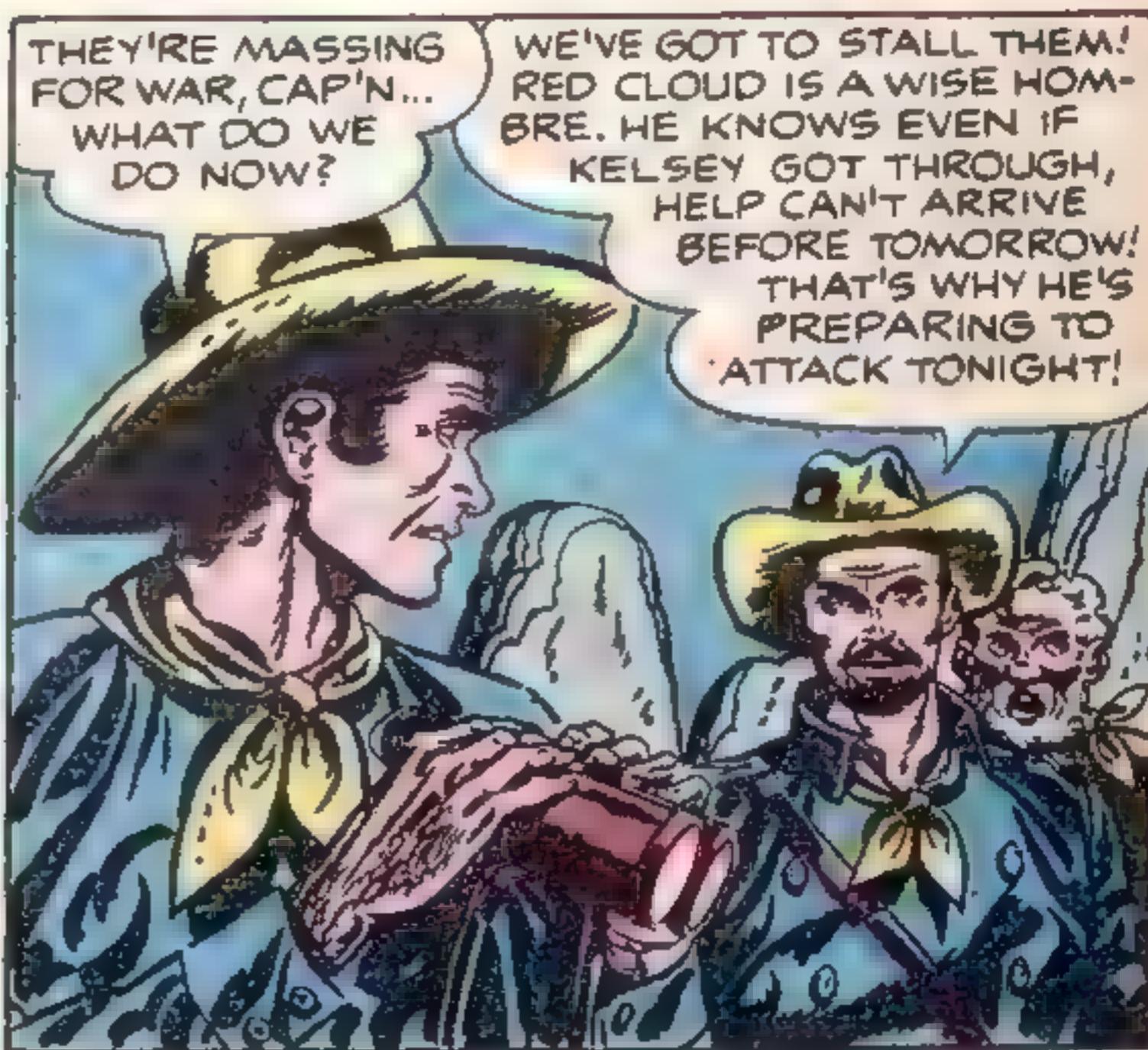
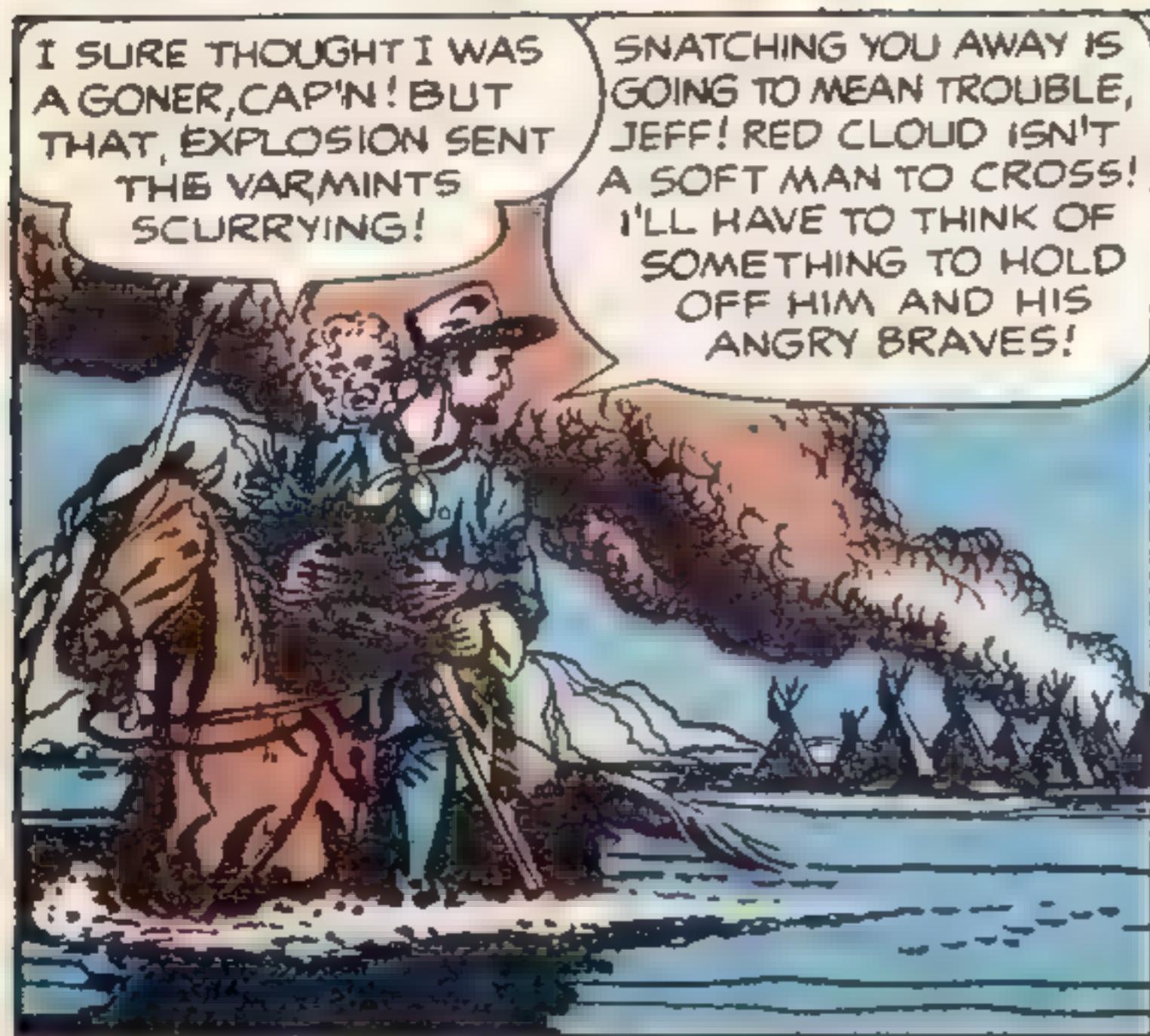
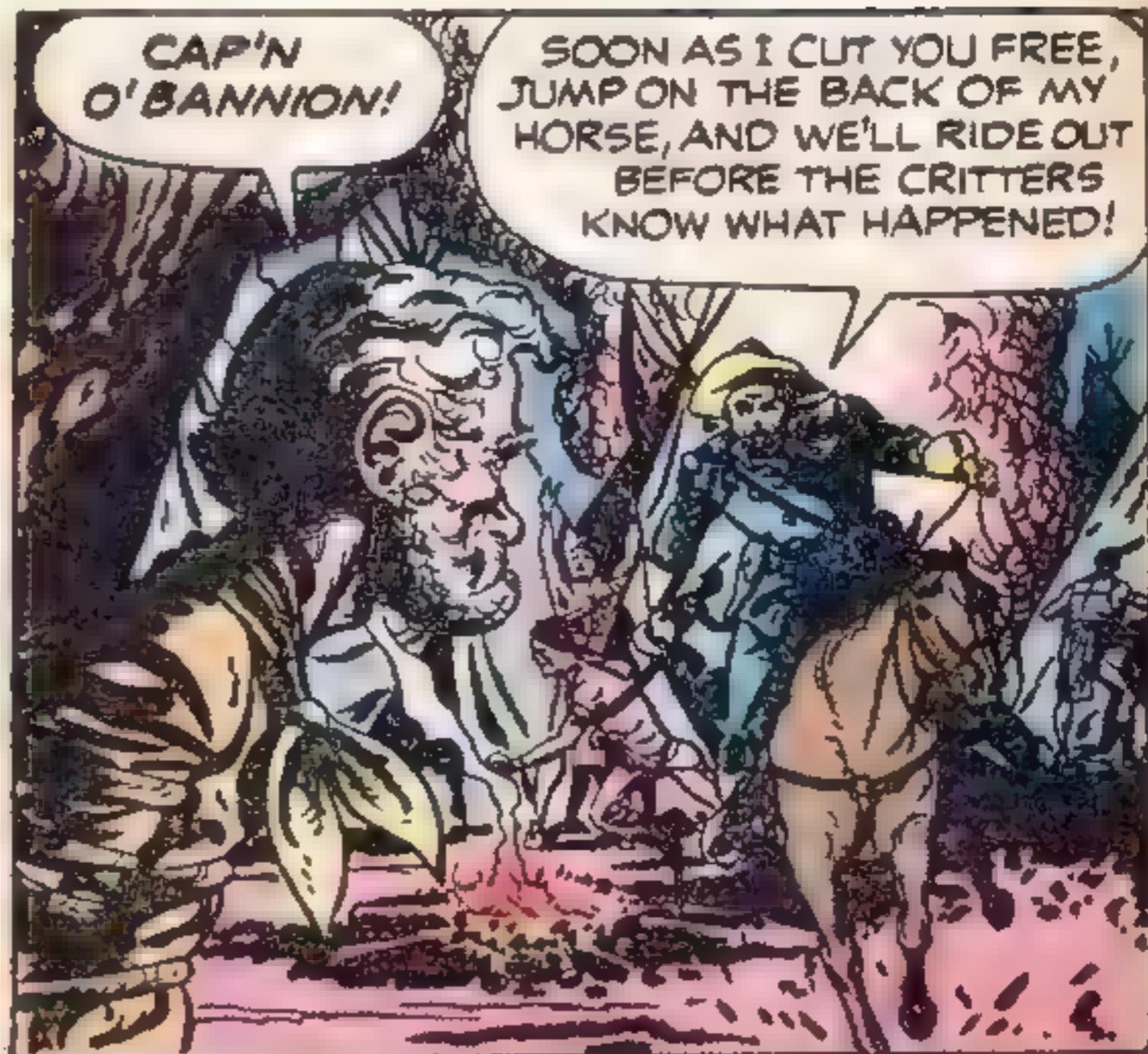
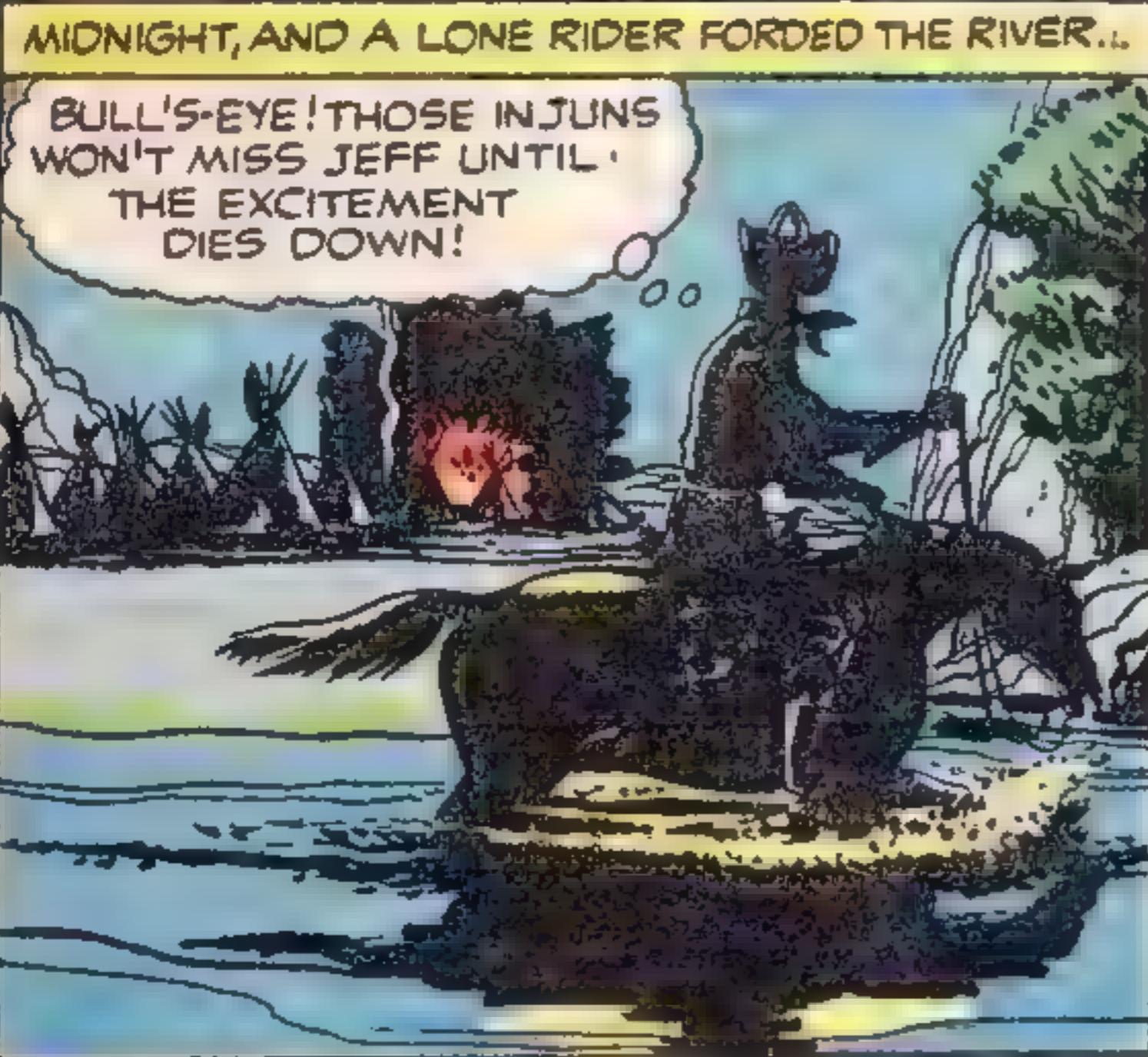
RED CLOUD DOESN'T LOOK TOO FRIENDLY! BUT WE MUST GET HIS PERMISSION TO BUILD THE ROAD. CAN'T AFFORD TO FIGHT HIM!

RIGHT, SIR. THOSE SIOUX COULD WIPE US OUT IN A MATTER OF MINUTES!

DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS

DC COMICS
CAPTAIN, YOU CAN'T STAND OFF THAT SIOUX ARMY. YOU'LL BE SCALPED AS SOON AS YOU REACH THE BANK. LET ME GO WITH YOU!

SORRY! THIS MUST BE DONE ALONE. THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE IS IMPORTANT! WATCH THINGS FROM THE KNOLL AND IF SOMETHING HAPPENS TO ME, TAKE OVER!

... AND ACROSS THE RIVER, AT THE SIOUX CAMP... SIOUX WARRIORS! WE MUST SAVE OUR BUFFALO HUNTING GROUNDS FROM THE WHITE MEN! WE MUST DESTROY ALL THE PALEFACES WHO THREATEN THEM! FIGHT!!

SUDDENLY...

IT'S WORKING! THEY THINK I'M A GHOST AND THEY'RE SCARED OUT OF THEIR WITS!

I RECOGNIZE YOU, CAPTAIN O'BANNION.. BUT MY PEOPLE THINK YOU ARE A GALLOPING GHOST! THEY ARE TOO FRIGHTENED NOW TO FIGHT FOR THEIR LANDS. I ADMIT DEFEAT. WHEN DAWN COMES, WE WILL LEAVE OUR BUFFALO GROUNDS!

IT IS BETTER THAT WAY, RED CLOUD! YOU WILL FIND GOOD HUNTING IN YOUR NEW TERRITORY. AND, NOW THAT THERE IS PEACE... WE CAN BUILD OUR ROAD!

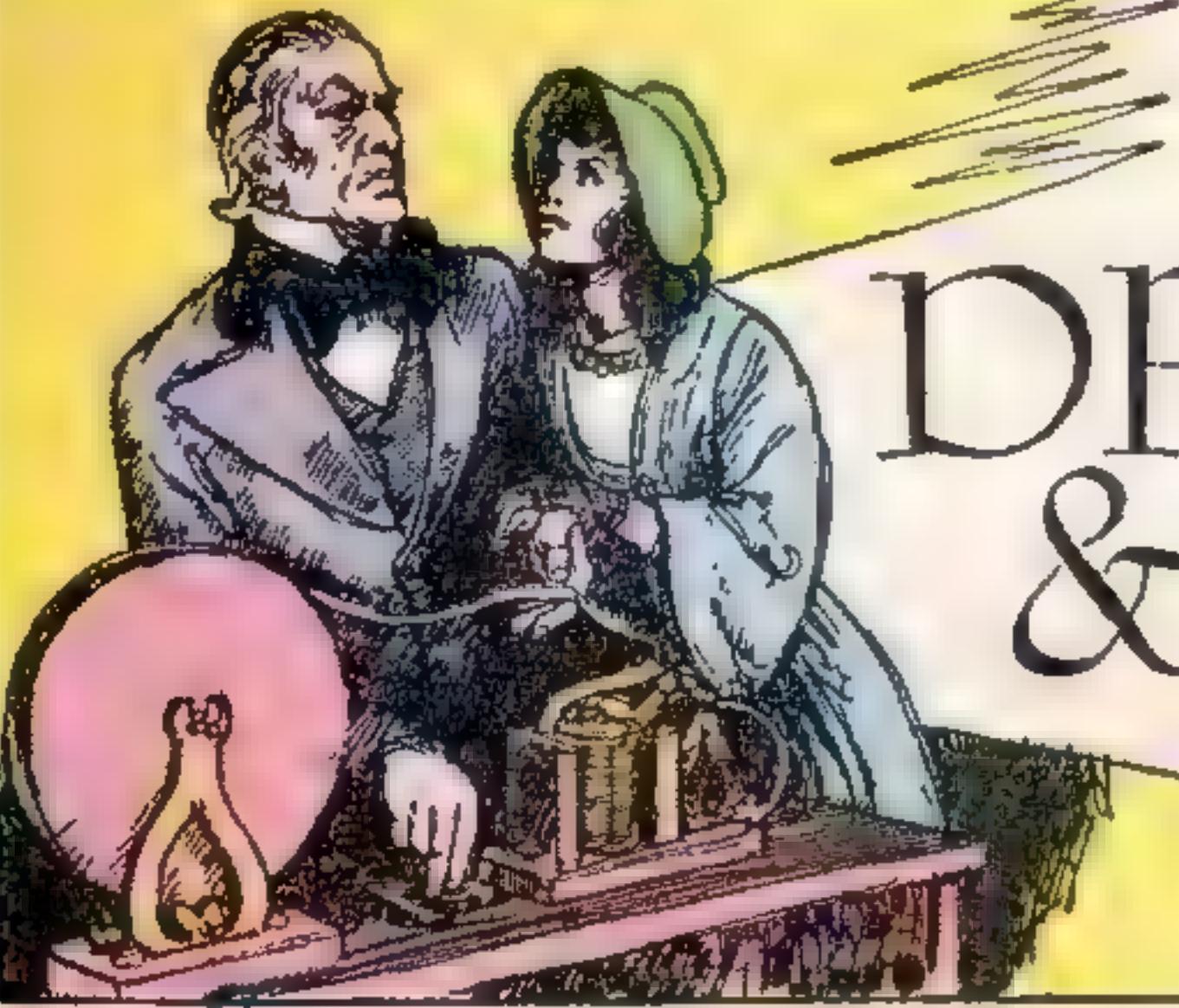
YOU TURNED THE TRICK, CAPTAIN, WITH THAT PHOSPHORUS! BUT HOW DID YOU GET IT TO STICK?

RED PHOSPHORUS DOESN'T DISSOLVE IN WATER! MY OVERHEATED HORSE WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE IT GLOW, BUT WHEN WE REACHED THEIR FIRE... WE REALLY LIT UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE! WELL, WE START BUILDING THE ROAD IN THE MORNING!

NEXT DAY AT DAWN...

HERE COME KELSEY AND THE REINFORCEMENTS NOW! GUESS WE DON'T NEED THEM, EH, JEFF?

THE END.



WITH DRUMS, FIRE, & FLASHES!

THIS modern world is pretty proud of its telegraph, radio, airmail, and other means of rapid communication. Such pride is well-founded, but it would be a mistake to think that peoples of other times did not have their own wonders in this field.

Take for example, the ancient "Talking Drums" of Africa. Talking drums are often confused with the signal or code drums still found in Africa today. The Talking Drums of Old Africa were not limited by anything so crude or clumsy as a code system. They spoke with a human, or nearly human voice! It must have been a weird experience to hear the rumbling voices of those giant drums speaking their thundering messages across vast distances.

The secret of the Talking Drums lay in the expertness of the drummers. Two drums, tuned in different pitch, furnished the entire apparatus. Blending their tones with a skill that bordered on sheer magic, the operator reproduced the inflections and vibrations of the human voice.

We should keep in mind that this was

at a time when languages were more simple than they are today. Simple phrases, groans, laughter, and outcries played a large part in human speech. It is thought that the Talking Drums helped develop language by enlarging on the field of tones, moods, and inflections.

Not all the wonders of antiquity were mysterious, but they were marvels of their day just the same. The "Pony Express" of ancient Egypt could have given our own immortal institution of that name a good run for its money. The King Tut cowboys of old used the same relay message-carrying system, but with two exceptions. The first was that they started their post service with racing camels. The second was that, when they later substituted newly-tamed wild horses, they attained speeds that haven't been equaled to this day. Forty-five miles an hour and over was the clip at which these mustangs of the Nile churned up the desert sands of old Egypt, according to reliable historians of that period.

A signal or message by fire was used in the downfall of Troy, whose mighty ramparts defied the Greeks during ten

years of siege and battle. The band of Greek warriors, hidden in the wooden gift horse within the Trojan walls, were told of the Greek fleet's return during the night by fires far out at sea. But the spectacle that has lived in song and verse through the centuries is that of gigantic bonfires flaring from mountain top to mountain top, sending the message that Troy had fallen all the way to Greece!

The early Greeks were masters at fire signals and their torch-telegraph system sent communications the length and breadth of Greece with startling speed.

A few hundred years later witnessed the world's loudest telegraph. You had to have good sound ears to be one of the telegraphers and even then you had to keep your ears well plugged. The reason for this was that the instrument was a huge fortress cannon! *Boom* followed jarring, shattering, *Boom*, and the earth and air of the surrounding countryside shook and trembled when these iron-throated message-senders relayed their news to another station five or ten miles distant. Far from considering them a nuisance, the people of that day regarded them with awesome respect.

But perhaps their tortured ears finally rebelled at such bombastic telegraphy. For the next marvel in message transmission was the semaphore telegraph, strictly silent and for the eyes alone. The semaphore system was a wonder of efficiency for that day (1794) and it received more enthusiastic support than anything then in use.

And believe it or not, one of the

things that had come *before*, was the discovery that electric currents could be sent over the wires and produce tapping sounds. The electric telegraph, in other words, was knocking at their very door.

But no one wanted anything as crude as copper wires and a lot of mysterious goings on! The semaphore system was for them. In no time at all, most of Europe and parts of Russia saw tall towers with mechanical semaphore arms sprouting over the landscape. Improvement followed improvement, and semaphore was well on its way to win out over electricity as means of communication.

We know the story from then on. Electricity would not be denied leadership. Samuel F. B. Morse perfected the telegraph; Alexander Graham Bell the telephone. Marconi gave us the wireless.

We call these inventions "modern," but let us look back into time.

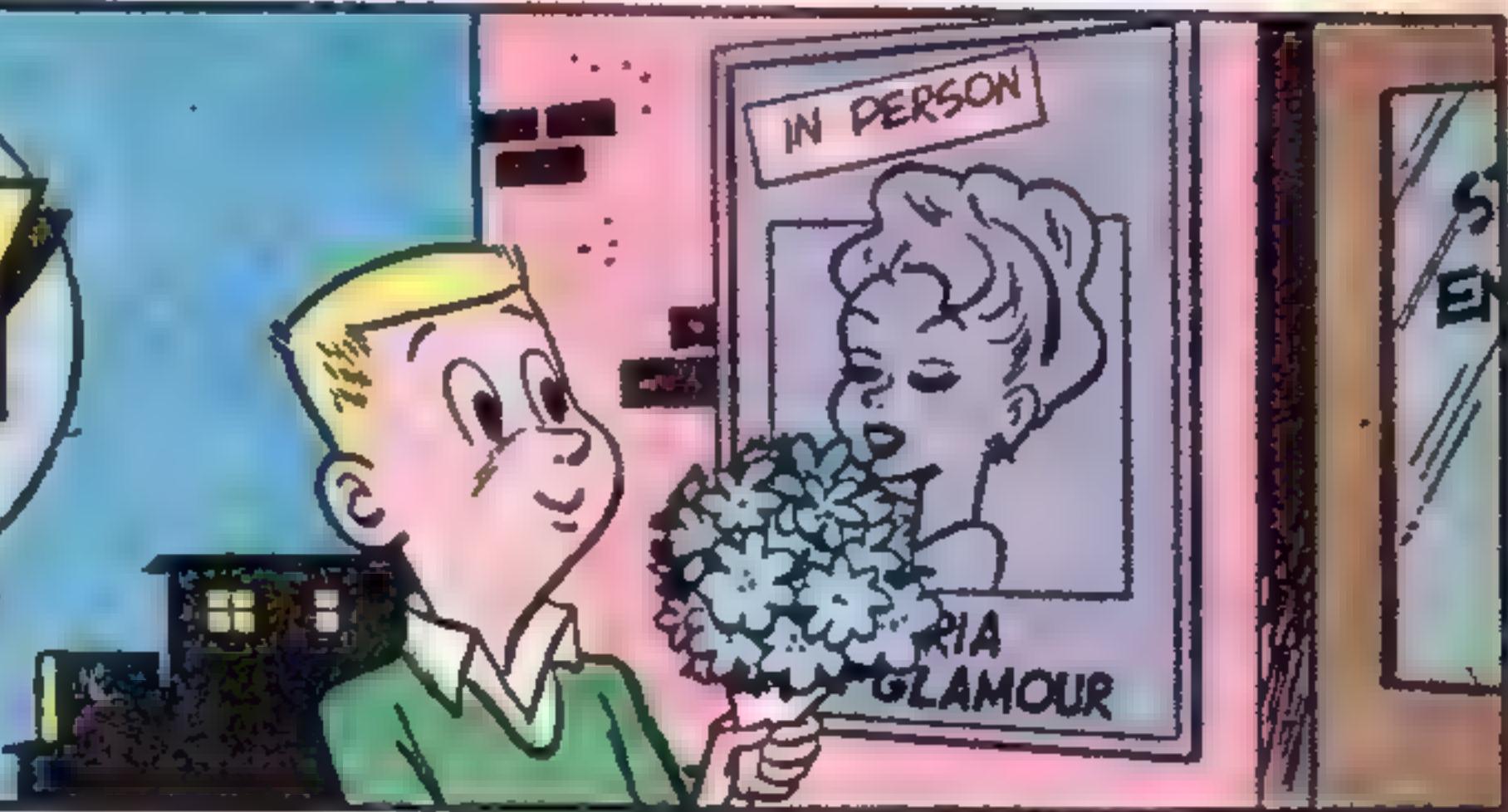
Jet and rocket propulsion are directly linked with the sky-rockets of ancient China; which means that we have juked centuries of wheel and shaft development which lay in between.

Thousands of years ago the Mayans, lost race of Central America, made eight-hundred-mile sea journeys from midnight to dawn, if we can believe their records.

Swifter by far than all other mediums is light. Light rays travel 186,600 miles per second. "Sight" is closely akin to light. Who knows—maybe we'll go back to some form of the semaphore! But, whatever form it takes, you can be sure it will be one of the "wonders" of its age.



JERRY THE JITTERBUG

HENRY
BOLTHOFF

JERRY! I CAUGHT YOU - BRINGING FLOWERS BACKSTAGE! I'M GLAD I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE NOW - A STAGE-DOOR JOHNNY!

YOU CAN TAKE HER TO THE PROM SATURDAY NIGHT!

BUT, MARCIA, GIVE ME A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN--

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? I TOOK THIS JOB WITH A FLORIST AS DELIVERY BOY TO MAKE ENOUGH MONEY TO TAKE MARCIA OUT!

THE END

ADVERTISEMENT



OUR BUNCH
ALL MUNCH



WON'T YOU
JOIN US, TOO?



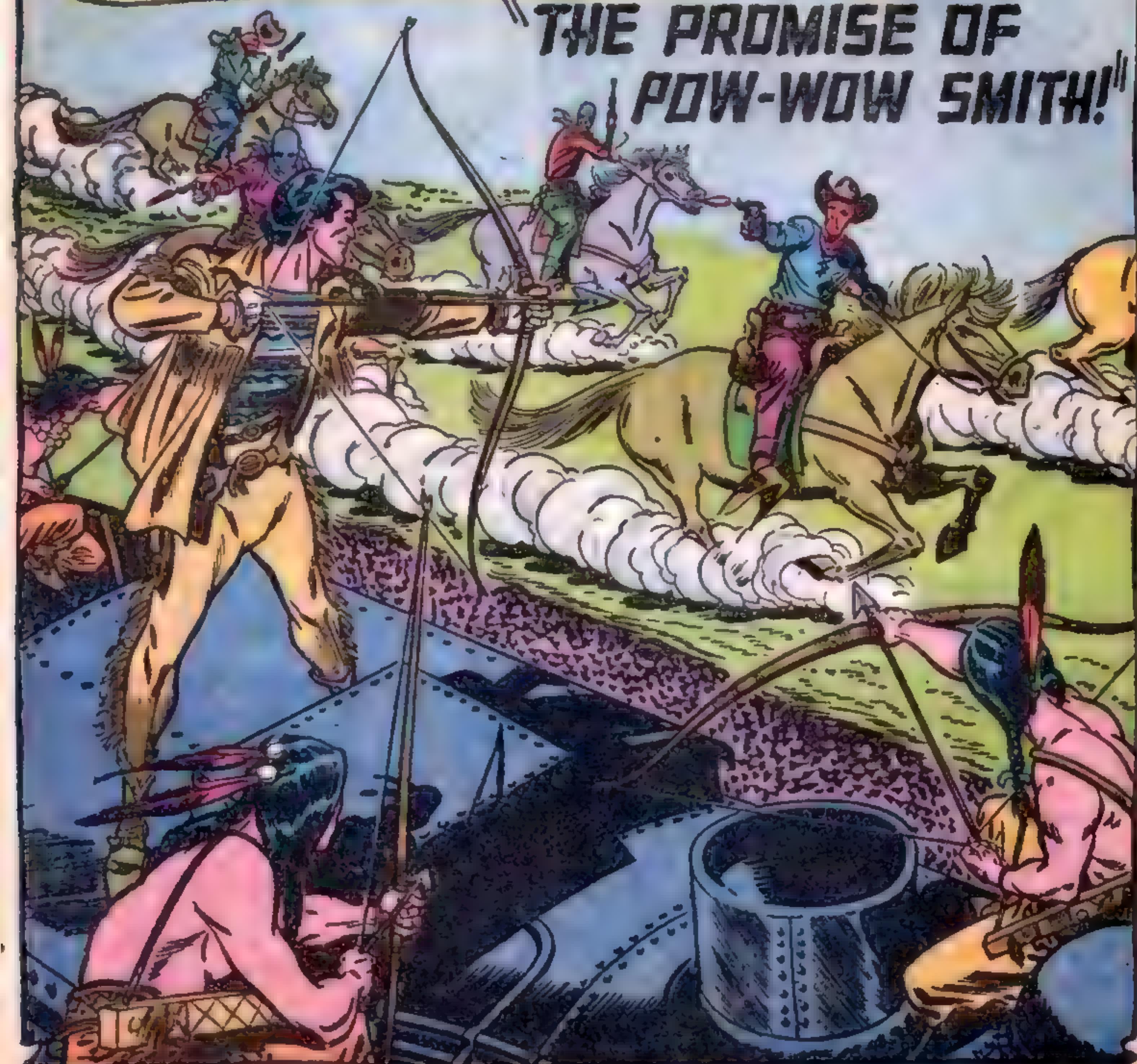


51 POW-WOW SMITH

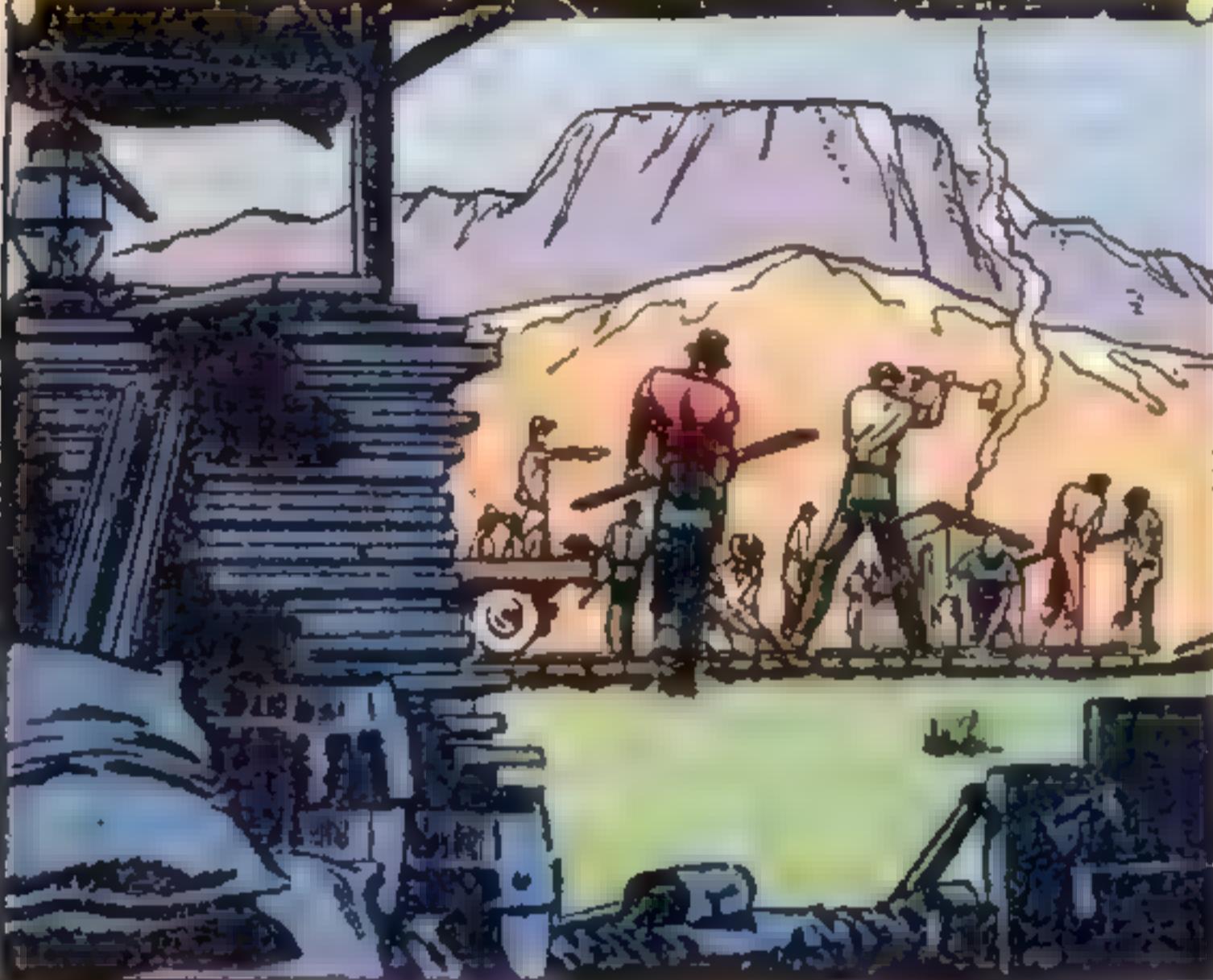
WHEN BANDITS AMONG THE BIG KNIVES (WHITE MEN) SEEK TO STOP THE ONWARD MARCH OF THE IRON HORSE - WHEN A LOWLY PACK-RAT LEAVES MUTE EVIDENCE OF MYSTERY AND MOTIVE - WHEN OHIYESA (THE WINNER) AS POW-WOW SMITH, INDIAN DETECTIVE, PLEDGES HELP TO THE RAILROAD-BUILDING BIG KNIVES - THE THREAT OF DEATH ITSELF CANNOT FRIGHTEN A SINGLE SIOUX BROTHER AWAY FROM THE TEMPESTUOUS TASK OF KEEPING...



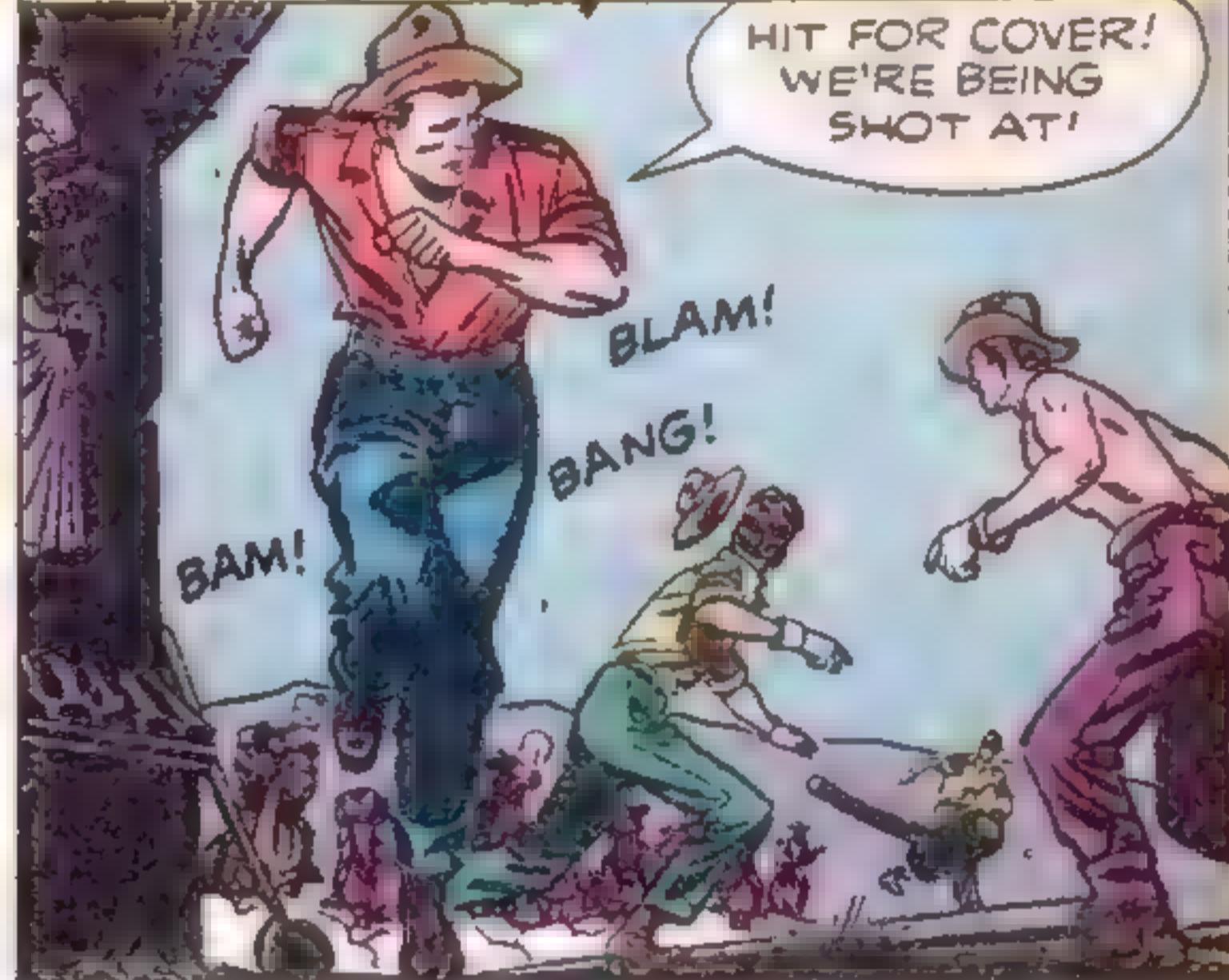
“THE PROMISE OF
POW-WOW SMITH!”



OVER RUGGED WESTERN TERRAIN, TWIN THREADS OF STEEL ARE BEING LAID FOR AN IMPORTANT NEW RAILROAD DIVISION...



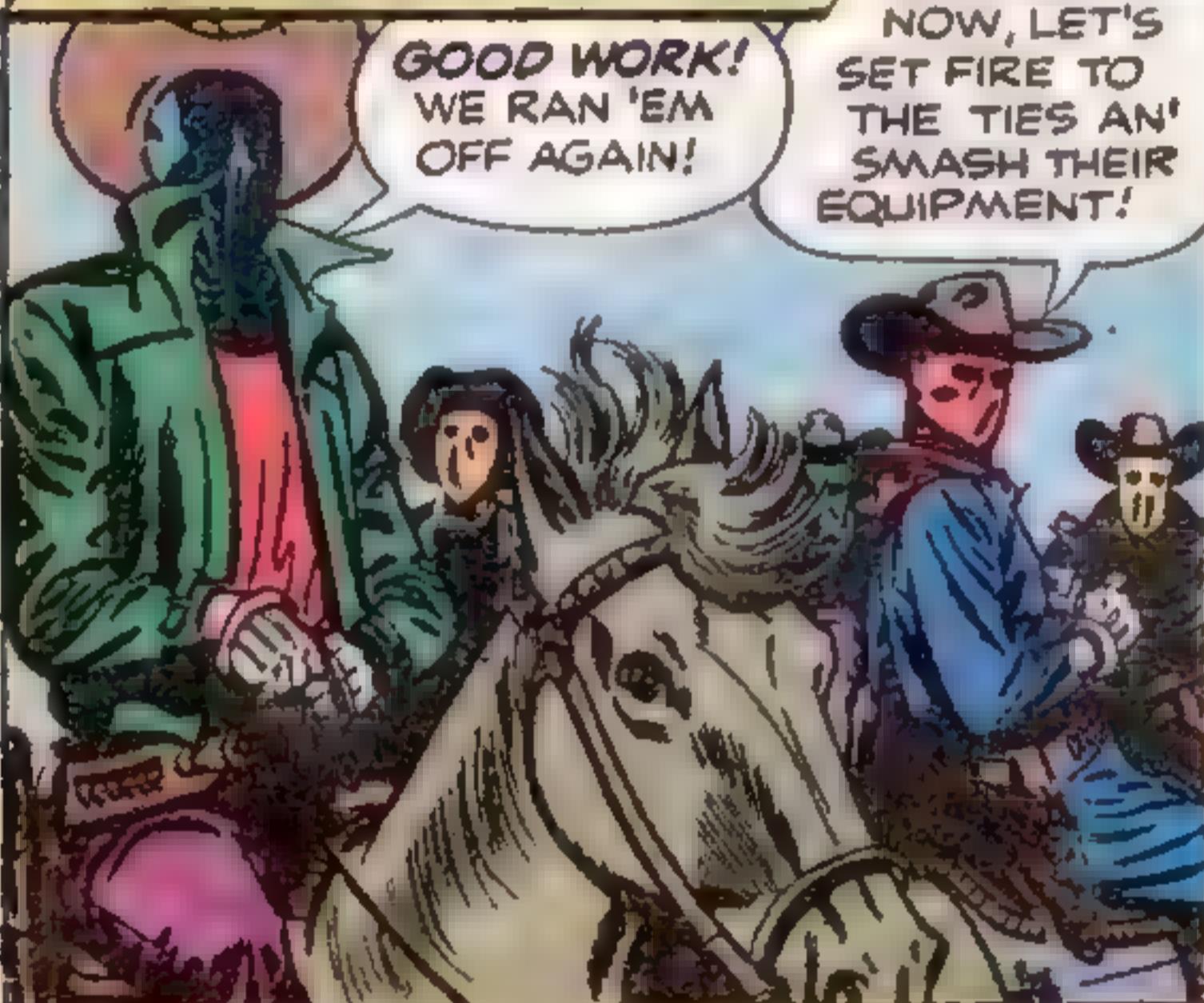
... WHEN THE AIR IS SUDDENLY FILLED WITH GUNSHOTS AND HOARSE CRIES, AS MASKED RIDERS GALLOP OUT OF THE HILLS...



AFTER THE WORKMEN FLEE...

GOOD WORK!
WE RAN 'EM OFF AGAIN!

ALL RIGHT!
NOW, LET'S
SET FIRE TO
THE TIES AN'
SMASH THEIR
EQUIPMENT!



OKAY, BOYS!
BACK TO
THE HILLS!

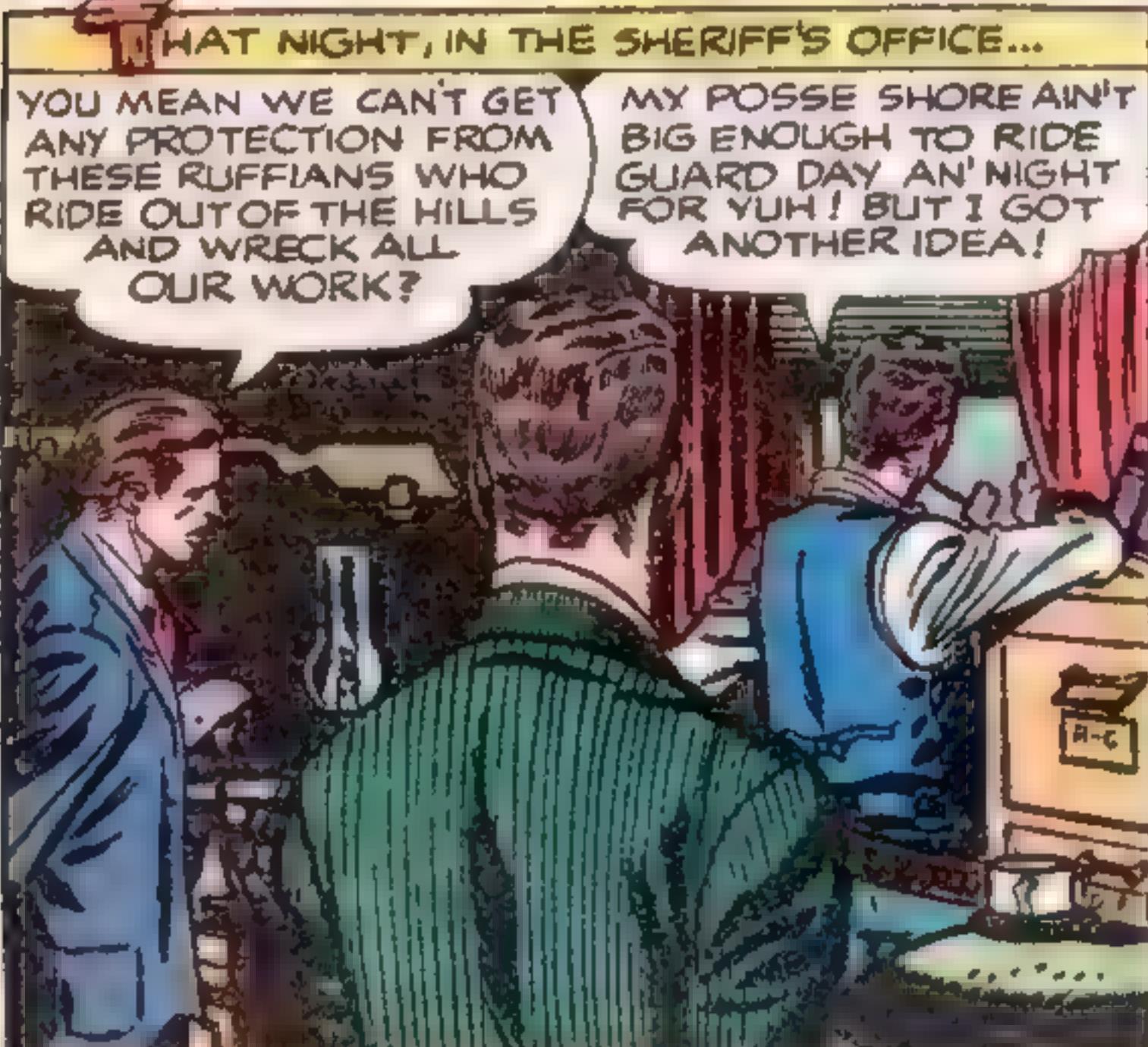
EVERY TIME WE HOLD UP
THE BUILDIN' OF THAT RAILROAD,
IT'S JUST THAT MORE
MONEY IN THE POT!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

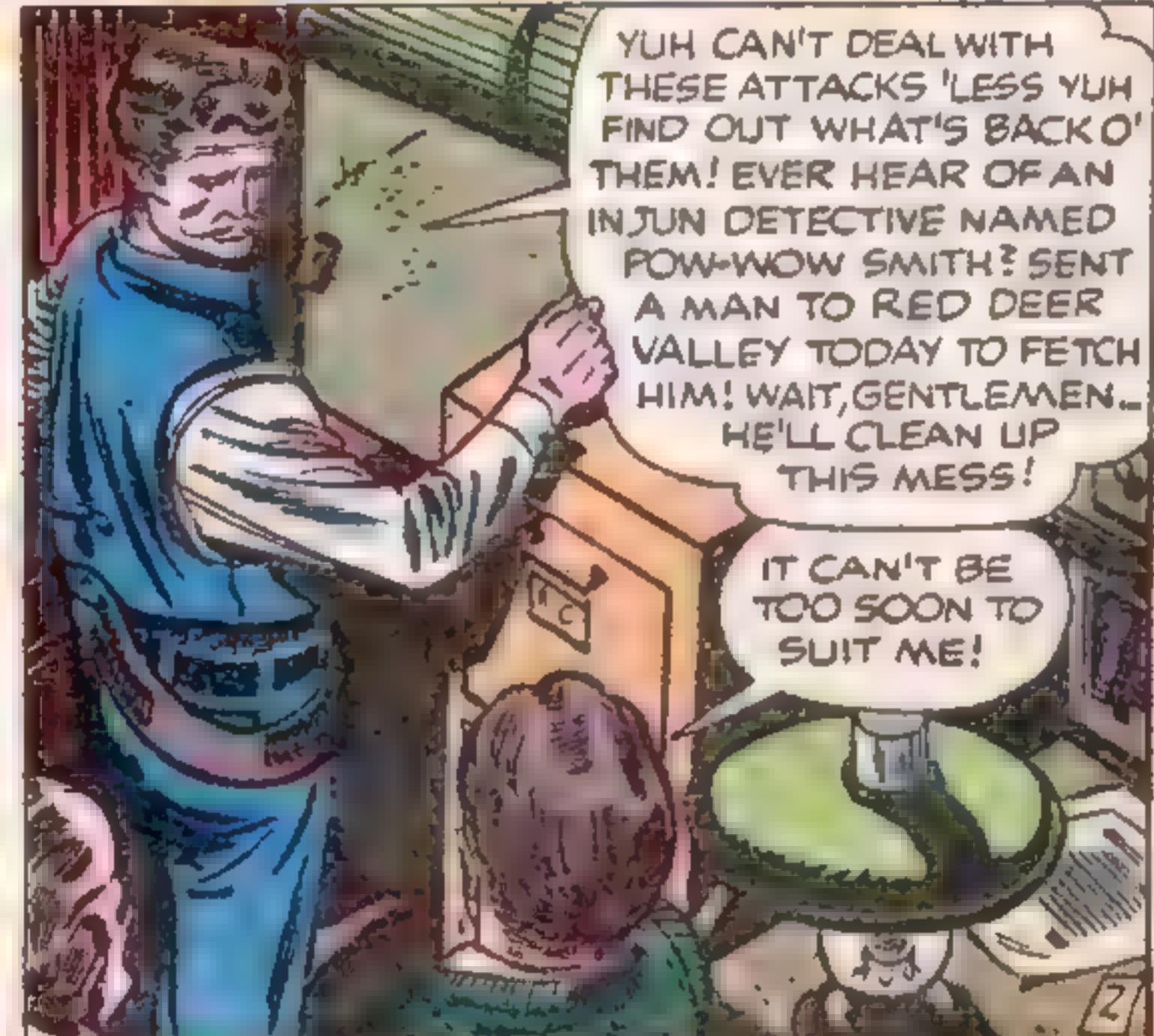
YOU MEAN WE CAN'T GET ANY PROTECTION FROM THESE RUFFIANS WHO RIDE OUT OF THE HILLS AND WRECK ALL OUR WORK?

MY POSSE SHORE AIN'T BIG ENOUGH TO RIDE GUARD DAY AN' NIGHT FOR YUH! BUT I GOT ANOTHER IDEA!



YUH CAN'T DEAL WITH THESE ATTACKS 'LESS YUH FIND OUT WHAT'S BACK O' THEM! EVER HEAR OF AN INJUN DETECTIVE NAMED POW-WOW SMITH? SENT A MAN TO RED DEER VALLEY TODAY TO FETCH HIM! WAIT, GENTLEMEN - HE'LL CLEAN UP THIS MESS!

IT CAN'T BE TOO SOON TO SUIT ME!



DETECTIVE COMICS



IN RED DEER VALLEY, AT THAT MOMENT, NO ONE IS THINKING OF RAILROADS AND RAIDS...

WE APPROACH DOWNWIND, ELSE OUR QUARRY DETECTS OUR PRESENCE! REMEMBER, THE MOOSE HAS ONE OF THE KEENEST NOSES OF ALL ANIMALS!

YES,
OHIYESA...
WE WILL
REMEMBER!



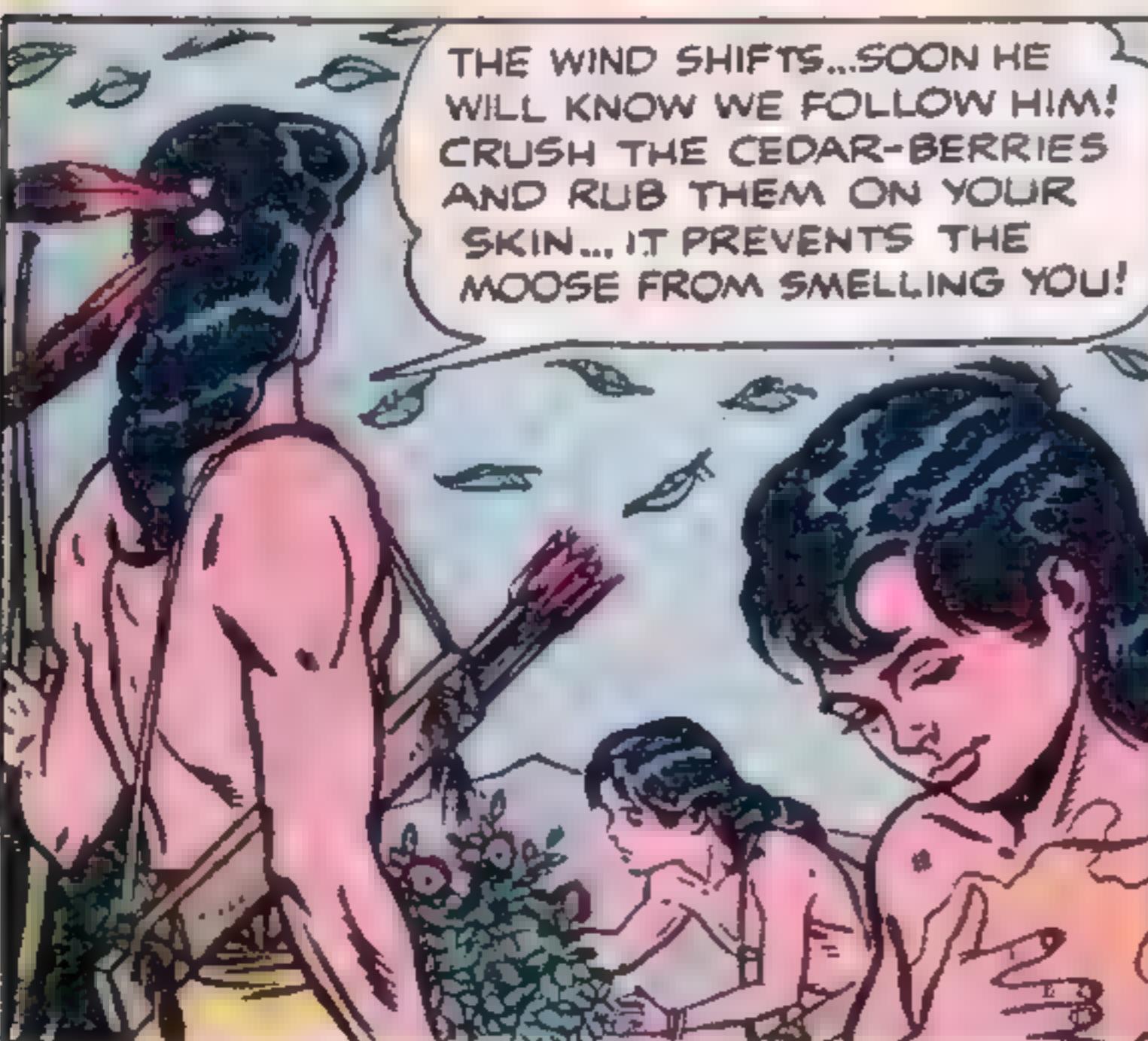
THERE, IN THE GAME-FILLED FORESTS OF THE VALLEY, OHIYESA (THE WINNER), KNOWN AS POW WOW SMITH, TEACHES BRAVES-TO-BE THE TRICKS OF THE HUNT...

SEE HERE! THE BULL MOOSE HAS STOPPED RECENTLY TO USE THIS TREE AS A SCRAPPING POST! OBSERVE! HE HAS SCRAPED OFF THE BARK WHILE RUBBING VELVET FROM HIS ANTLERS!

YOU ARE RIGHT, OHIYESA! HIS TRACKS ARE HERE... FRESH!

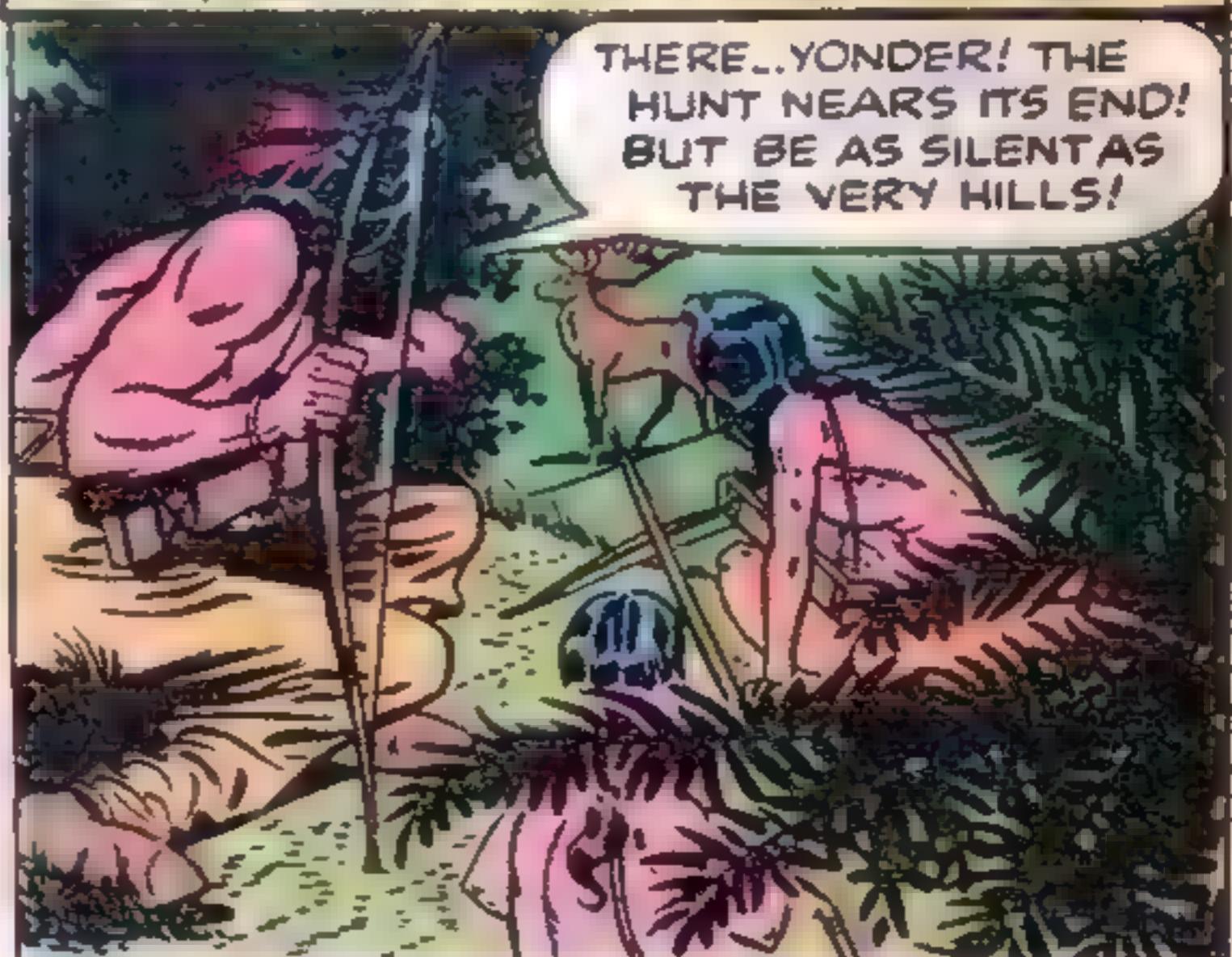


THE WIND SHIFTS... SOON HE WILL KNOW WE FOLLOW HIM! CRUSH THE CEDAR-BERRIES AND RUB THEM ON YOUR SKIN... IT PREVENTS THE MOOSE FROM SMELLING YOU!

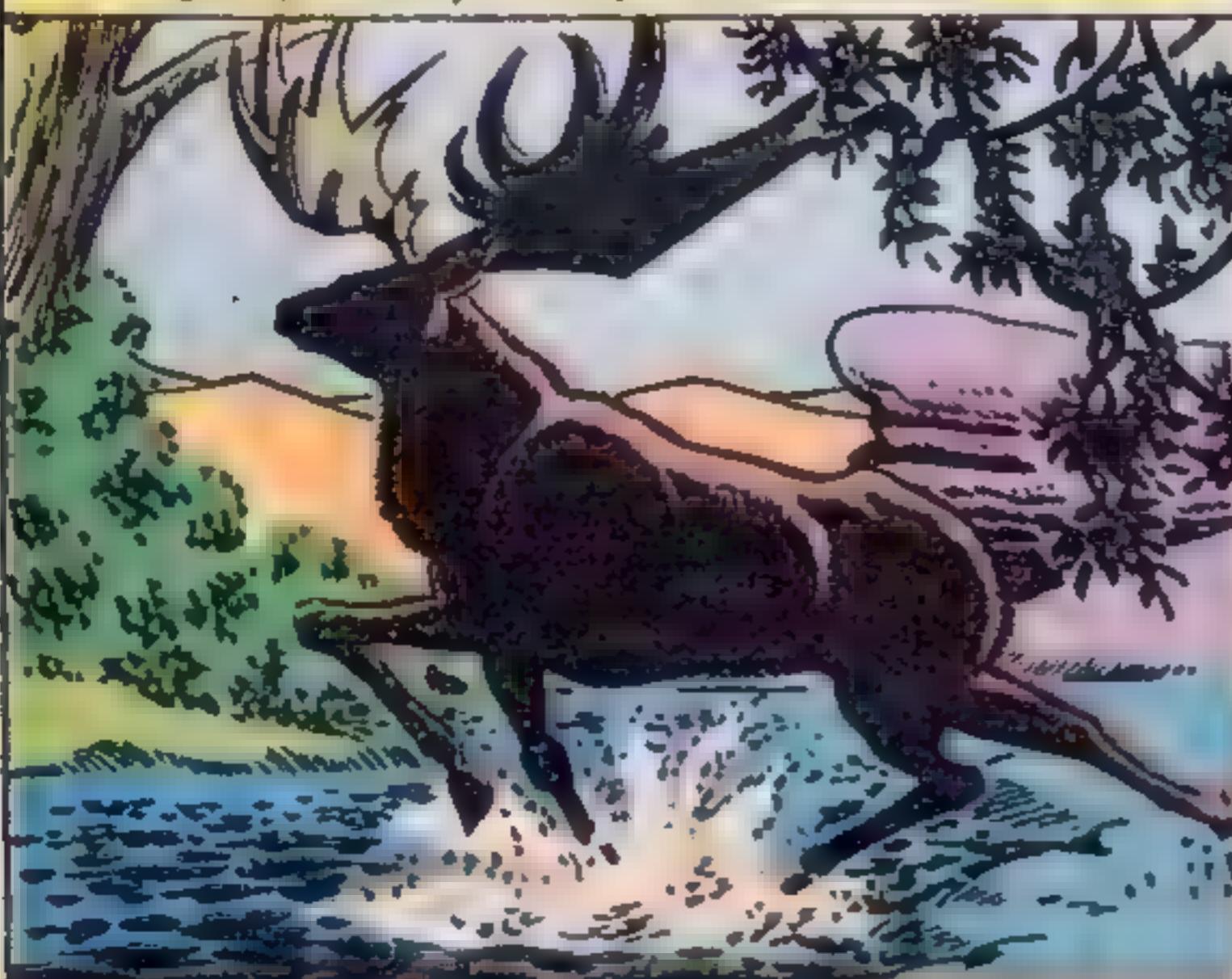


THEN, LEADING HIS TROOP FORWARD ON MOCASINED FEET THAT FALL LIKE THE PAWS OF A CAT, OHIYESA PARTS A BUSH AND SEES...

THERE.. YONDER! THE HUNT NEARS ITS END! BUT BE AS SILENT AS THE VERY HILLS!

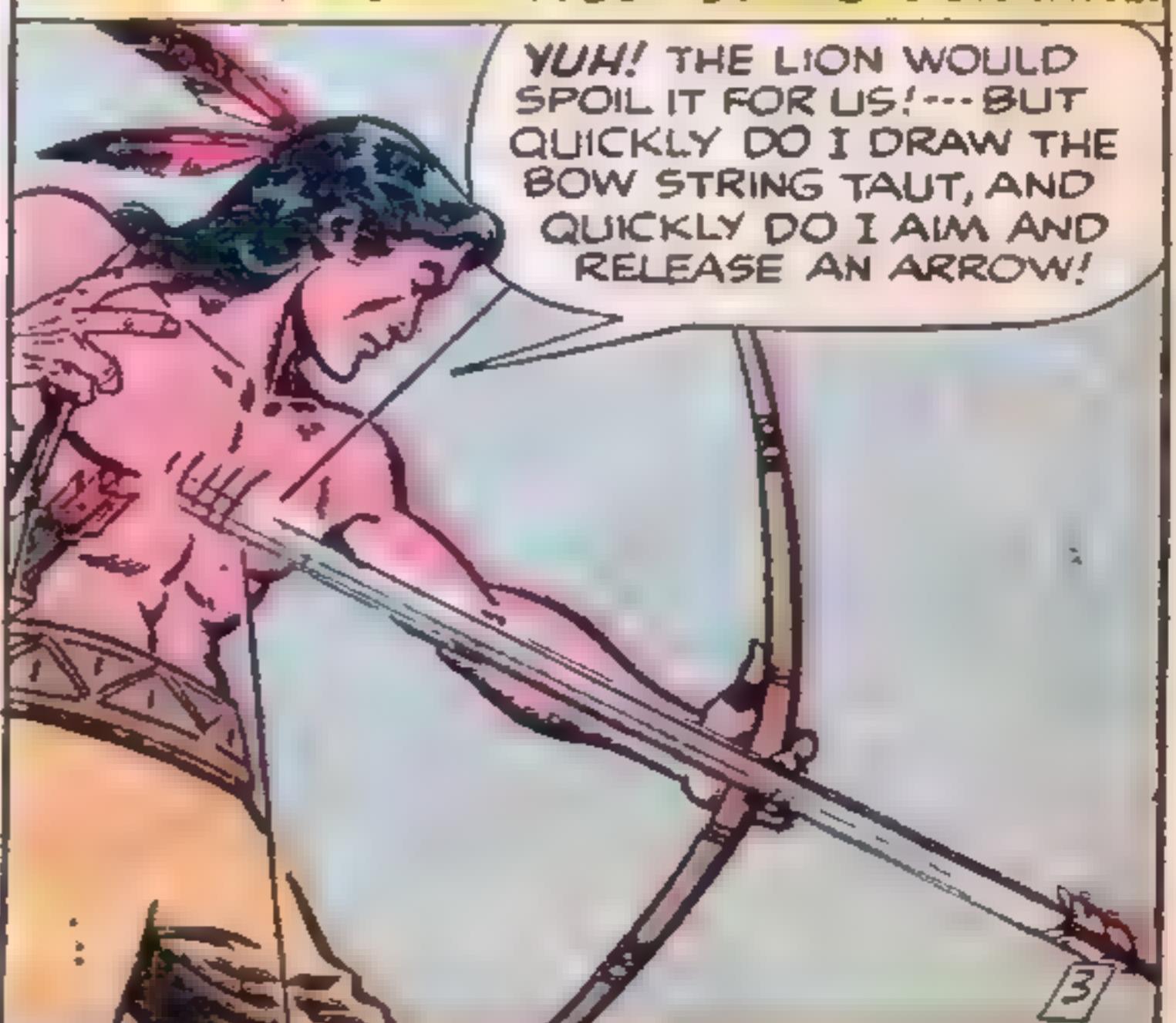


JUST THEN, OFF IN THE WOODS, A MOUNTAIN LION SCREAMS, AND THE GREAT MOOSE, STARTLED, LEAPS FORWARD...



BUT AT THAT INSTANT A BOW STRING IS DRAWN...

YUH! THE LION WOULD SPOIL IT FOR US! --- BUT QUICKLY DO I DRAW THE BOW STRING TAUT, AND QUICKLY DO I AIM AND RELEASE AN ARROW!



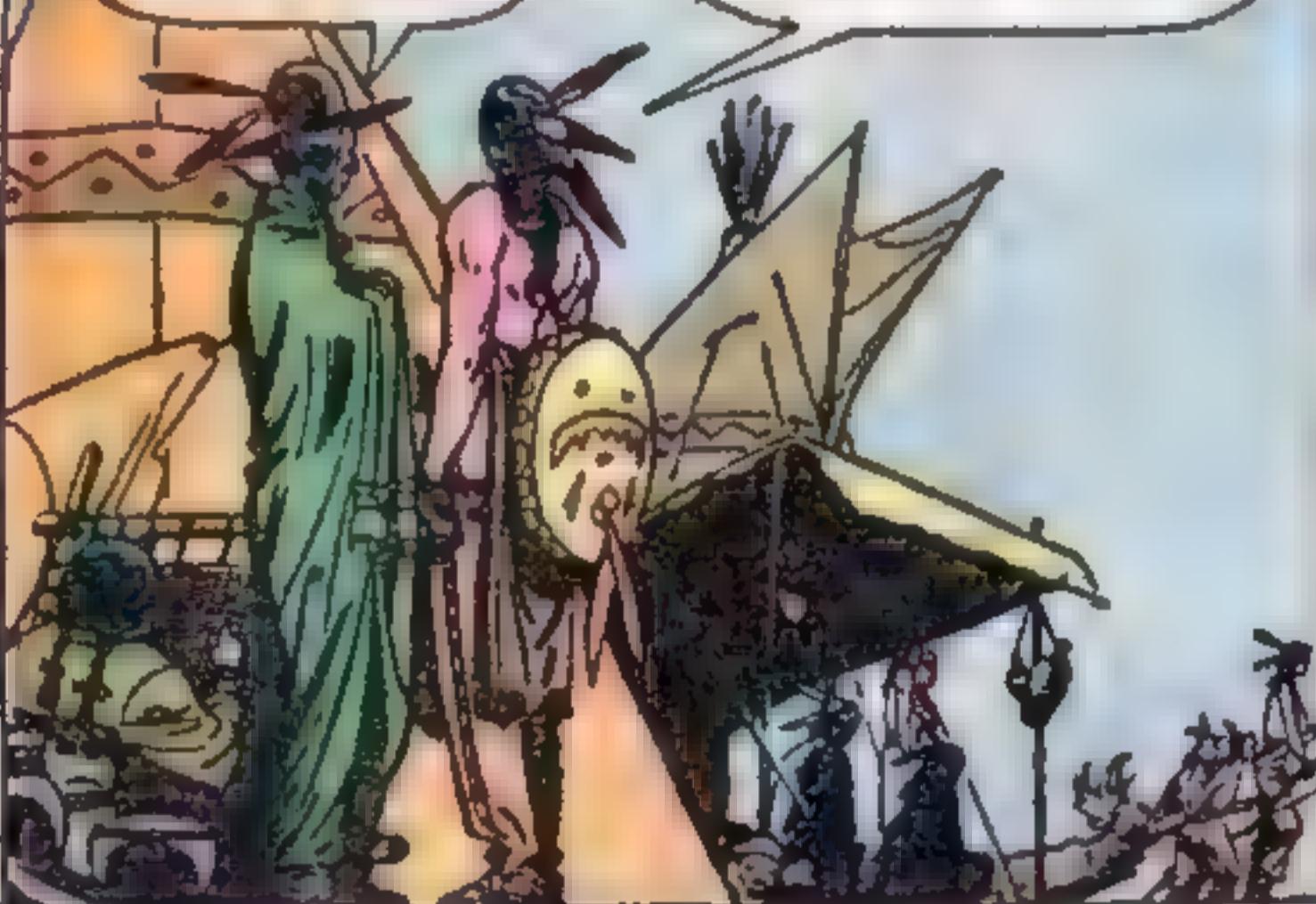
DETECTIVE COMICS



LATER, AT THE SIOUX VILLAGE...

LOOK AT THE LITTLE ONES! YOU WOULD THINK THEY MADE THE KILL!

AND MANY A KILL THEY WILL MAKE WHEN OHIYESA TEACHES THEM!



WHEN OHIYESA REACHES HIS TENT...

A RIDER CAME FROM THE BIG KNIVES (PALE FACES) TODAY. MY SON! TROUBLE STIRS THE AIR IN THE BIG KNIVES CAMP! THEY CALL FOR YOU!

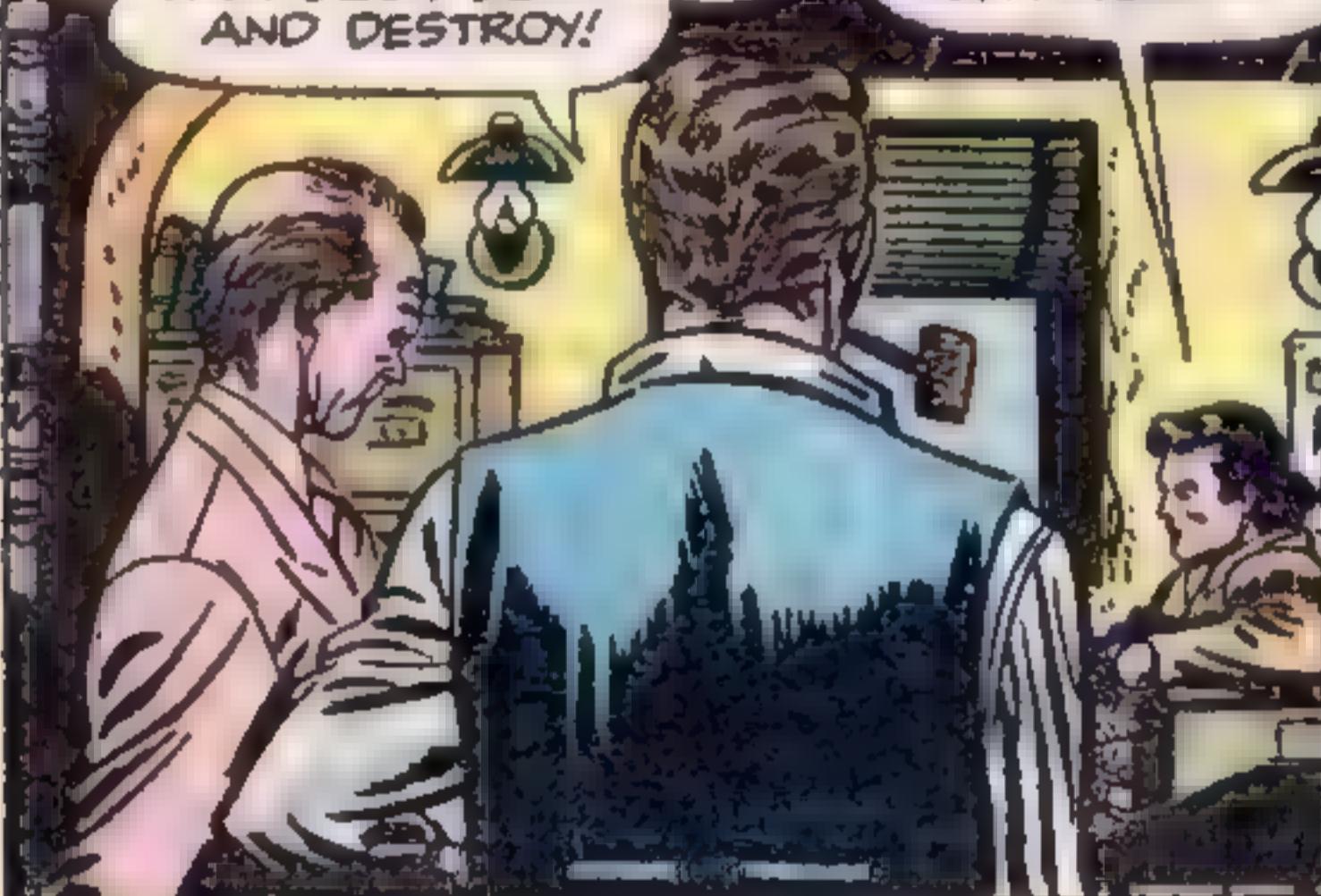
AND I WILL GO, MOTHER! I ALWAYS GO WHEN TROUBLE BECKONS!



SO SHERIFF AND POW-WOW MEET...

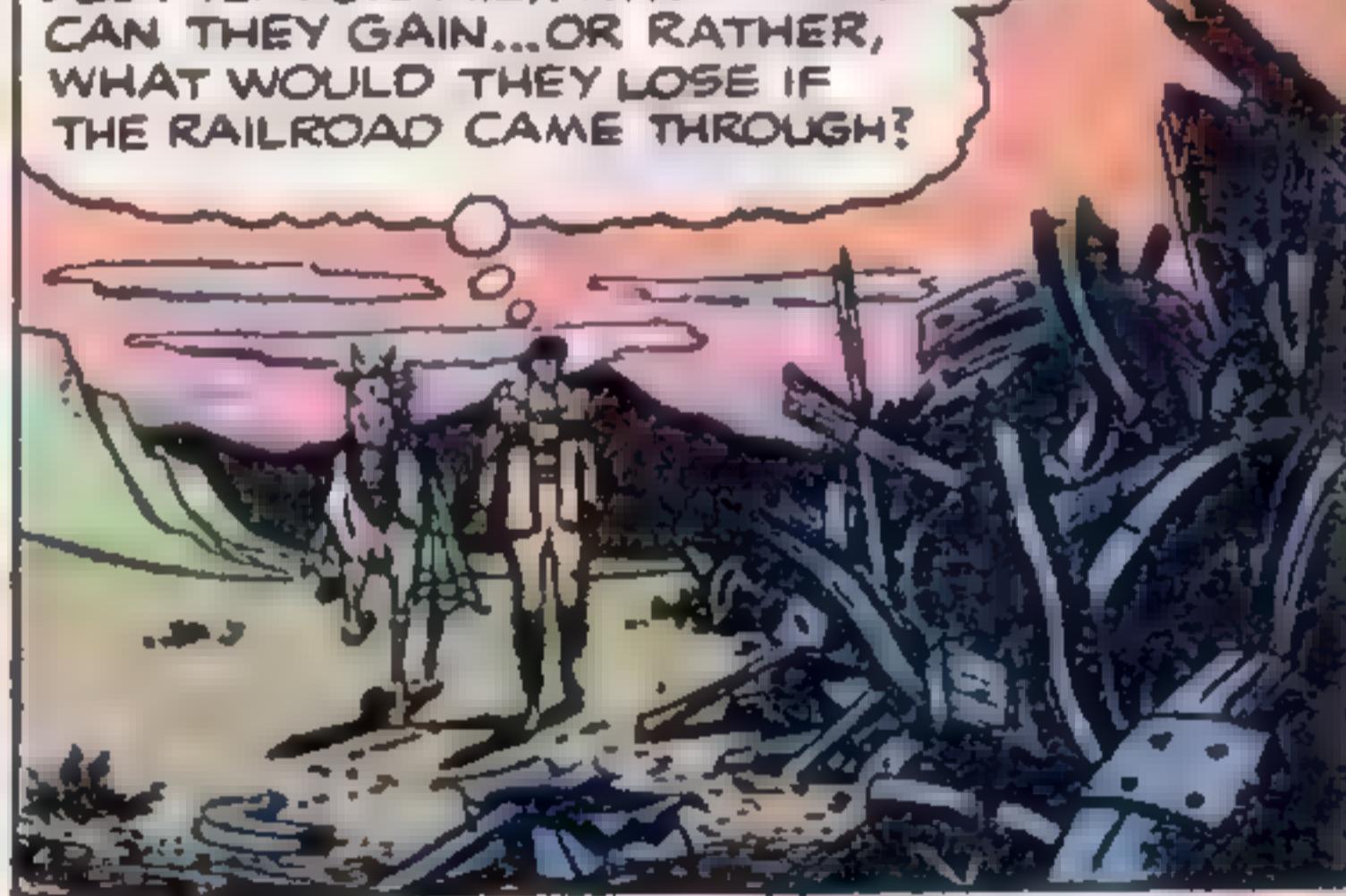
I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THOSE BANDITS WANT. THEY DON'T STEAL ANYTHING... THEY JUST BURN AND DESTROY!

TOMORROW I'LL RIDE INTO THE HILLS AND SEE FOR MYSELF!



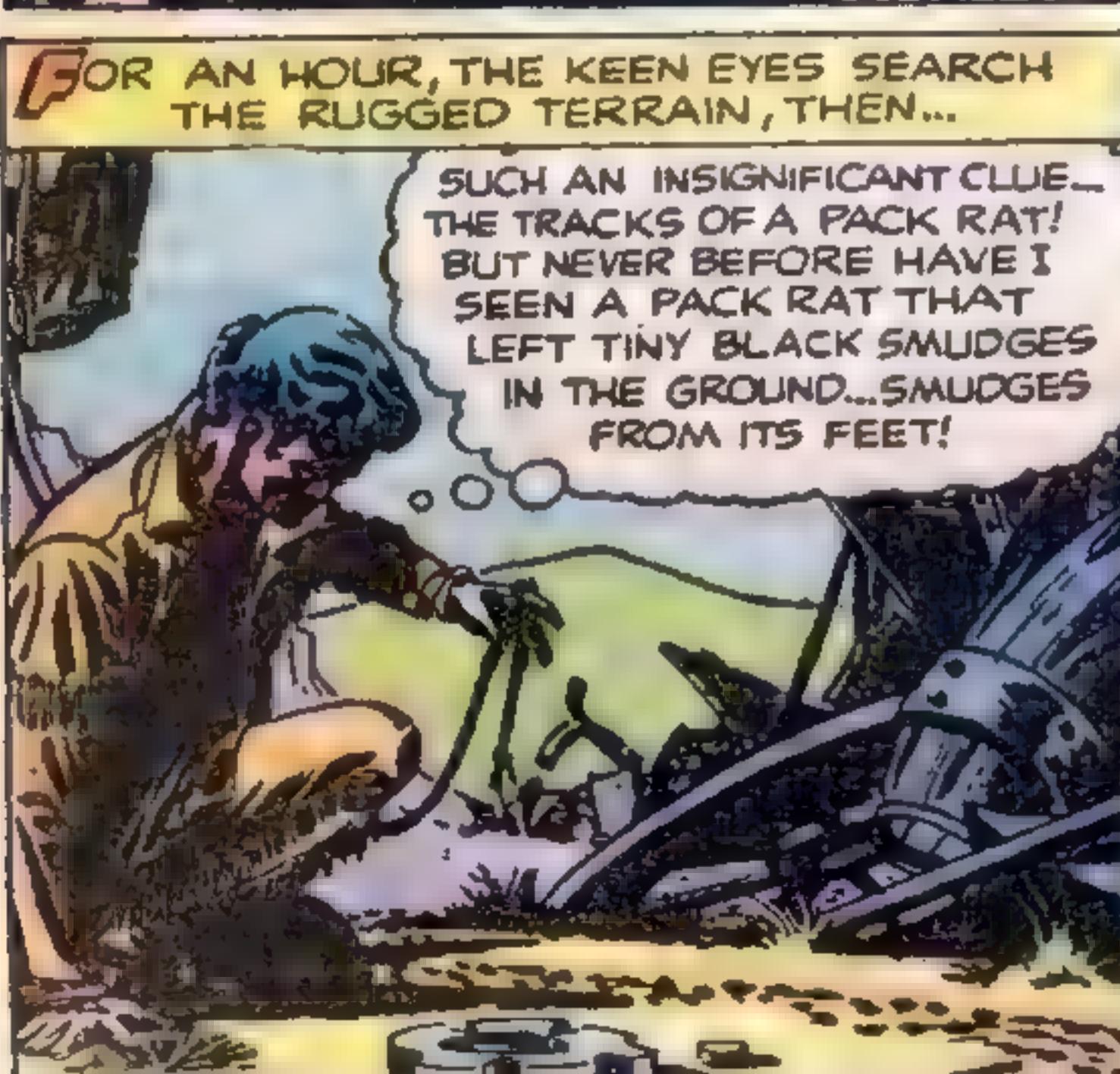
SO WITH THE FIRST RAYS OF DAWN...

THOSE BANDITS CAN'T HOPE TO STOP THE RAILROAD FOREVER. SO IT MUST BE ENOUGH FOR THEM TO STOP IT JUST TEMPORARILY. WHY? WHAT CAN THEY GAIN... OR RATHER, WHAT WOULD THEY LOSE IF THE RAILROAD CAME THROUGH?

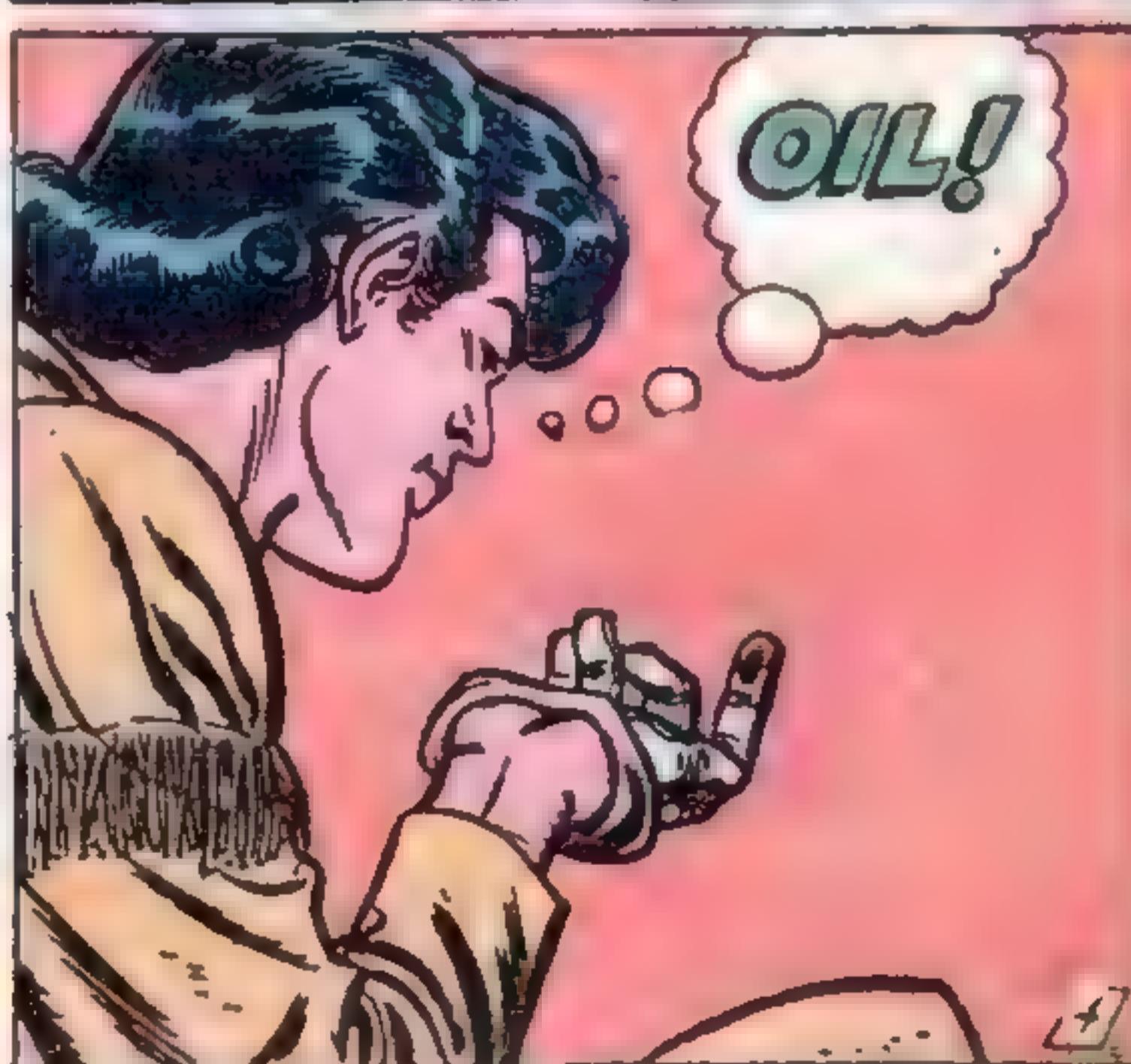


FOR AN HOUR, THE KEEN EYES SEARCH THE RUGGED TERRAIN, THEN...

SUCH AN INSIGNIFICANT CLUE... THE TRACKS OF A PACK RAT! BUT NEVER BEFORE HAVE I SEEN A PACK RAT THAT LEFT TINY BLACK SMUDGES IN THE GROUND... SMUDGES FROM ITS FEET!



OIL!





SUDDENLY, IN THE DISTANCE, THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE...

IF THOSE ARE THE BANDITS AGAIN, I WILL BE BADLY OUTNUMBERED...BUT I KNOW A WAY TO FIX THAT!

BLAM! BANG!

AT THE BESIEGED RAILROAD CAMP...

RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! THE BANDITS AGAIN!

BUT OUT OF THE HILLS AND ACROSS THE DRY PLAIN COMES THE SOUND OF HOOFBEATS! SHOUTS REND THE DUST-FILLED AIR...

YUH! YUH! YUH! INJUNS! LOOK'S LIKE THERE'S MOR'N A HUNDRED OF 'EM! LET'S GET OUTA HERE!

RIDE FOR IT, BOYS! THEY'RE GETTIN' CLOSER!

A MOMENT LATER, THE "SIOUX WAR PARTY" RIDES UP...

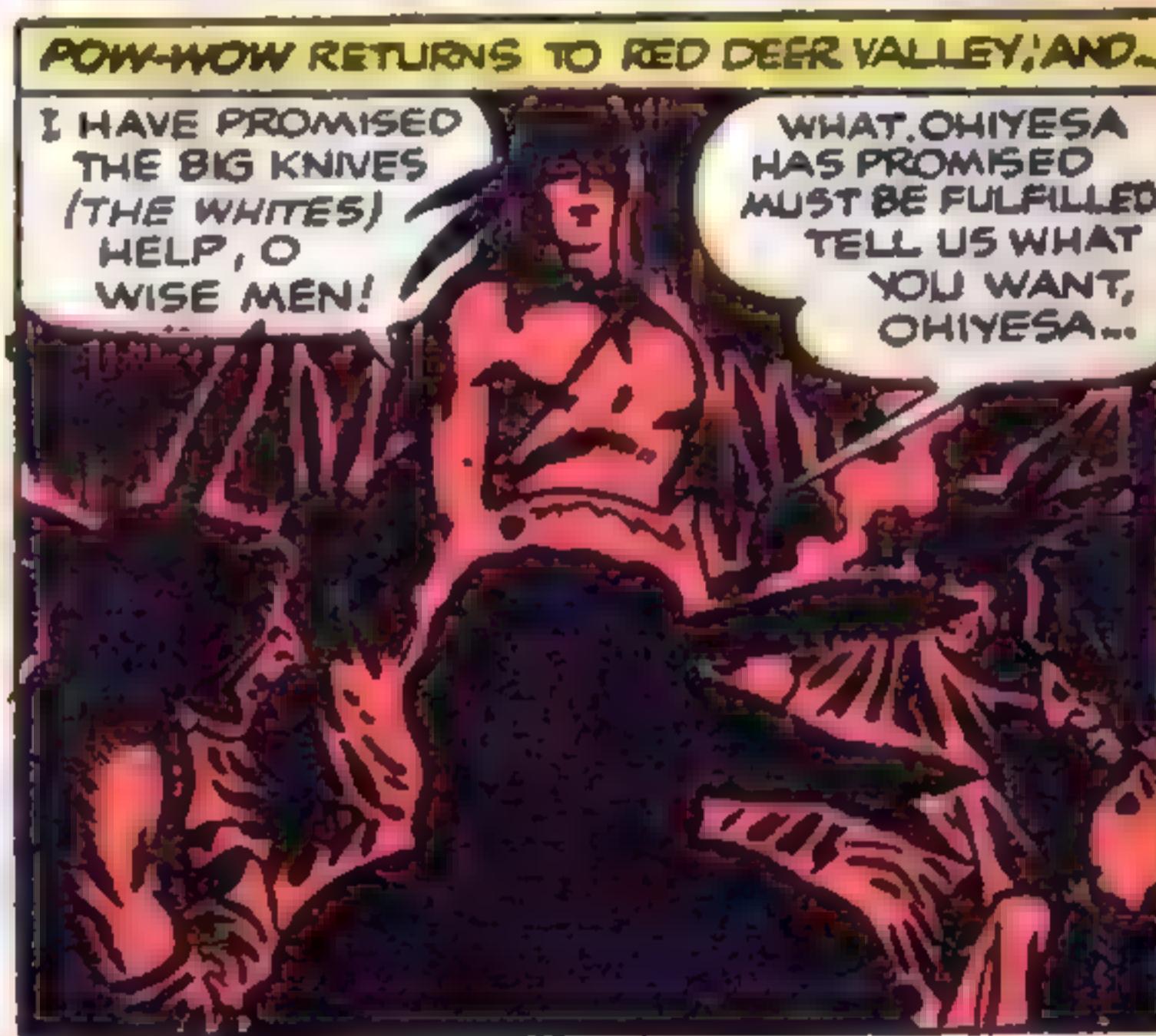
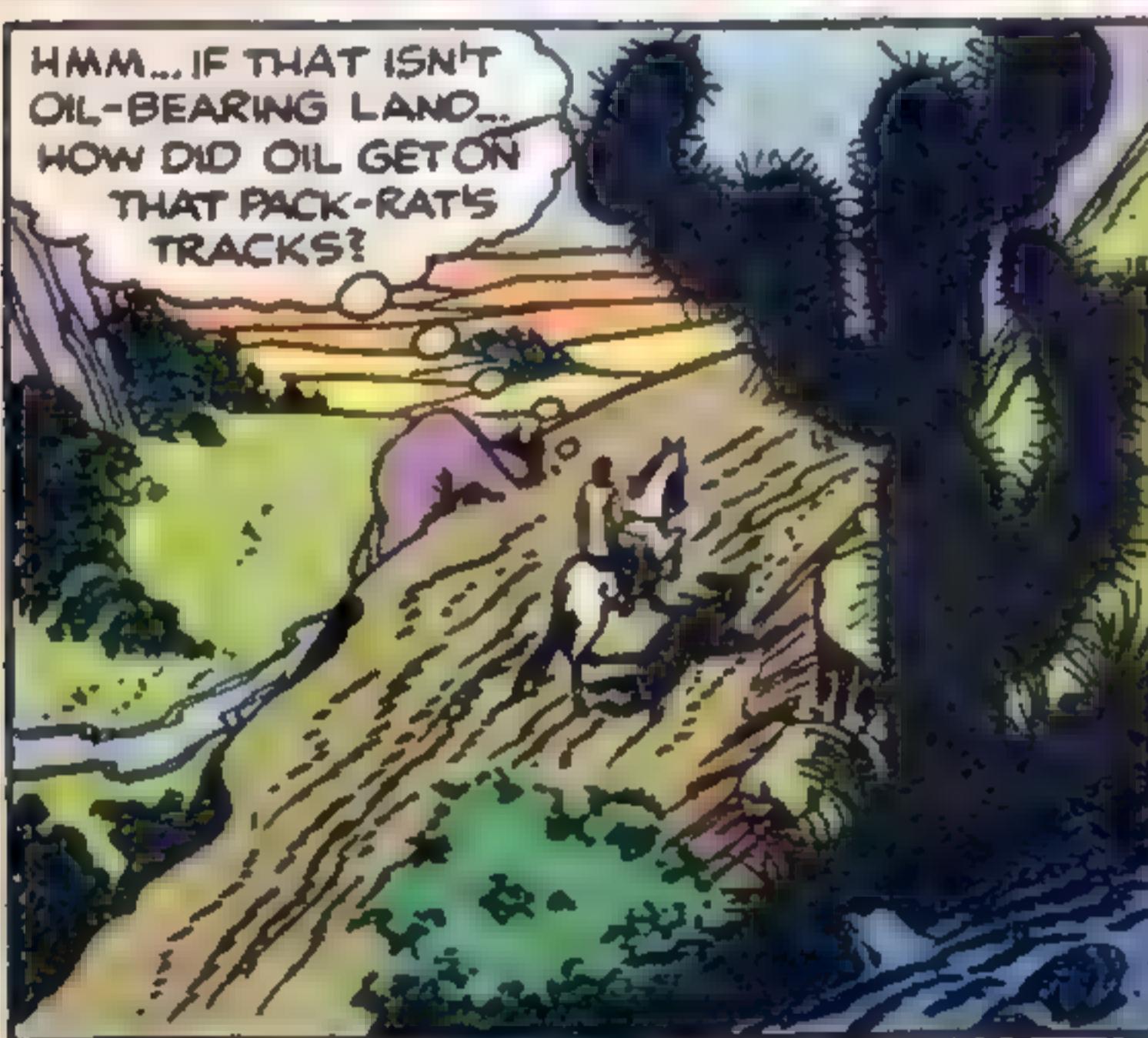
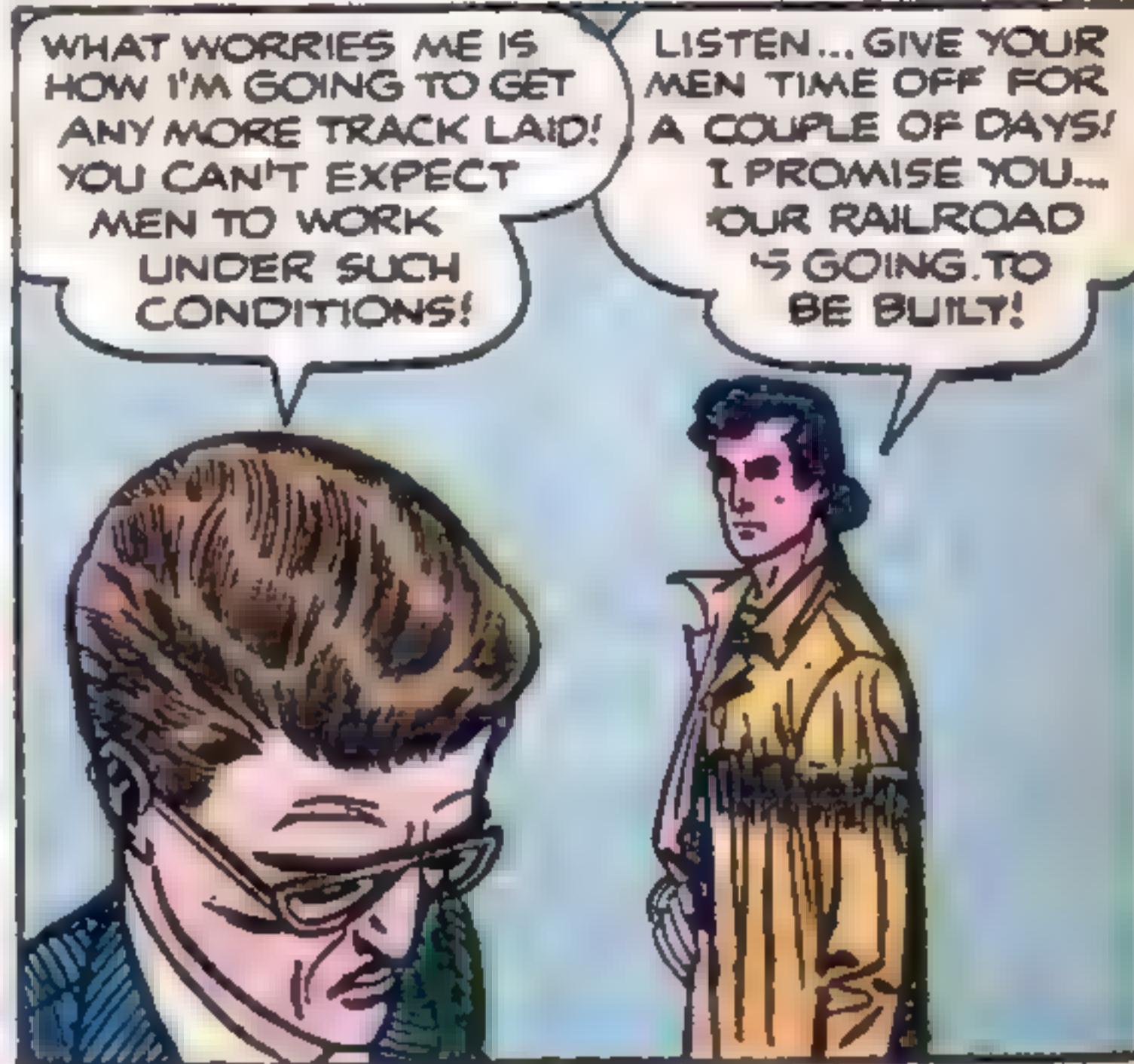
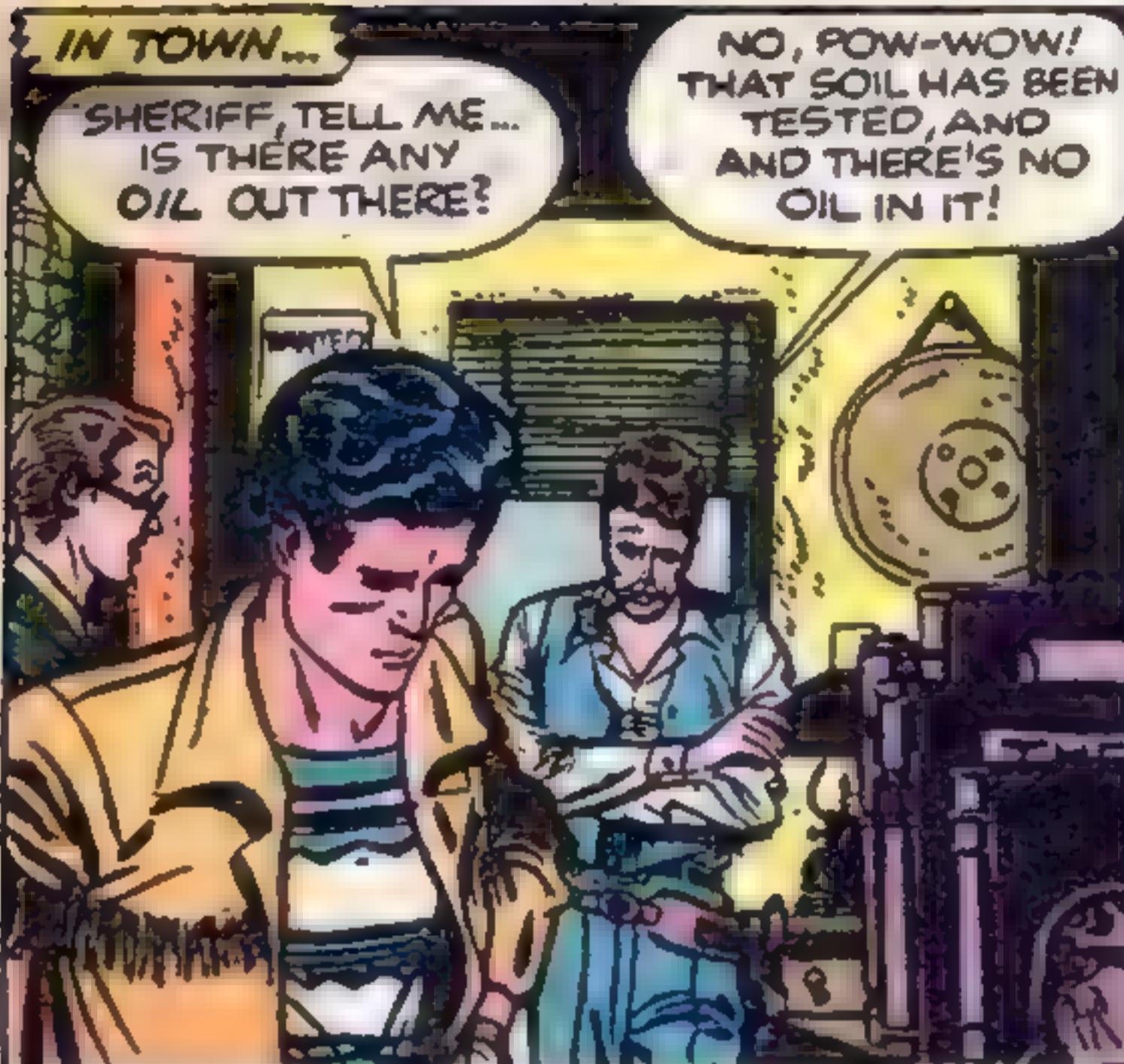
POW-HOW! YOU TRICKED THEM!

NOT A VERY NEW TRICK...TO HANG BOUGHS FROM MY PONY SO THEY'LL STIR UP A DUST CLOUD AND MAKE THE ENEMY THINK A WHOLE ARMY IS APPROACHING!

THE MEN SAY THE BANDITS WILL KNOW YOU'VE FOOLED THEM AND WILL COME BACK! THEY'RE RIGHT, I GUESS! BESIDES, ORDERS FROM HIGHER UP ARE THAT THE LIVES OF THE MEN ARE TO BE PROTECTED! THE RAILROAD DOESN'T WANT ANY DAMAGE SUITS!

I THINK I HAVE A CLUE TO WHAT'S BEHIND IT ALL!

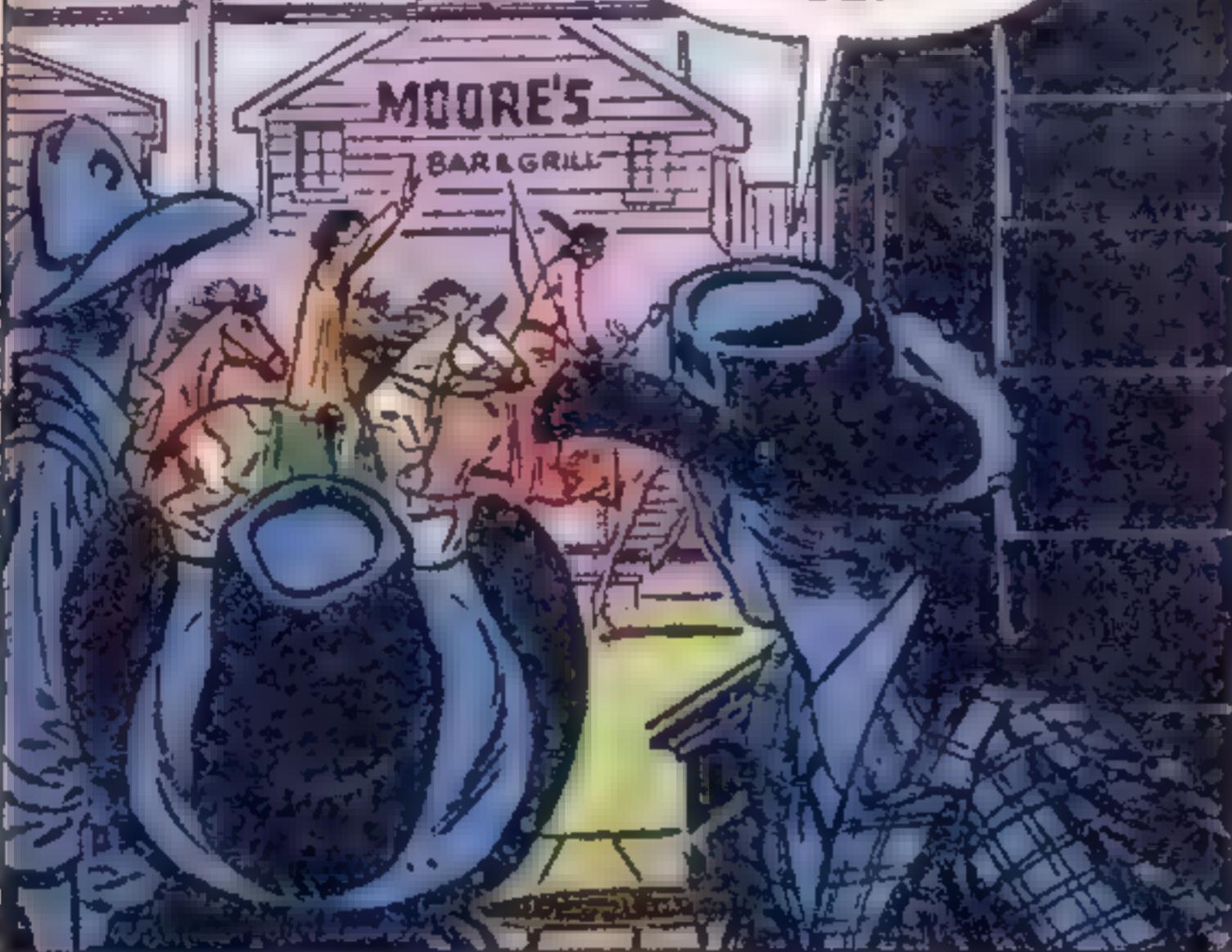
DETECTIVE COMICS





AND PRESENTLY...

SIOUX BRAVES!!
FROM OUT OF
RED DEER
VALLEY!



MY SIOUX BROTHERS ARE
NOT EMPLOYEES OF THE
COMPANY, AND ARE
THEREFORE FREE TO
CARRY WEAPONS
AND FIGHT THE
ATTACKERS!

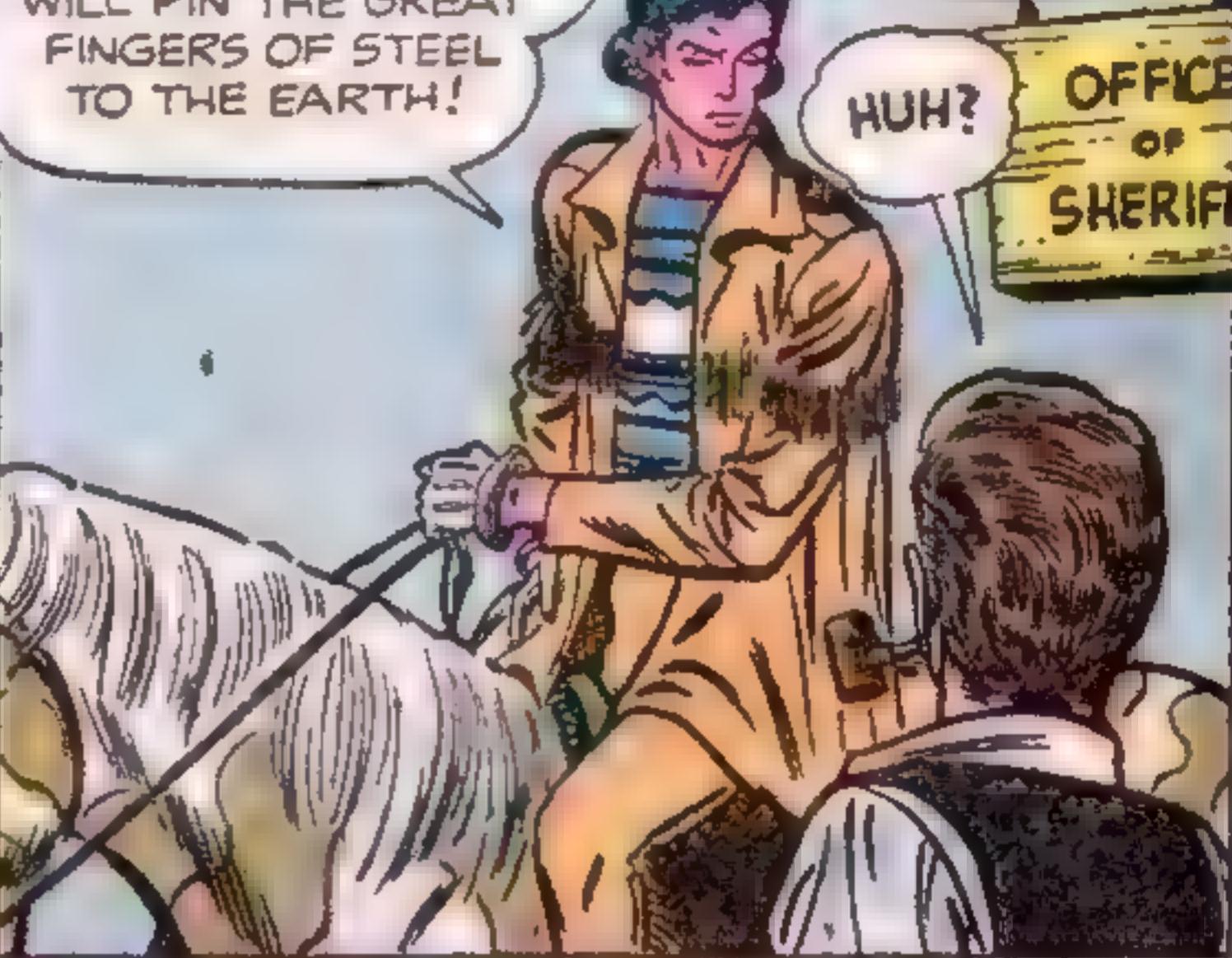
POW-WOW, IF IT WORKS,
THE RAILROAD WILL
TRY TO REPAY THE
TRIBE IN SOME WAY!
AND EVEN IF IT
DOESN'T WORK...
THANKS!



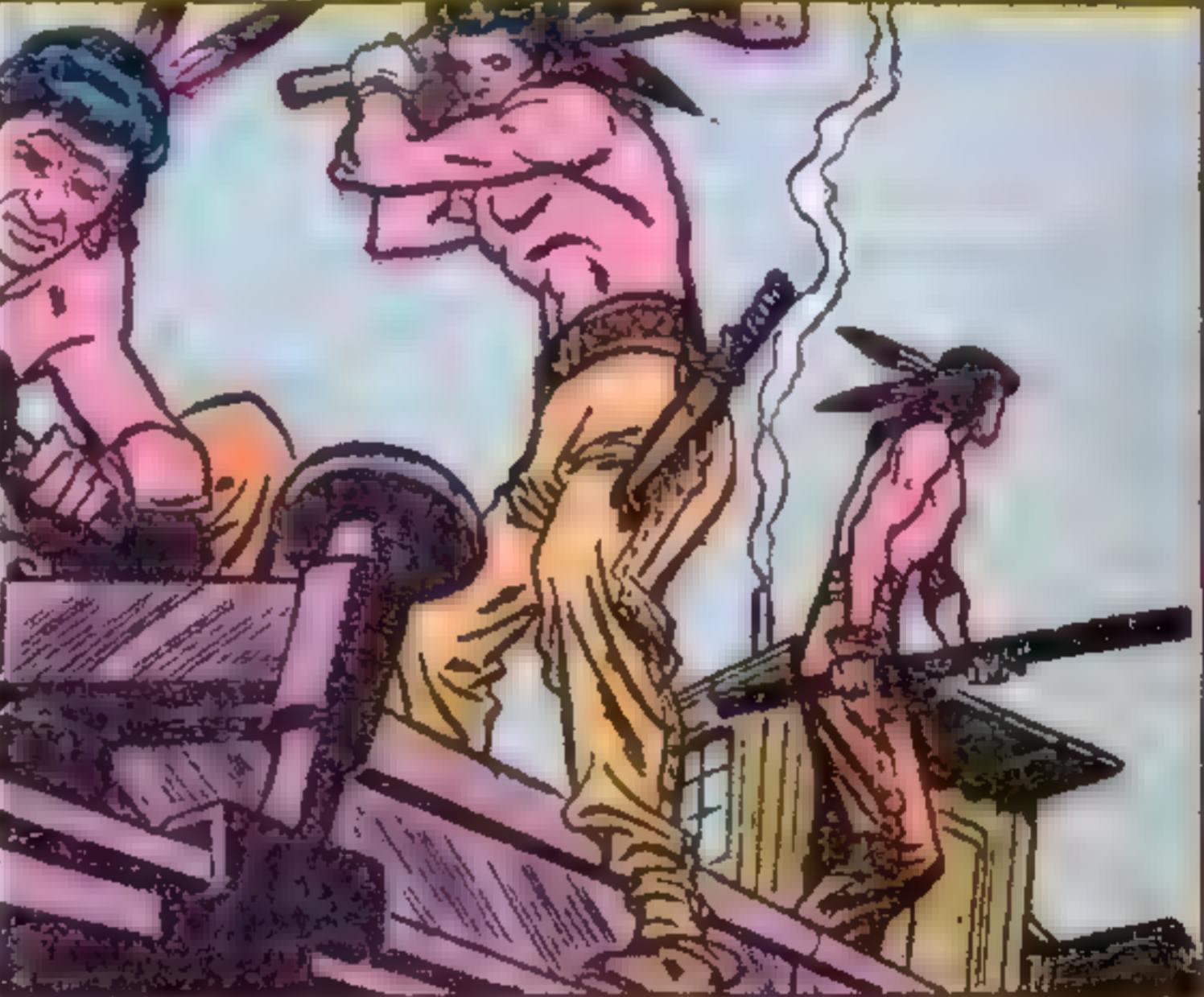
THE BAND DRAWS UP TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

I HAVE BROUGHT YOU
WORKERS. MY BROTHERS
WILL PIN THE GREAT
FINGERS OF STEEL
TO THE EARTH!

HUH?

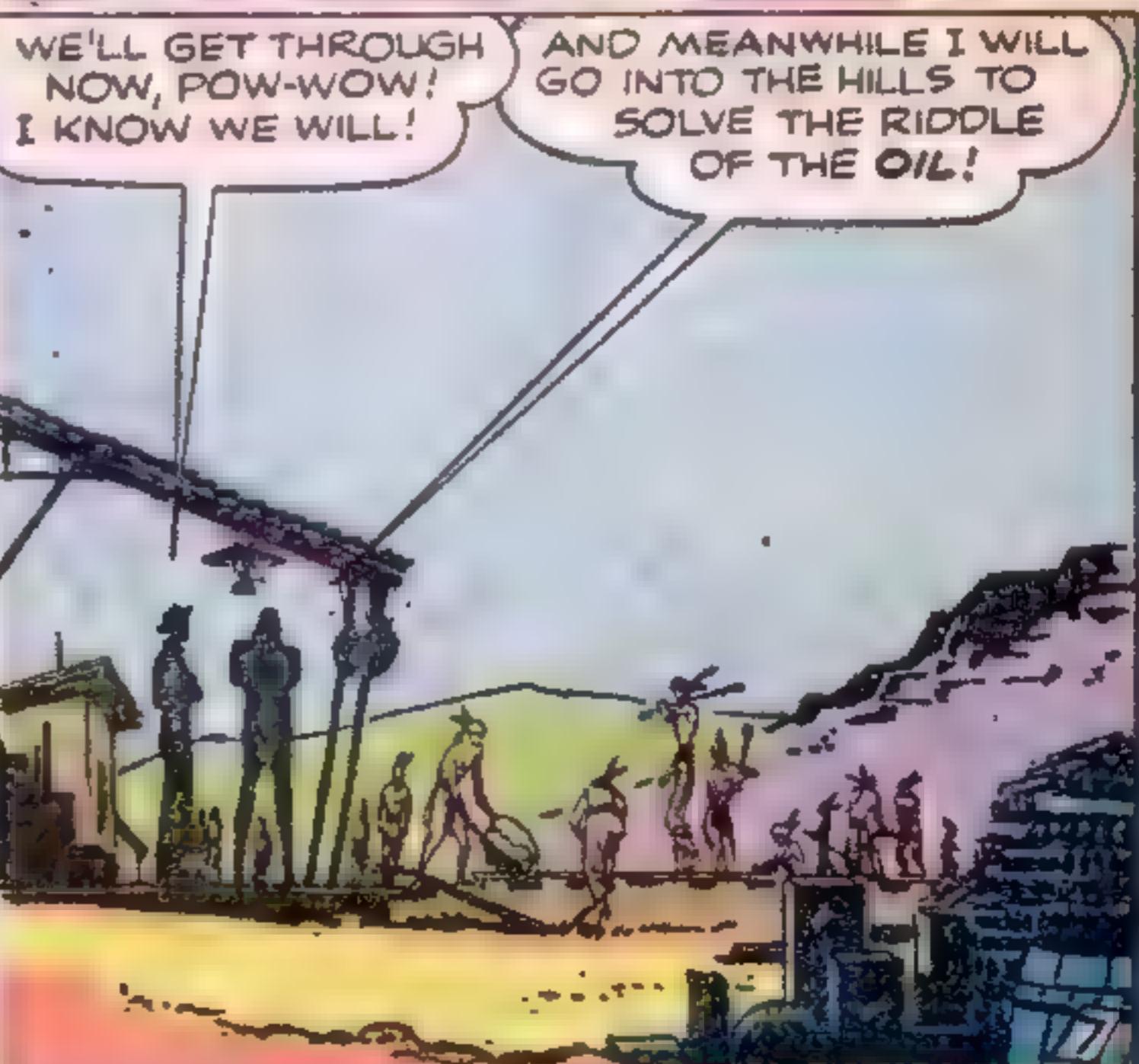
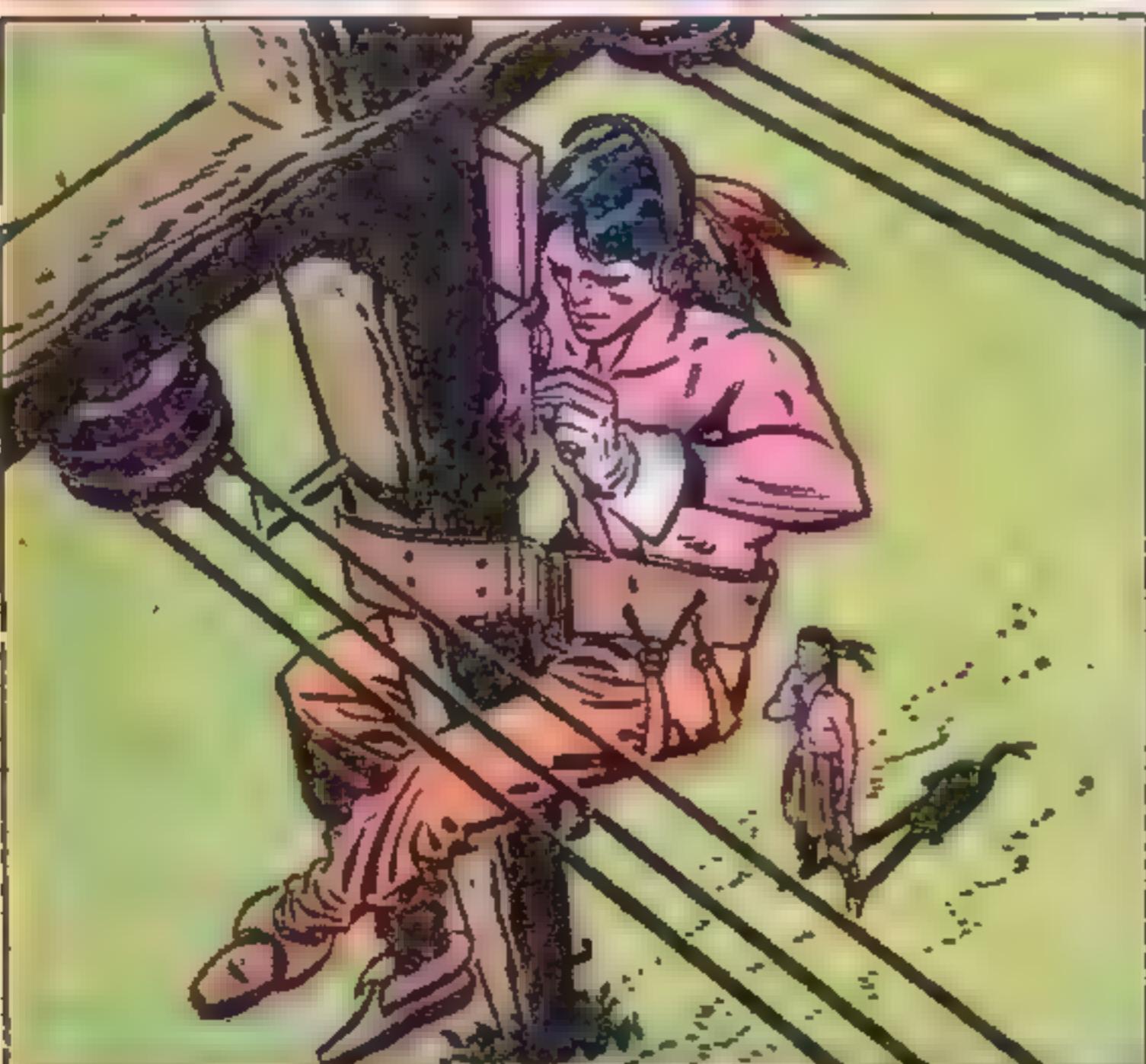


TWO HOURS LATER, SLEDGE AGAINST SPIKE...



WE'LL GET THROUGH
NOW, POW-WOW!
I KNOW WE WILL!

AND MEANWHILE I WILL
GO INTO THE HILLS TO
SOLVE THE RIDDLE
OF THE OIL!

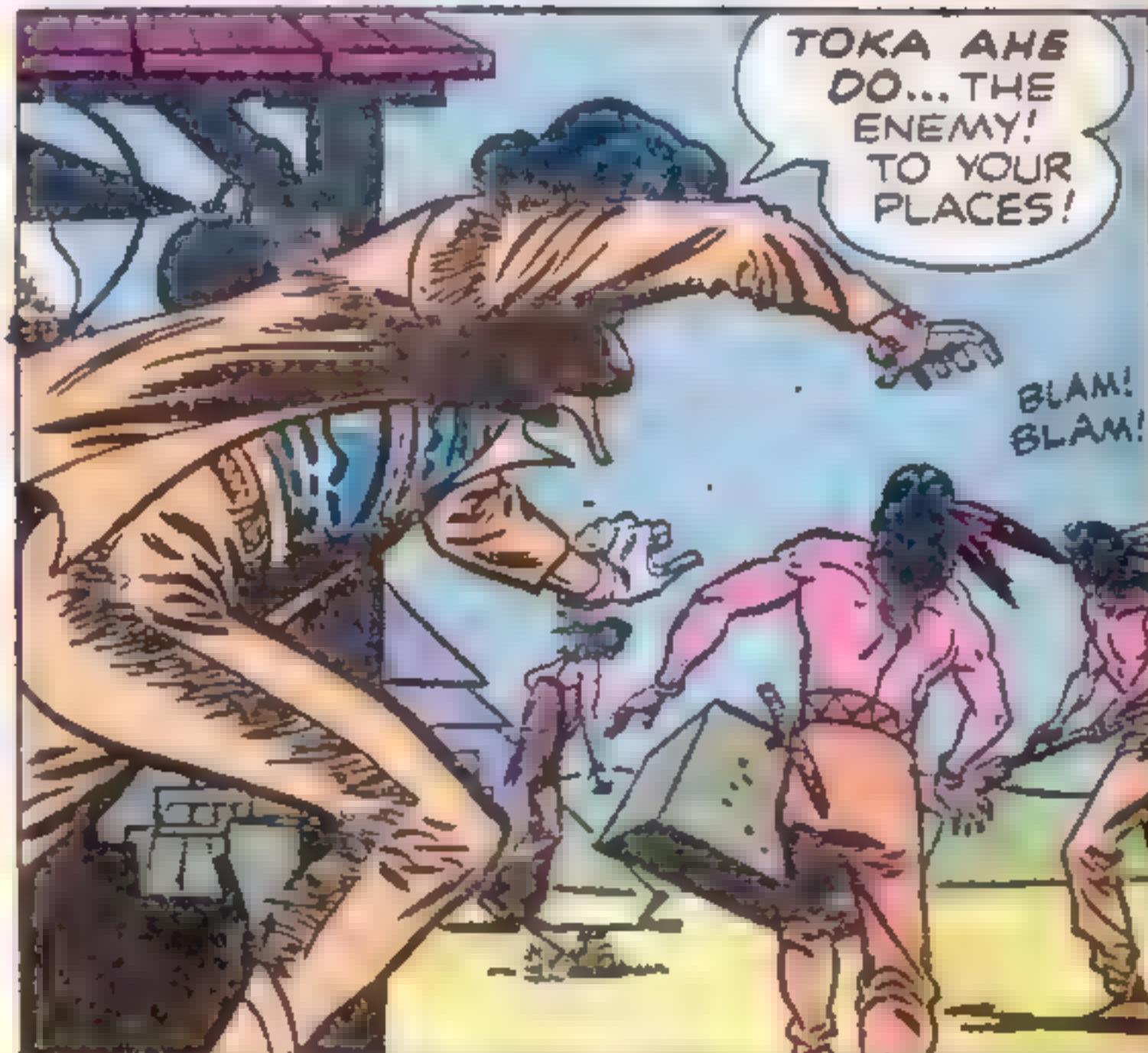
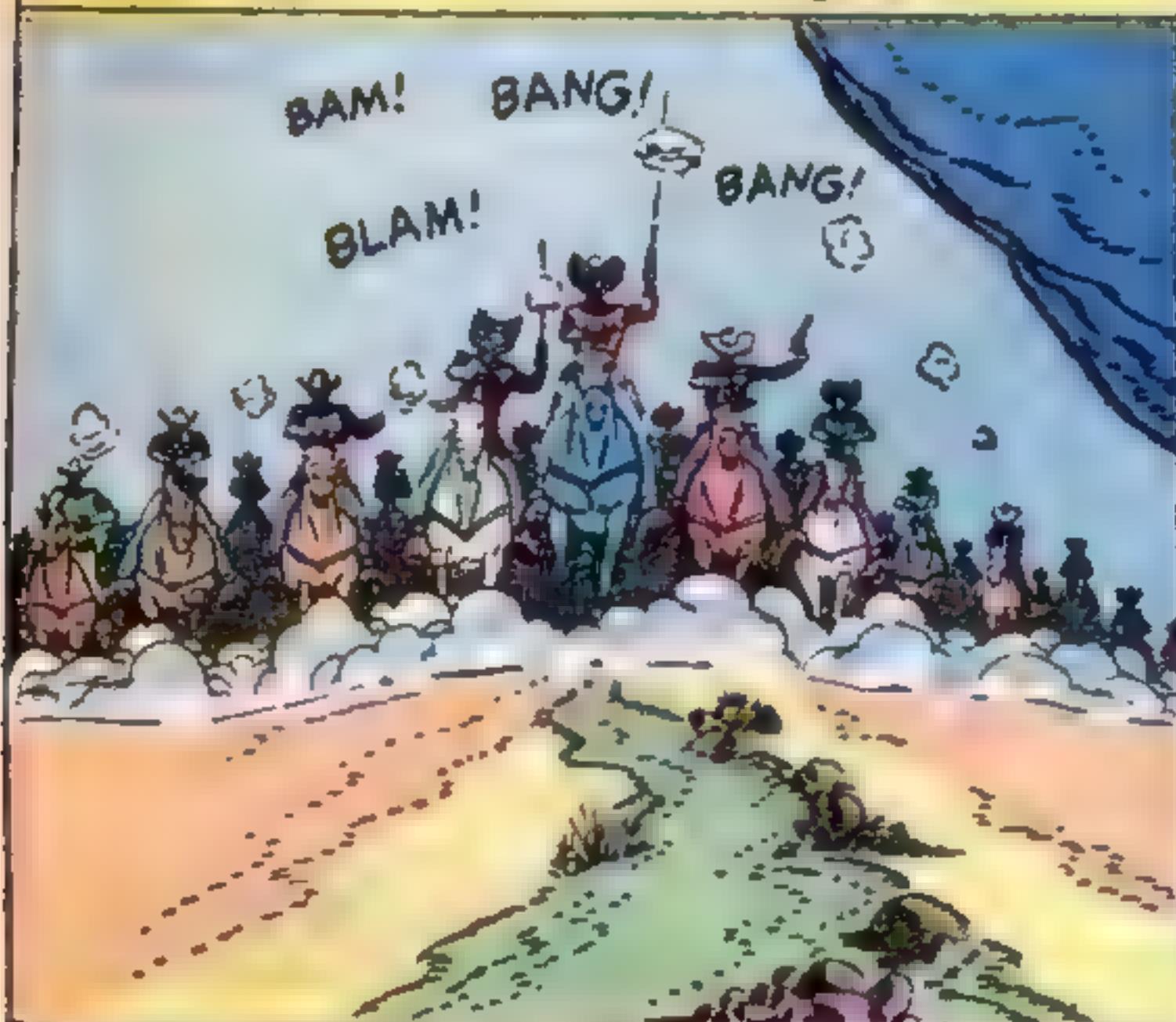


BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT.

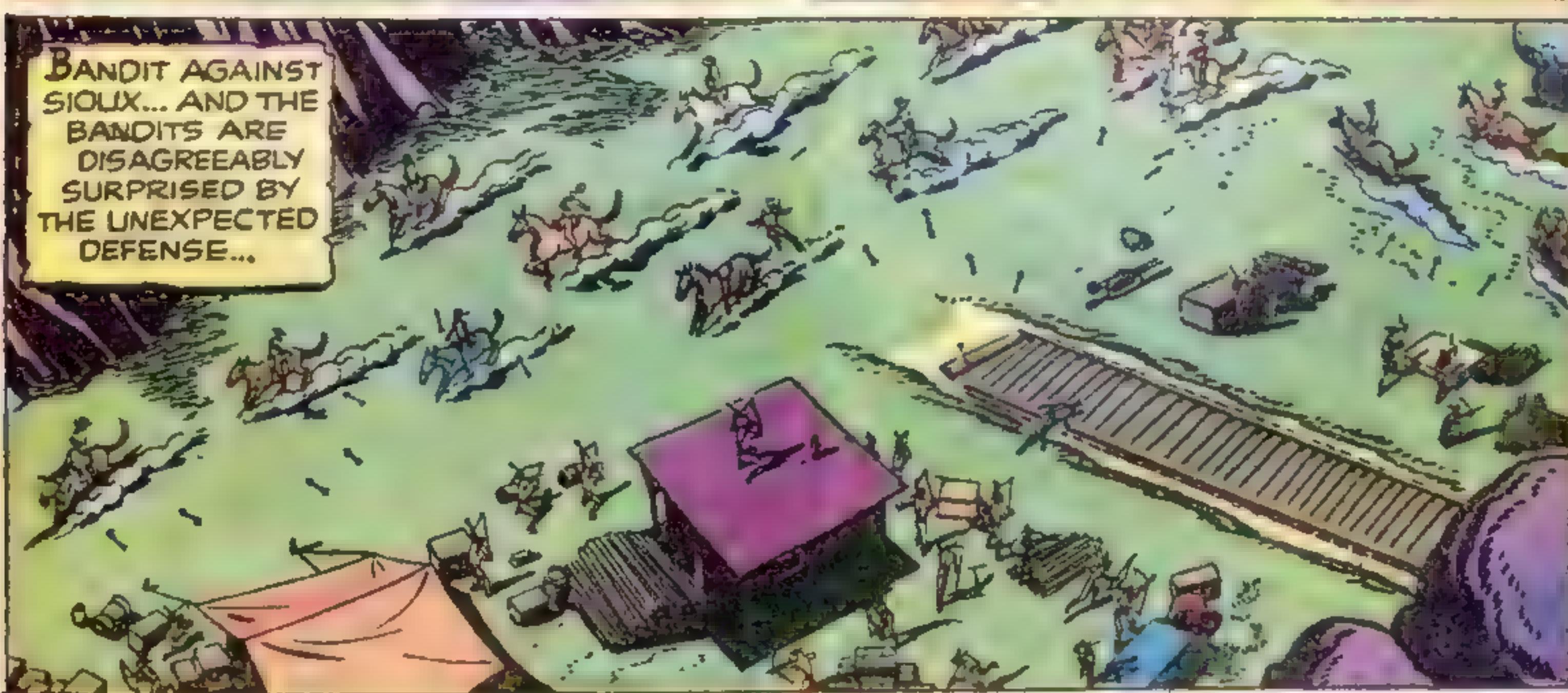
BAM! BANG!

BLAM!

BANG!

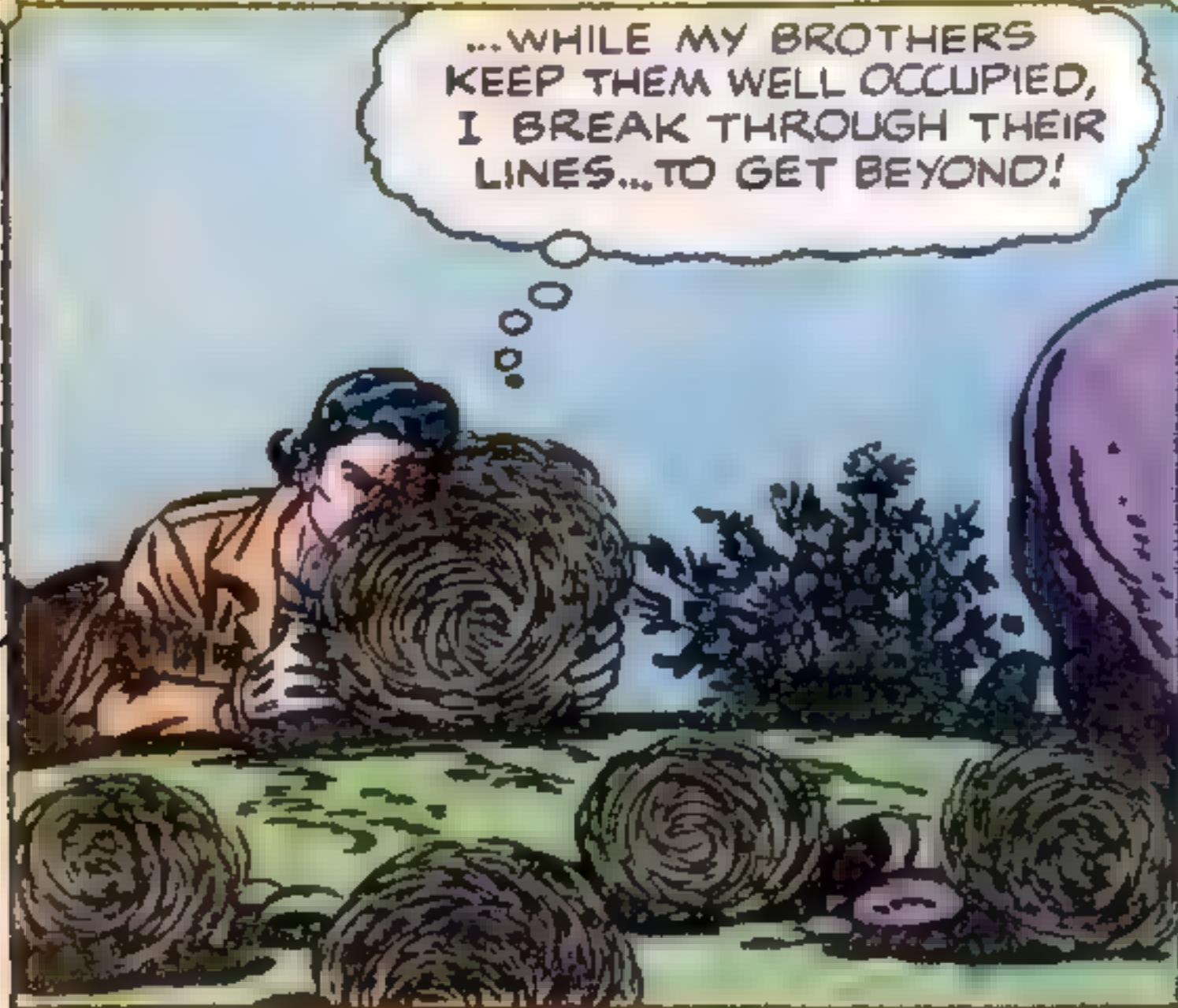


BANDIT AGAINST SIOUX... AND THE BANDITS ARE DISAGREEABLY SURPRISED BY THE UNEXPECTED DEFENSE...



MEANWHILE, A "TUMBLEWEED" MOVES SLOWLY ACROSS THE BATTLE GROUNDS...

...WHILE MY BROTHERS KEEP THEM WELL OCCUPIED, I BREAK THROUGH THEIR LINES... TO GET BEYOND!



...AND NOW TO FIND OUT WHY THE LITTLE PACK RAT FOUND OIL!





ONCE MORE, POW-WOW PICKS UP THE
PACK RAT'S TRAIL...

THE LITTLE FELLOW HAS
MADE FREQUENT TRIPS...
ALL STARTING FROM RIGHT
HERE! PACK RATS ARE
NOTED FOR GETTING INTO
HOUSES AND CAMPS TO
STEAL THINGS! BUT THERE
IS NO HOUSE OR CAMP
HERE! I WONDER...?

CAREFULLY POW-WOW EXAMINES THE GROUND
AT THE BASE OF THE KNOll. THE BENT
GRASS BLADES REVEAL CLEAR SIGNS
UNDER HIS CLOSE SCRUTINY...

THE TERRAIN SHOWS THAT MEN
HAVE WALKED RIGHT UP TO THE
KNOll... AND THEN VANISHED!
HAH! THERE'S A CAMOUFLAGED
DOOR LEADING INTO
THE HILL!

AS POW-WOW ENTERS THE HOLLOWED-OUT
HILL, IMMEDIATELY THE STRONG SCENT OF
OIL HITS HIS NOSTRILS...

AH! IT IS TRUE THAT THE
LAND BEARS NO OIL. BUT
THE SHERIFF EITHER FORGOT
OR DID NOT KNOW ABOUT
AN UNDERGROUND
PIPE-LINE!

... AND THE BANDITS HAVE BEEN SIPHONING OFF
BARRELS OF OIL FROM THE PIPE-LINE IN THIS SUB-
TERRANEAN ROOM! BUT THE RAILROAD IS COMING
THROUGH... AND THE KNOll WOULD BE LEVELED!
THAT'S WHY THEY FIGHT... TO
PREVENT DETECTION!

WALKING THROUGH A MAN-MADE TUNNEL,
POW-WOW FINDS...

AND HERE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL,
IS WHERE THE TRUCKS PULL UP TO THE
TUNNEL TO HAUL AWAY THE STOLEN OIL!
NOW THAT I KNOW THE SECRET,
I MUST WORK QUICKLY...

A MOMENT LATER, AT THE BATTLEGROUND,
THE AMAZED BANDITS SEE A BLACK CLOUD
OF SMOKE BILLOWING FROM THE HILLS...

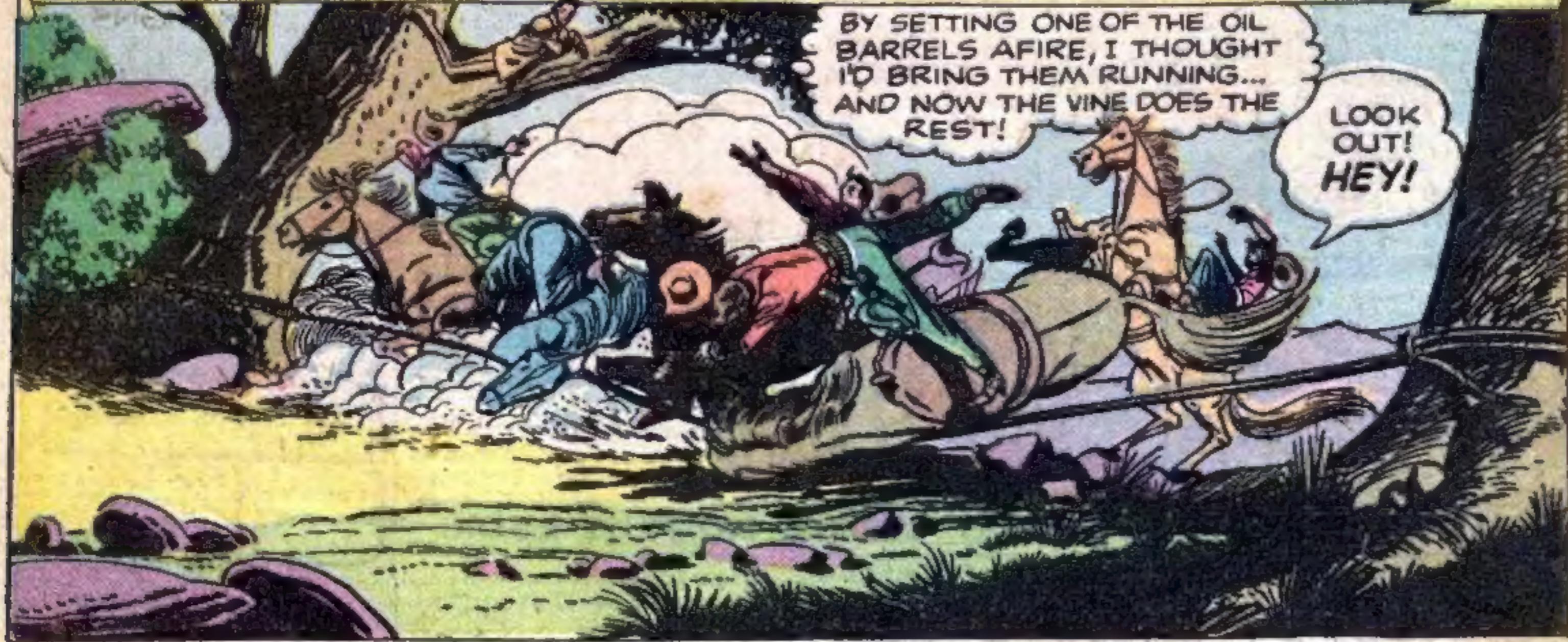
LOOK! SOMETHIN'S WRONG
WITH THE OIL... IT CAUGHT
FIRE! LET'S GET OVER
THERE... A WHOLE FOR-
TUNE'LL BE
WIPE OUT!



AS THE BANDITS RACE UP THE CRAGGY HILL PATHS, THEY FAIL TO NOTE A VINE STRETCHED TIGHTLY ACROSS THE TRAIL...

BY SETTING ONE OF THE OIL BARRELS AFIRE, I THOUGHT I'D BRING THEM RUNNING... AND NOW THE VINE DOES THE REST!

LOOK OUT! HEY!



THEN, BEFORE THEY CAN RECOVER...

WE'RE CALIGHT... BUT GOOD! IT WAS A TRICK!

WATCH THEM CLOSELY, GREY OWL!

OHIYESA! WE WILL DO THAT!

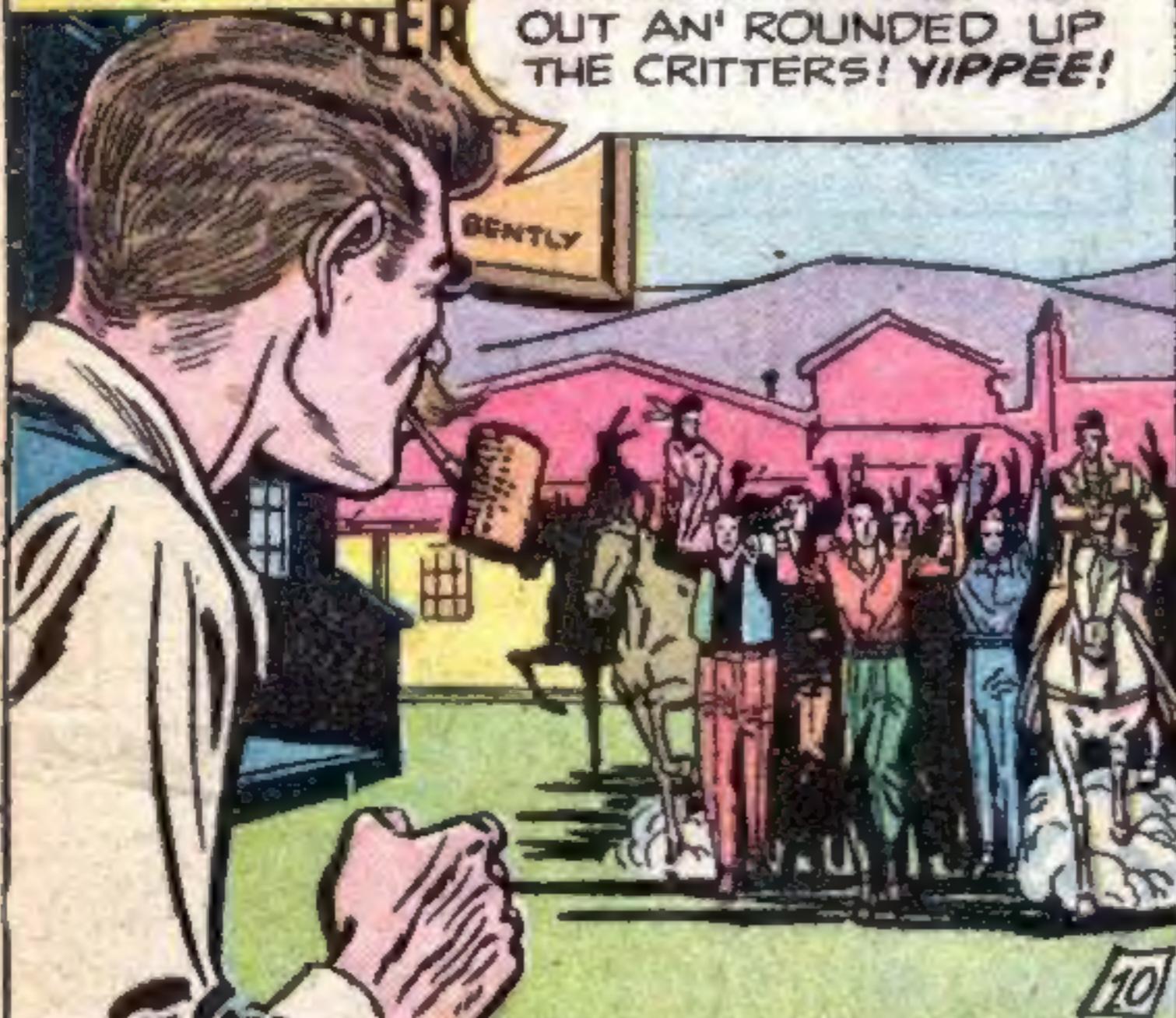


YES! I FOUND THEIR SECRET... THEY HAVE BEEN STEALING OIL FROM A PIPE-LINE! THEY WANTED TO DETAIN THE TRACK CONSTRUCTION LONG ENOUGH TO ACCUMULATE A FORTUNE IN OIL!



LATER, IN TOWN...

THEY DID IT! THEY WENT OUT AN' ROUNDED UP THE CRITTERS! YIPPEE!



IT IS A MONTH LATER WHEN THE BRAVES RIDE FORTH ONCE MORE FROM QUIET RED DEER VALLEY, AND...

THE LAST SPIKE GOES IN! OUR DEEPEST THANKS TO YOU AND YOUR BRAVES, POW-WOW, SINCE YOU REFUSE TO ACCEPT OTHER PAYMENT!

THE BATTLE AND THE VICTORY ARE SUFFICIENT PAYMENT FOR US!





GET YOUR PRIZE

This Easy Way

American made Pocket Watch. Leather Job—good luck charm. Sell one order.



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With Holster, Belt and Lariat. Sell one order.

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A beautiful Wrist Watch. Your choice of Boy's or Girl's Model. Sell one order plus \$1.50.

Hi Bob, that's a swell camera—but don't they cost a lot?

They do—but this one didn't cost me a cent.



It didn't? How come?

I sold American Seeds to my family, friends and neighbors for 10¢ a pack.

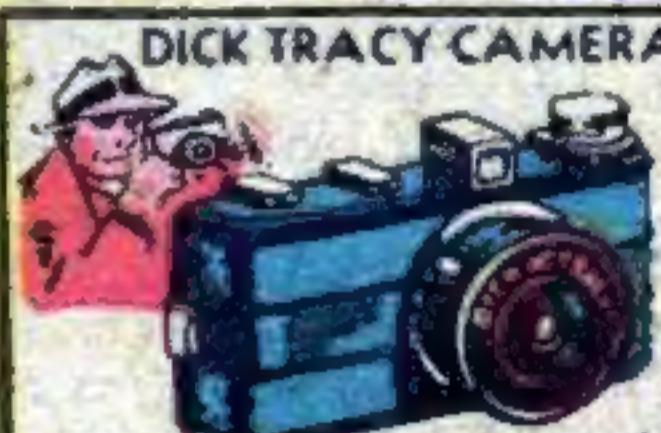
MANY MORE PRIZES FOR YOU SEE THE BIG PRIZE BOOK.

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Movie projector with 50 ft. of Cowboy Film. Sell one order of Seeds plus \$3.50.

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A fine camera complete with carrying case. Sell only one order of American Seeds.

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The sensational new Remote Control Toy Car. Fun for everyone. Sell one order.



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Your choice of Bride or Bridesmaid Doll. Sell one order of American Seeds.

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A real Softball Set. Cap, Softball and bat. Sell only one order of American Seeds.



FISHING TACKLE SET
Big 11-piece outfit. Fit. Sell one order plus 75¢ extra.

TABLE TENNIS



JEWELRY

ALSO GIFTS FOR MOTHER AND DAD

JUST MAIL THE COUPON
EASY. HOW
COULD I GET
STARTED?

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A real radio for Boys and Girls. Sell one order of Seeds plus \$2.00.

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Gene Autry Guitar. Full size musical instrument with Gene Autry's Signature. Sell one order of American Seeds plus \$5.00.



SEE, IT REALLY
WAS EASY!
OUR PRIZES
CAME ALREADY.

I'M PROUD
OF YOU BOTH.

HERE IS A
GIFT FOR YOU
MOTHER.

UKELELE



HEY
MATT'S
RED
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CARNIE
A fast
shooting
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Rifle. Sell one order
plus \$2.00.

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TAKE YOUR CHOICE

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My choice of prize is _____

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or Street No. _____

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Every year thousands of Boys and Girls get these swell prizes for themselves and gifts for Mother and Dad. Many prizes shown here and lots of others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling one 40-Pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10¢ per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated in our Big Prize Book.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once, or if you prefer, take your one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY, send coupon today for Big Prize Book and seeds.

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MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. OCB9
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

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FUN!

No.
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